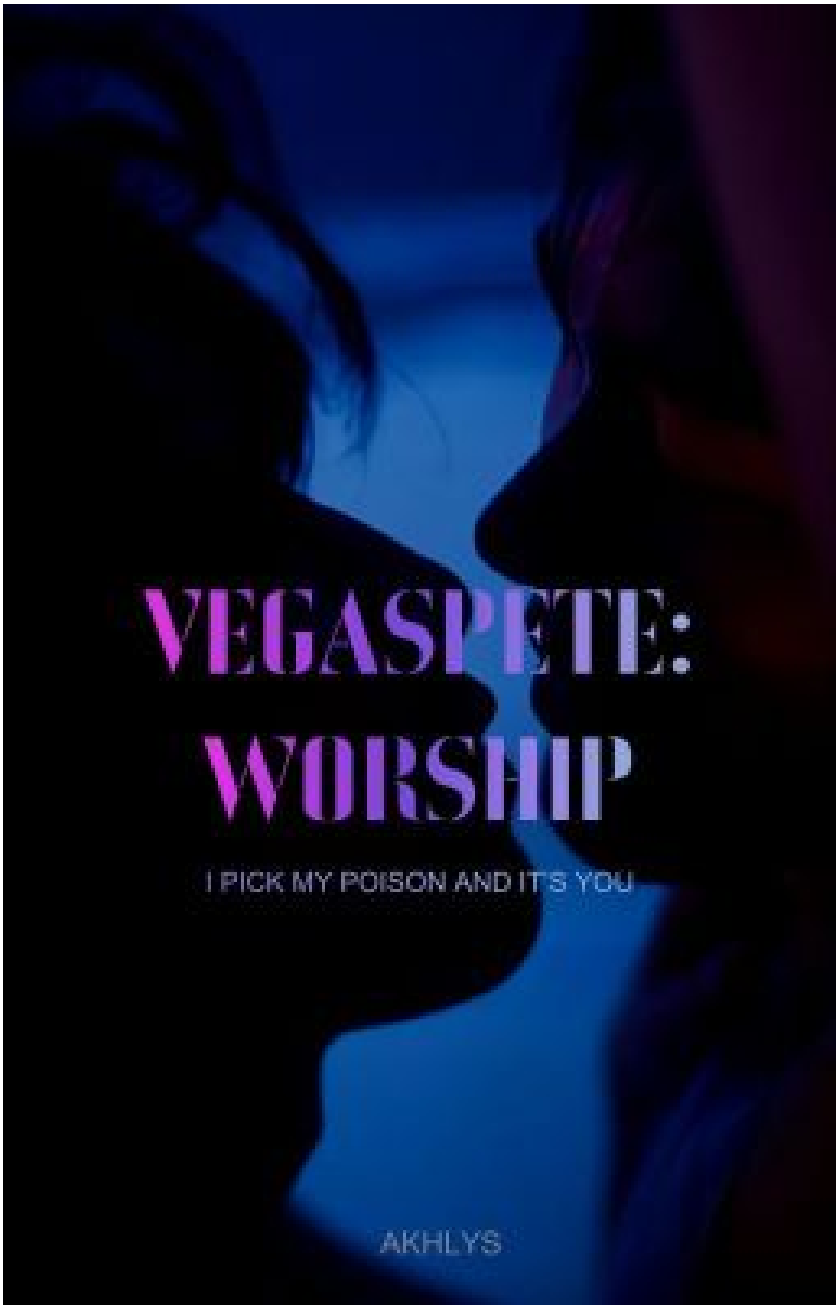
VEGASPETE:
WORSHIP
I PICK MY POISON AND IT'S YOU
AKHLYS

VEGASPETE: WORSHIP

Sebby

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Prologue

CONCEPT:

> Minor and Major Family (no conflict) I want to have a world where Kinn and Vegas are close like super close cousins.

> Hidden relationships

> Will include new characters

> I only copied the concept of KP, but the story will not be related.

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This is an Omegaverse:

80% of the entire world population are Beta, 14% are Alphas and the remaining 6% are Omegas.

Omegas are rare, beautiful, yet fragile. They are the submissive or "feminine" ones of the dynamics. Omegas can use their pheromones to effect others, whether it be by calming their child or arousing their Alpha. They are treated as luxuries for they have the highest probability of birthing Alpha children. They are used and abused for a long time because of this situations. Omegas are prone to suicide or are overly induced medications to suppress their heat.

Alphas are the more aggressive ones, they are the strongest and the one that dominates others. They are generally large and at least slightly intimidating in appearance. They possess what is commonly referred to as an "Alpha Voice" which is basically a very commanding tone that Omegas, and sometimes Betas, feel compelled to obey. "Ruts" are a biological thing that Alphas go through and during a rut they will be easily agitated and extremely horny because their body wants them to knot and breed.

Betas are basically like normal humans. Betas can have any kind of appearance, there isn't really a set expectation for them.

NOTE: THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION. IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE THEME, DONT READ.
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CHAPTER 1: Hello little Omega

"The Devil is real. And he's not a little red man with horns and a tail. He can be beautiful. Because he's a fallen angel, and he used to be God's favorite."

— Leah (American Horror Story)

The loud thudding of music pounds my ears. The walls are spinning, and everything is so blurry. The lights seem a little bit brighter than usual and It's even more hurting my already throbbing head. And the room, its floating around me like a lone boat on a wavy ocean, making my stomach hurl. I could already feel a huge lump forming down my throat making its way up ever so slowly. *I want to throw up.*

I walk past sweaty bodies and look for the exit, or that's what I think I was doing. I stumbled once or twice, hit my elbows and shoulders to I don't know where, but I continued moving to whichever direction my body was about to fall to.

Pete, this is the most wasted state you've ever been. I thought to myself.

A cold wind hit my face as I stumbled to the ground. Groaning. My head throbbing as I lie on the cold floor, pain spreading across my body like a wildfire. My throat is burning from throwing up, weird after taste lingers in my mouth as I lay on the side of what seems like a pool.

I looked out over the glassy surface of the water, watching how the lights reflected on the surface be distorting with each tiny wave. I wanted to reach out and feel the icy water... the waves... and before I knew what I was doing, I found myself under the water, sputtering for air below the surface.

Oh, great. Now I'm drowning.

I tried to bob my head above the water, but my body feels so heavy as if it doesn't want to do anything but to fall asleep. My mind keeps telling me to move my hands, my feet, to swim, but all I could do is breathe water into my lungs. Stinging my throat, heart hammering wildly against my ribs. My lungs begging for air. I need to breathe. I must breathe. But then, everything went black.

A pressure pressed on my chest again and again. My stomach crunched and the next thing I knew I'm coughing and spitting all

the water I've drunk from the pool. A hard slap keeps hitting my back as I fight for my life coughing hysterically while trying to grasp as much air that my lungs needed.

"How can a head bodyguard drown?!" an angry voice stirs my ears.

"I'm sorry, okay? I was so drunk my body couldn't move." I replied in between coughs.

"Yeah, you were so drunk you're just floating face down in the pool." Arm said hysterically. "I thought you were dead man." He added.

"Well, I'm not."

I stagger as I stand up and walk away from Arm and the other two bodyguards. Why are they here anyway? I'm on my day off.

"Where are you going?" Arm shouted from a distance. "Changing my clothes!" I shouted back as I wave my hands to them. Of course, I can't change my clothes I don't have any extra shirt with me.

After getting a drink from the bar, I went straight to the garden and look for a seat. It's a pretty dark, huge garden at the back of the bar where horny people goes to fuck or make out which I find kinda dirty if you ask me cause imagine fucking in the bushes. I scoff at the thought as I sit on the bench just below this huge tree with the lake infront of me, city lights from the distance glistening to its water. It's quite a refreshing scene.

I shivered as the gentle breeze touches my skin. My wet clothes making the wind feels a lot colder. I bob my head up as I drank the alcohol straight leaving a burning sensation down my throat. I hissed with satisfaction as I look at the empty glass on my hand.

After staring at the distance for what feels like an hour, I decided to leave. The alcohol now doing its little magic on my head, and I couldn't see properly as I try to walk past the dark garden. I walk in daze not knowing whether I'm bumping to a person or a tree or a lamppost. I keep apologizing, nonetheless.

"Hey, be careful there." A soft voice tingles my ears followed by a warm hand pressed on my shoulder to steady me.

"Yeah, sorry." I said and waved my hand lazily without looking up. I tried to steady my feet as I walk away from him but ended up bumping at him once again.

"Seriously, Pete?" There was a hint of laugh at his tone, sending shivers down my spine. My body reacting to it instantly as if his voice had switched this alarm system in my head and my brain screams 'code red'.

I sprung my head up and pushed him away. My entire body suddenly back to its senses and ready to fight. *How does he know my name?* I tried to see the man's face, but it was too dark. His

silhouette didn't give much for me to guess who's infront of me. His both hands are raised on the side of his head as he steps forward. The light from a nearby lamppost revealed his face from the dark.

"Mr. Vegas." I said, almost a whisper.

Vegas is the eldest son and heir of the Minor Family. He's a danger to everyone who comes near him. He's a monster in a human flesh, a demon dressed in an expensive clothing and is so fucking good looking. He's the treasure of the Second Family for he's a dominant alpha. Which in this world, is very rare; for Dominant Alphas have a huge chance of impregnating an omega in their first intercourse. They have the strongest musky scent of their pheromones that can induce heat to any omega, even to a recessive omega like me.

I instinctively stepped back when he moved closer to me, my hand automatically finds the gun behind my back. Seeing my initial reaction, a small grin formed slowly across his face, dark orbs of eyes glaring into mine. He has tousled dark hair that's swept across his forehead and curled around his left ear. Prominent jawline clenched tight under the faint light of the nearby lamp. His right eyebrow slightly raised as he looks at me knowingly with amusement.

"Well, this is fun." He said in a low voice sending some weird, tingling sensation across my entire body, down my spine and in my stomach-- my legs almost gave up. I've never had a heat ever in my life cause I'm a recessive omega. That's why its easy for me to pass as the head bodyguard for I can just pretend that I'm a Beta. I've taken my inhibitors regularly even though I'm not experiencing heat my whole life, but now, damn, my body is betraying me.

"Why are you here, Pete?" he asked making the last word linger in the air a bit longer before saying my name. My body is reacting to almost every word that's formed from his mouth. His eyes twinkling as he stares down at me, not leaving my gaze. Oh, he's having fun indeed.

"You Sir? Why are you here?" I asked, I haven't notice that I've been holding my breath not until I finally spoke. My loud heartbeat echoing in my ears while small drops of sweat formed on my forehead. I tried to steady my breathing as I wait for him to answer.

"I asked you first. You tell me." He said in a very authoritative way, making me feel so weak and my whole being almost submits. Almost. If Satan is real, this would be how he would look like if he's a person.

Vegas smirked once again as if he knew what was going on in my head. His bottom lip came between his teeth as his eyes wandered down my body, indulging in my appearance. His dark eyes

eventually came back to my face, waiting.

"I'm just having a drink....." I trailed off, my breath hitched as he swiftly stepped way too close to me for comfort. "....Sir." I continued.

"May I invite you for a drink then?"

"I'm actually on my way leaving, Sir." I replied, heart still pounding loudly inside my chest I almost didn't hear him.

"Come on, just a few drinks." He shifts his head to the left making the light touch his neck, giving me a perfect view of how breathtaking he actually looks. *Look at that neck, it's so smooth.*

I'm really contemplating between calling Arm for backup or just follow what my body wants right now. Because my head right now is clouded with the thoughts of this man fucking me. *Dammit.*

"Sure, but not until your guys leave us first." I challenged him. He wouldn't want to be left alone with me, would he?

He raised his left hand swiftly and signal the three bodyguards behind my back to leave just like that. And I was left dumbfounded.

"Let's go?" He said, inviting me. And I have no idea where, into the bar or into his world? But my body politely followed. I took my phone out and texted Arm quickly.

Arm, I'm with Vegas, if I don't contact you by tomorrow then I'm probably dead.

I hit send and put my phone back to my pockets again. I nod at him, and he started walking infront me. This man never has a single flaw in him. Even the way he walks looks so beautiful. He's the most enticing, gorgeous male I've ever seen in my life, but I would never admit that I got attracted to a sexy psycho like him.

"This is going to be fun." The demon chuckled without looking back at me.

We went inside the bar together, all eyes gaping at the man infront of me. People leaving a path for him as he walks graciously as if he's so used to getting so much attention from other people. Well, he's a mafia boss in the first place.

"Mr. Vegas, good to see you here, Sir." The bartender greeted as we take our seats on the stool.

"They knew you here?" I blurted out.

"Of course, I owned this." He replied as he takes his glass and swiftly puts a glass of alcohol on my side.

"You what?" I say, shocked. "But this is my favorite bar." I said more like to myself.

"I know." He said, looking directly at me as he drinks his glass of alcohol in one gulp. I can't help but look at his neck then down to his collar bone and to his exposed chest from his unbuttoned shirt, at how his adam's apple move when he drinks. *Stop showing me your*

skin you jerk.

"You knew?" Another warning sign flashed before my eyes. Code red. Code red.

"I accidentally saw you." Vegas grinned, and it felt like a lie.

"Why did you invite me here?" His right eyebrow arched because of my sudden changed of topic. I'm keeping a good distance between us just in case my body betrayed me once again. If he ever does anything bad, I can run, his bodyguards have left that can buy be enough time to call for help.

"You amused me." An evil smile tugged at the corner of his lips, his gaze wondering ever so slowly from my face down to my chest making me shift my body instinctively. There's something about his gaze, something about Vegas that makes me want to throw myself at him despite all the dangers he was intentionally showing. I wanted him.

Vegas finished another glass of that expensive beverage when he suddenly gets off the stool and slide the glass away from his hand. I stopped breathing as he neatly pressed his right hand on the side of my chair, inches away from my hip. I am trapped here, a glass just between us providing only a thin space from him. I have to tilt my head back to see how he looms over me, broad shoulders beneath my chin and I can feel a smirk plastered across his face.

"Don't worry, I'm not gonna hurt you." He spoke his words slowly in a deep gravely voice, I almost let out a moan. "Pete.." I never thought my name would sound so heavenly as it smoothly leaves his mouth. He leaned in closer, a little too close. His nose almost touching my ear, hot breath trickling down my neck. I couldn't breathe. "You smell so good." He breathily whispered that sends shivers down my trembling body.

I tried to move but the chair blocks my way, and his right hand is still holding onto it. His entire body leaning over me. My heart is racing a million miles a minute. My skin tingling at the soft touch of the tip of his nose on my neck. Burning sensation builds up in my stomach, my mind asking for more. Like I want to feel him more.

"Your scent. Its everywhere." My mind could not grasp whatever he's talking about right now. Its as if I'm completely swoon by him and now under his spell.

"Huh?" the only thing that comes out of my mouth. My head is spinning. I feel like I'm burning up. I can feel his gaze boring into my skin scanning my entire body. My backside hitting the table as I tried to move away from him. His dark eyes met mine once again, glinting under the blinking lights of this bar and I could already feel his breath against my lips.

And his fingers were dangerously touching my now flushed

cheeks. Gently. Curiously moving across my skin. Enjoying the way my body reacts to his every touch. The way my breath hitched with the soft feather like contact. I almost leaned in for his touch. Almost lose myself but I stood still. Not breaking the stare.

"You're so scared of me... so scared." He spoke abstractedly while looking into my eyes.

He spoke the truth. I'm scared. Scared of what I would become if I let this demon consume me. I'm scared at these thoughts in my head, thoughts of him touching me, feeling me. Ruining me. I wanted him in every single way possible. My body wants him so bad.

"Kiss me." I whispered. Shocked by my own words. And before I could take it back and say I didn't mean it; he crashed his lips against mine, a kiss so intense I feel like I'm losing my mind.

I've never wanted someone like this on a first date. Never. I think Vegas would be an exception.

Chapter 2: DOOMED

His kiss is demanding, something I never experienced before. He's biting and sucking at my lips, both of us hissing as we sucked air to breathe. His deep kisses are like fire, sending burning sensation all over my body, addictingly overcoming my every senses. He tasted like his Tequila Sunrise with a hint of sweetness that made my head swim.

I wrapped my arms around Vegas' neck, his right hand running up my back, leaving a trace of euphoria with the fabric against my skin, pressing me harder against his chest. I moaned into his mouth. His tongue found its way to mine, taking full advantage, expertly exploring my mouth. His hands cupped both my cheeks, making the kiss deeper, hungrier, letting out a soft moan every time he bites my lips.

"You. Taste. So. Sweet." He breathes, each word a staccato. Too much desire gathering up my belly and flowing down slowly between my thighs. This feeling of ecstasy is addicting, the pause between each stroke of his tongue drives me mad. I wanted more.

My ears are ringing, my heartbeats couldn't get any faster now, my legs are weak, and I feel like I'm burning up. I am helpless. My body pinned against him, my face held, and his hips restraining me. I felt his erection against my belly, and I moaned once again. *Oh, he wants me.* This Vegas, the heir of the Second family wants me. And I want him too. Here. In the bar. Right now.

A sudden vibration behind my back jolts me back to my senses, I quickly pushed Vegas away.

"What?" He snarled at me, irritated by the sudden interruption. Panting, I took out my phone and look at my screen. Its Arm.

I answered the call, still breathing heavily. "Where the hell are you?! Why'd you text me that?" He shouted.

"I..." I trailed off. I tried to steady my footing, but my legs are giving up. I hold on to the table beside me, I can feel the people looking at me. I feel so dizzy, and I couldn't breathe. And my whole body is burning up like I'm having a fever or something.

"Pete?" The voice on the other line is vague.

I didn't realize I am already sitting on the floor. I look up and a huge silhouette looms over me, I can hear muffled words from a

distance. And a clearer voice coming from the man infront of me.

"How can a head bodyguard be an Omega?" a hint of amusement visible on his tone. I tried to look at him one more time, but my head is spinning, my whole body is in pain, and I couldn't breathe.

What is happening? I tried to stand up as I grip on the metal stool, but my hand slipped, and everything turns to black as I fall.

I felt a foreign soft mattress against my skin. I opened my eyes slowly and saw an unfamiliar room. I scanned the whole room, feeling peaceful and somewhat calm, enjoying the strange unfamiliar surroundings. The room is large and airy and is furnished in a shade of coffee and beige. I have no idea where am I.

A man in a suit entered the room without knocking and I hurriedly pulled the sheets up to cover me.

"Who are you?"

"I'm Mr. Vegas' bodyguard, I'm instructed to assist you." He replied dryly.

Vegas. Fuck. Where is he?

My eyes went wide upon realization and hastily jump off the bed and went straight to this huge mirror beside it. I scanned my whole body and realized I'm completely naked. I look at every inch of my skin the mirror could show and checked the back of my neck. Again, and again. Frantically. A huge amount of air leaves my lungs when I realized I wasn't marked. *Good. Good.* I've never felt so relieved like this my whole life.

"Do you need anything?" the man in a suit said, I jumped. I forgot he was still there.

I turned my head at him, and awkwardly smiled. "No need. You can wait outside." I replied as I pull a blanket from the bed to cover my butt which doesn't make any sense now because he's already seen it.

The bodyguard left without any noise. Now I'm alone in this huge luxury room and it felt so fucking empty. *How did I get here?* Fractured memories of the previous night come pouring down on me, like my brain suddenly restoring every detail it could restore like a computer.

The drinking. *Oh fuck.*

Vegas' body against mine. *Holyshit.*

The kissing. *Fuckingshit.* And the way my body suddenly became a mess. I cringe inwardly. But I can't remember how I got here, plus the fact that I'm not wearing any clothes when I woke up.

I look for my clothes but they're nowhere to be found, instead there's a new set of branded clothes on the bed side table. No note or anything telling me what was going on and it makes me mad. He literally popped up and left without a trace. What do I expect?

I hurriedly put on the clothes, wanting to leave this hotel so bad and swung the door open, meeting the bodyguard eye to eye.

"Tell your boss to fuck off and never let me see him again." I snarled as I stormed off, ignoring the indifferent look aimed at me.

My phone buzzed for the nth time so I decided to turn it off. I was walking fast out of the elevator when a bunch of people in suits stopped me. Before they could say anything else, I threw a glare at them. "Fuck off." I said as I pushed the bodyguards away from me.

"Let him be." One of the bodyguards commanded, making them to stop following me. "Boss wouldn't care anyway." He continued, and I rolled my eyes.

"How are you feeling?" my friend Jean, asked me. She's also my doctor, and the only person who knows I'm an omega pretending to be a Beta for my job. I went straight to her clinic to consult about my body's reaction last night.

"What did you say your symptoms again? You had fever and trouble breathing?" She asked shuffling through my records. I nodded when she looked up at me. "Where did this happen?"

"I was at the bar, and this man came close to me, and my body started acting up, weirdly." I told her, leaving a huge number of details in my story. "But nothing big happened, they left me alone." *In a fucking hotel.*

"The symptoms went away after some time?" She asked.

"Yeah."

"Have you taken your inhibitors?"

"Yup. Never missing a day." I say reassuring her, which is a fact. We wouldn't want to create some ruckus in the main family because of me, plus I have to stay alert to protect them.

"According to your tests we've run through awhile ago, there is a huge increase in your pheromones." She said, not leaving her gaze on the paper.

"Meaning?"

"You just had your first heat." Jean placed my test results on her desk and look straight into my eyes. And I was shocked there, couldn't even utter a single word. Its finally coming down at me, that I'm really an Omega. I haven't put much thought about it before because aside from taking inhibitors, I'm not experiencing anything a normal Omega experiences. It's like, I'm only an Omega on papers. But now.....

"I'll increase the dosage of your inhibitors and make sure to take it twice a day, okay?"

I nodded once again, staring blankly at my test results.

"You'll be okay." She said as she gave me a reassuring pat on my shoulder.

Note: I'll be posting every Saturday and Sunday! Thank you for reading.

Chapter 3: Desire

A day or two had passed and I'm back to my usual self. The difference would be, I get tired easily; one of the side effects of the medicine I'm taking. I just finished training new recruits and its only 3 in the afternoon, but I already feel like I've run 10 laps nonstop and I'm so exhausted.

"You okay Pete?" Porsche asked sitting beside me. He's one of the skilled bodyguards of the Main Family, and a good friend of mine.

"Yeah." I replied absentmindedly looking at my fingers when a thought suddenly came across my mind. "Porsche!" I said, eyes beaming as I grab his shoulders. "Can you smell me?"

"What?" A weird facial expression plastered on his face. Blinking.

"Just smell me." I leaned in closer to him as he begun sniffing the air.

"Idiot! Smell me. Closer!" I said gesturing him to move closer, the tip of his nose barely touching my neck as he inhaled. "What do I smell?"

"You smell like crap." He said pinching his nose.

"Oh yeah?" I replied laughing as I put my right arm around his neck and pretended to wrestle him. We both laughed.

So, a Beta couldn't smell me. I'm with a lot of Alphas here in the main house too and it seems like they haven't smelled my scent yet.

"You smell so good."

Vegas' voice echoed in my head. How come Alphas here couldn't recognize my scent but Vegas could? Is it because he's a Dominant Alpha?

"Second family has arrived. Be ready." A voice in my earpiece informed us. I jumped from my seat, my heart suddenly started beating so loud and fast. Will Vegas be here? *Dammit.* I forgot they have a meeting here today.

Porsche and I ran towards the main hall instructing all the bodyguards to go to their usual posts along the way. We eventually joined the higher ranks after having a quick check of the surroundings and formed a line infront of the mansion where we should be greeting the second family when they arrive.

Moments later, a black Matte Lamborghini stopped infront of us, followed by three black vans. I glanced around and found a familiar face stepping out of the van, a man in a suit. He's one of the three

bodyguards from that night with Vegas, he's also that person who guarded me in the hotel.

And finally, Vegas stepped out of his car. My eyes automatically found him; I blinked a few times looking over at him expectantly as he straightened his shirt then putting his hands inside his pockets. As my eyes scanned his figure, I could swear he got more attractive with every second. The longer you look at him the more his entirety engulfs you.

The first three buttons of his silk longsleeves shirt are hanging open showing the soft pale skin of his chest. Strong muscles present beneath it. A long metal necklace with a pendant cross dangerously hanging down his neck. His hair shining under the light ray of the sun. He looks marvelous. How come a person this evil be so gorgeous?

I blinked. Shaking off the awe out of my system.

He then meets my gaze, striking dark eyes not leaving mine as he passed by at me and I held my breath. I jumped when I felt him much closer than I was expecting, soft lips just barely brushing my ear.

"Nice to see you here, Pete." He whispered, hot breath instantly sending shivers throughout me. I felt my whole body ignite with his simple act and presence. I want to shove him away, but my body couldn't move.

"Fuck off." I whispered back, smiling ear to ear.

He pulled back and I saw how his expressions changed. An evil grin slowly unfolds across his lips, eyes twinkling as he looks at me. He chuckled darkly yet keeping those hungry eyes boring into my skin. He didn't say anything else, he just went straight inside the mansion followed by Macau-- his younger brother, and his father.

Once they were gone, I finally let out the air I've been holding on for too long.

"What was that?" Porsche asked me.

"What?" I said, still catching my breath.

"That!" he waves his hands in the air frantically, eyes wide. "He smiled at you!"

"Drop it, Porsche. You're reading too much into it."

"If he dares lay a hand on you, call me, okay?" He said and I giggled.

The meeting went by so slowly. My body feels like it's going to shut down any time now. All first line bodyguards were included here in the meeting. It's about 'protecting' one of the wealthiest businessmen in the country in exchange for money. *Of course. Money*. It's easy, we just have to threaten every competitor and milk money from them as we scare them off.

This will be huge and dangerous for there are other Mafia groups around the world. And we would be facing one or two for sure.

Mr. Kinn is still talking when I excused myself. I just couldn't stay any longer in that room with Vegas. How his dark eyes bore into mine, eyes in pools of ink, devouring light with their intensity, like they were about to also consume me whole, but I couldn't tell what emotion they held. He was angry though; I knew that much but I can't understand why.

"Let's go Pete, I'm hungry." James, one of the highest-ranking bodyguards whispered to my ear a little too close, I didn't notice I stopped walking for a while and now absentmindedly looking at Vegas confused by the way he glares at me. I shift uncomfortably as I remove James' hand behind my back.

"Sorry, let's go." I said as I followed him out. We went straight to the dining hall to look for food. Placing our plates on the long black mahogany dining table as we talk, though I keep on shifting my body for James keeps on brushing his shoulders against mine or standing too close to me the whole time. I don't want to think anything that's against him for he's been my friend here for a long time.

"Have you changed your perfume?" He asked, sitting infront of me as he chews his grilled chicken leg. Little fangs visible as he takes a bite. He's an Alpha after all.

"I'm not using anything." I say, sniffing myself.

"Hmm." He replied looking down, busy with his food. Silverwares clicking as he slices a piece of meat. "Dunno, you just smell kind of sweet right now."

I suddenly stood up making him jolt from my sudden reaction, my chair creating a loud thudding noise across the dining hall as it gets knocked down.

"What's wrong?" He asked, puzzled.

"Bathroom." I say holding my breath.

I hurriedly left the dining hall and went straight to the nearest bathroom. Locking the door. I checked myself even though I'm not feeling anything weird. I can't even smell my own pheromones. I even took my inhibitors this morning and afternoon, should I take one more? Maybe two?

No, Pete. You're just overreacting. Breathe. And fucking relax. I told myself again and again.

I was doing this shitty breathing exercise when my phone suddenly buzzes, making me jump. I took it out of my pockets and look at the unknown number flashed on its screen. I answered it after the fifth ring.

"Where are you?" an unfamiliar voice greeted me.

I removed my phone away from my ear and looked at the screen once again. *Who the hell is this?*

"Who-"

"Pete." He said my name with a hint of sharp warning my body automatically reacted to it. Tingling sensation travels sweetly down my spine. Already submitting by the way he calls my name. I cursed.

"Mr. Vegas, where did you get my number?" I said, dismissing my thoughts.

"You know, you always answer me with a question, Pete." He said grimly, making my body shiver.

"Are you stalking me?" my voice went higher than I intended to, echoing inside this hollowed bathroom walls.

"Why would I?" Vegas answered, and God knows it didn't sound even the slightest bit convincing.

"Then, how did you get my number?" I asked once again. Expecting to get a proper answer this time.

"You shouldn't get so worked up about your stupid number," He teased. "I even know where you live."

"You what?!" Damn, this man is literally something else.

"I'm kidding." He replied laughing, weird, tingly feeling travels sharply down my veins all over again. I rest my right hand on top of the sink, shifting my whole body onto it before my knees could betray me.

"Well, in case your bodyguard haven't told you yet, kindly stay the fuck away from me, Sir." I spoke, irritation visible in my voice followed by a long silence between us, all I could hear is my heavy breathing and the loud pounding of my heart.

A soft, chilling snicker from the other line broke the silence. "What?" he scoffed. "Are you my boss now?"

"Lunatic." I whispered, literally not giving any flying fuck whether he heard me or not.

"Why are you so mad at me?" He said, amused. "Is it because I didn't fuck you the other night?" Damn, he's enjoying this. I can already imagine that dangerously, sexy smirk of his as we speak.

"Why are you calling me then?" I replied. "Is it because you want to fuck me?" Two can play the game, Mr. Vegas.

"Well, you can dream sir." I said, and before he could answer, I end the call. A winning smile plastered on my face.

After I calmed down, I went straight to the garden for a smoke. The night sky is clear, and the crickets' sounds are everywhere. I puff out a smoke as I close my eyes. Icy air running down my throat, but the peace only lasted for a minute when this hasty stab of pain viciously pricked my insides out of nowhere. My eyes

sprung open, burning sensation travels down my body like some electric current. Started from my chest, spreading across my shoulders to my fingertips, to my mind. A feeling so hot I feel like I'm on fire.

Why?!

I cursed and cursed as I look around. My mind panicking and I couldn't breathe. *Fuck Pete, think. Where's your medicine? Where did I put it?* I pushed myself to stand up straight and walk towards the mansion. I walk past the receiving area and go straight to the elevator. Holding on to the walls to steady me.

"What's that smell?" one of the bodyguards not far away from me asked. Other bodyguards started sniffing the air, and I frantically clicked the buttons on the wall. The elevator pings and it finally opened but to my surprise, Vegas is there, and our eyes met.

Oh shit.

"No." I yelped and stumbled backwards. "Bathroom." I said again, heaving, trying my best to stay away from the demon infront of me. Gasping for air, I look around. Suddenly, everything seems so loud, and the lights are annoyingly brighter than usual. My heart feels like it's going to leap out of my chest. Just a simple glimpse of Vegas is enough to make my body feel like its burning even more and I feel like throwing up.

My skin.... my whole body....its shaking and it's so hard to fucking breathe.

"Is that coming from you Pete?" one of the bodyguards from behind asked. Panic filled my whole being once again that a tear threatens to fall down my eyes. A warm hand abruptly grabbed my wrist, I look at it as he harshly pulled me inside the elevator and closed the door.

I instinctively move to the farthest corner of the elevator and point my gun to Vegas.

"Fuck off." I warned him with the slightest strength that's left within me. He raised his hands above his head, not moving an inch. His eyes getting darker as he looks at me. His chest rising with deep slow breaths. The elevator was filled with my scent, and Vegas is not moving nor doing anything. And I hate how his entire presence has this stupid effect on my body. My knees gave up and I slid down on the floor. Panting.

I jolt when he moved his hand and took his phone out to call someone.

"What are you doing?" I asked, my voice hoarse.

"Pete, I'm trying so bad to control myself now, behave." He said in gritted teeth, voice so low it made my body squirm in delight and pain. Again, for the second time around, I want to completely

submit myself to him. *Fuck it.*

The elevator doors opened and we're back to the ground. He swiftly put his arm around my waist; a soft contact making my whole-body trembles as he pulled me up to his shoulders. He carried me out of the mansion and into his car.

"Out." Vegas instructed the person inside his car; he didn't say a word after as he glowers at the man as if he's ready to throttle him. I can feel his body tensed against mine. He was fuming in a split second. "I said out." The driver scrambled his way out of the car. He opened the door and puts me down gently on the passenger's seat. He puts on my seatbelt and goes straight to the driver's seat doing everything so smoothly.

I wanted to put the windows down for I couldn't breathe but my body's too weak to even move. Vegas is silent while driving and I can feel my pheromones getting stronger the longer I'm with him. Another wave of agony hits my chest. I groaned as I try to hug myself, pain erupting over every inch of my body I wanted to scream. Tears and sweat rolling down my face and I feel like the world is swimming around me, everything is spinning, colors morphing into each other, churning faster and faster. *Damn, this is hell.*

"Help me." I finally said, looking at him. Everything hurts. My whole being aching for his touch, I'm aching all over to feel him close. I wanted him so bad I don't even know what to do anymore. I wanted to reach out to him. To grab his neck and kiss him hard. Yes, I wanted to kiss him, to feel his tongue inside my mouth, to feel his hands caressing my body. To feel his warmth against mine. My body feels foreign, for it wants him. Only him.

"Your heat cycle would start in a few days so never forget to take your inhibitors." Jean's words flashed in my head. But I didn't forget, so what the fuck is this?

"What's a heat cycle?"

"It's when your body is most fertile and ready to mate. It usually lasts 3 to 5 days, inhibitors are there to suppress your heat, but this doesn't mean it will stop. Not unless you find a mate."

I'd rather find a mate than experience this hell 3 – 5 days every fucking month. *Easily said than done, smartass.*

The whole ride was pure torture and pain. Once we've arrived, he carried me out and inside the house. I felt a soft mattress stirs my back as he gently puts me down. His arms brushing against mine as he lets me go. My body immediately craving for his touch. I can feel it in every single part of me, how the absence of his touch brought intense pain on my whole being. I'm aching once again as I hug myself into a ball.

He was about to leave when I grabbed his hand and pull him close, his whole body falling on top of me. He groaned. His lips almost touching mine. Almost. And my body quivered by that feather-like contact. I sniffed his scent as I wrap my arms around his neck. "Smells nice." I moaned to his ear pressing my nose at the base of his neck. My fingers running down his back ever so slowly.

"Damn Pete, I want to fuck you right now." He growled in my ears, the vibrations of his deep voice made my body squirm, another moan escaped my mouth as I pulled him closer to my body.

"Hurry, do something." I whispered back. My mind couldn't think anymore, this desire piling up in my body winning over me.

"You smell so good." His nose pressed against my neck, hot breath tickling my burning skin, my heartbeat has picked up and my legs keeps on shifting beneath him. I can't control my pheromones anymore, its spread across the room, clouding both our minds. I have never reacted this way with anyone before, my skin tingles with his feather-like touch. Desire. This is desire. And this is what it feels like.

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Note:

Thank you for reading! I honestly don't know how to write smut so I'm worried. haha I will try my best, see yah on the next chapter.
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Chapter 4: Vegas

"Vegas." I moaned his name as he slowly licks the skin from the base of my neck up to the back of my ear. I bit my lower lip as a hot, sweet sensation travels down my belly. A tingling fire surging through my veins as his hands dangerously explored my body beneath my shirt, fingers wandering aimlessly, my rationality dissipating away with every soft peck he trails down my neck.

A soft yelp escaped my mouth as he suddenly tugs the hair at the back of my head to get better access on my neck. His nose lightly gliding down my skin, his fingers wrapped around it somewhat choking me, his warm breath adding fire to my body, and when his eyes met mine once again, I suck in a sharp breath at their intensity. I whimpered weakly when his thumb teasingly traced the bottom of my lips, his predatory eyes devouring my every reaction. How it glistened by the way my body is reacting to him. He liked it. He likes how his lips are so close to mine but never touching, how I was leaning towards him to feel him, how my thighs squeezed beneath him and rubbed together to subside the fire down my belly. He is torturing me and it's a different shade of pleasure and pain.

Vegas' fingers swiftly tug the first two buttons of my shirt making me gasp at his every touch, skin meeting mine. Vegas breathed in deeply, his face so close to my chest, basking in my scent, as he caressed my cheek. "I can't do this to you." He softly whispered as he gently let go of me. The absence of his body from mine is plain brutal, pain consuming me once again, I can feel it creeping down my veins, crawling up my arms, exploding in my chest. Intense agony floods into my mind, everything else turned into suffering. I let out a soft cry.

"Is the warm bath ready?" a voice was distant, warbled, like an echo in a long tunnel.

"... his medicine?" I wanted to look for where the voice is coming from, but my mind wanted to shut down for it could no longer take the pain. I tried to glance on my left, soft cloth touching my cheek as a dark silhouette hovers over me, I felt him carried me up before I completely lose all my senses.

I woke up feeling light headed, scanning the huge room, dim lights making it look so foreign—lonely. I abruptly checked on myself getting déjà vu. This time, I'm only wearing a huge white t-

shirt, nothing else. I look around the huge room for a new set of clothes and wonder why there is none. I'm also alone, which is weird. Did we end up fucking last night? I don't think so.

I was about to get off the bed and walk outside the room not minding if I'm only wearing a plain shirt when Vegas opened the door. Startled by his sudden appearance, I quickly stood up, the shirt falling just across my thighs covering neatly what is supposed to be covered. Damn, I feel like a slut, *his slut*. And it feels fucking weird.

He looks at me up and down, not giving away any expression on his face. "I already asked for some new clothes, it would be here soon." He said, walking inside the room mindlessly sipping on a wine glass.

"What time is it?" I asked, suddenly wondering why he's drinking too early.

"9pm." He replied dryly, graciously seating on the couch across the bed. I shift my body shyly, facing his direction. My hands in front of me, instinctively covering myself. *Where the hell are my clothes?*

"You really didn't have to do that." He said as I wrap a huge blanket around me.

"Then stop staring at me." I retorted back. He softly shook his head and smiled. And it was a fantastic smile. The effect makes my pulse ratcheted. The shudder in my body came in an instant, I stepped back meticulously creating a steady distance between us.

But that didn't stop him from staring at me. Dark eyes studying me in a way that had me feeling so transparent. Exposed. He then stood up, leaving the glass of wine half empty on the table as he lazily walks towards the door.

"Give me my clothes, I have to get back to work." I said, making him turn his body towards me, his back leaning on the door.

"Oh, you're not going back Pete." There was nothing light about the way he said it. In fact, his expression was razor sharp.

"Are you kidnapping me?"

"Am I?" Vegas quirked his eyebrows, amused.

"Certainly looks like it." I mocked.

"I'm pretty sure that's illegal."

As if doing illegal things bother you. I thought to myself.

A grin formed on his lips, he eased back from the door, eyes gleaming obsidian. He takes idle strides towards me, my breath hitched as he stopped just a couple of steps away from me. He stayed put, eyeing me, considering. "Or should I kidnap you for real?" He said in an undertone, a grin turning into a wide smirk sending chills run down my spine.

"Why are you treating me this way?" I challenged.

He tipped forward, one step closer to me but still enough space for me to breathe. "Because you're nothing like what I expected."

"Neither are you." I countered. "You're worse."

"That's nothing new."

I scoffed. "What do you really want?"

"You. Your life, your whole body." He replied deadpanned, precariously taking another step towards me. I suddenly forgot how to properly breathe, my knuckles turning white as I grip strongly at the end of my shirt. His dark eyes skimming me, head to toe. My heart pounding wildly inside my chest, the palms of my hands touched with sweat.

"Why?" I said meeting his gaze, entranced by the way he looks at me. "Why me?"

"I already told you, you amused me."

My whole body may be wanting to submit to him, but I can still think. I already get to scan the whole room if ever I needed to fight. I won't be able to fight him head-on but at least I could make time for an escape, though I doubt I could go out of this place alive.

"What if I don't want to?" I replied. Getting my composure back.

He gave me a sly smile. "We both know that wasn't true." Another step closer, this time we're face to face. Bodies just inches away from each other.

"You want me to become your slut?" I hissed meeting his gaze. He then lets out a low laugh making my body tingles.

Vegas really looked breathtakingly mesmerizing despite for the fact that he has this awful personality. Maybe that's why I am considering his offer.

"What would I get if I accepted it?"

"Money. Freedom and a good fucking sex life." He smirked as he placed a cigarette between his lips and lit it. My eyes watching his every action, the way he inhaled deeply, tilt his head up making me admire the smooth skin of his neck as he blows a smoke. "What do you say?" he continued as he walks towards the door, opening it and closing it after, a paper bag dangling on his hands as he turned to me.

"I don't think I could follow." I said distracted. I watch him go back to the couch, crossing his legs.

"I want you to be mine for as long as I want, Pete." He said matter of factly, tapping his cigarette on a wooden ashtray. "You can buy whatever you want with that black card, in return...." He said pointing his cigarette at the bedside table. He wasn't bluffing though. "You will let me have you whenever I want." He continued, dark gaze not leaving mine.

"I'm an omega, and I know you know that." I said, quietly. "What if I get pregnant?"

"You won't" he replied, standing up walking towards me. My eyebrow arched at him. "I already assigned a doctor for you. You will stop consulting to this Dr. Jean and follow the prescriptions of your new doctor."

"How did you—" I was about to ask him how he knew Jean but stopped mid-way because there's no use. Of course he would know, that's just how he is.

"I propose a rule." I said. Vegas' eyes glint at my sudden change of tone. "I don't want to become a prisoner of yours." I spat, not breaking eye contact.

"No." he replied firmly. "You, on that main house, with tons of Alphas surrounding you is a bad idea Pete. Specially now that you're experiencing heat." He said, leaning forward, nose barely touching my neck. Inhaling my scent. I couldn't move. "And the thought of them touching you makes me mad." He whispered, a sweet burning sensation travels down my back I almost let out a moan.

"Staying here with you is a bad idea too, you know." I retorted, tilting my head giving him enough access on my neck. And I can feel a grin forming on his lips as he teasingly traces my skin with the tip of his nose from the base of my neck up to my jaw. His hot breath lingers on my skin.

"How about you stay here when you're on your heat cycle?" He offered as he snaked his hands around my waist, pulling me closer into him as he buried his face on my neck planting soft kisses as I wrap my arms around him.

"Hmm" I moaned. "Sounds nice." The words tumbling out before I could stop them. I can feel his right hand beneath my shirt leaving sweet traces at the skin of my back, burning sensations igniting my body like wildfire, his other hand tilting my jaw as he teasingly bit and suck on my neck down to my collar bone.

I inhaled two sharp breaths, my pulse edged up a degree. His scent, which was all damp dark earth overwhelmed me. That's when I realized, this moment had been dancing around the edge of my fantasies for several days now.

My mind couldn't process any logical thought. Vegas' mouth was roaming north, up over my jaw, gently sucking at my skin. My whole-body tremble as I let out a soft moan. He gently trails kisses along my jaw up to the side of my mouth. I run my fingers through his hair as I pressed a hot desperate kiss on his lips. He moaned. And oh, its just so sweet making my whole body shiver.

"We're really doing this, huh?" I asked in-between breaths. Vegas'

tongue sliding inside my mouth, every stroke was addicting, pleasuring, making me lose my mind everytime.

"Hm-mmm" Vegas hummed in his deep voice, sending this electricity across my body, from my chest, down to my stomach up to my fingertips. I can feel him. Everywhere. His warm breath against my face, his tongue inside my mouth, his skillful hands wondering shamelessly beneath my shirt, his right thigh pressed between my legs, and the burning sensation Vegas has induced over me.

"Let's see how loud you can scream all night, Pete." He whispers breaking the kiss, I whined, both of us panting, gasping for air. He then run the tip of his nose along my cheek. Vegas' words are like fuel that sets every part of my skin on fire.

Vegas then suddenly backs away, hungry eyes not leaving mine. I have no idea what face I was making right now; all I know is that I wanted more. I wanted Vegas to touch me more.

"Take off your shirt."

I wanted to moan again with that command but decided to suppress it. I feel like my knees are giving up as I swiftly took off my shirt. Fighting the urge to break my gaze with Vegas. Vegas scanned my body from head to toe, taking every inch of me, admiring me.

"Lay on the bed." Vegas voice was deep and gravely. This time it's not a command, it's a threat sending sweet shivers down my spine, and right at that moment I wanted to completely submit myself to him. To give him whatever he wanted, to let Vegas dominate me, to control me, consume me.

"Don't make me repeat myself, Pete." Vegas said, giving a hint of menace with his every word. My body automatically falls into submission, obeying and quickly crawling up the bed.

I laid down on the soft mattress, my eyes admiring the beauty of the man above me, I am completely naked, he runs a finger down my chest causing a noticeable shiver to run down my spine. Heat pooling in my belly just by the fearful sight of it all. His hungry dark eyes boring into my skin, making me feel intimidated, possibly even frightened but that alone makes me want him more.

He kissed me once again, his tongue and lips coaxing mine. He puts his arms around my waist and hauls me against his body, squeezing me tightly. One hand remains on my neck, holding my jaw as he deepened the kiss, the other travels down spine to my waist and down to my behind. His hand flexes over my ass and gently squeezes it, creating a soft moan escaping from my mouth.

He holds me against him, spreading my legs, his hips grinding into mine and I can feel his erection beneath his pants as he

languidly pushes into me. I moan once more into his mouth. I can hardly contain the violent feelings inside me or is it my pheromones? I want him so badly.

"You smell so fucking good." He murmurs and close his eyes, a look of pleasure on his face as he grinds softly against me, and I feel like I'm in heaven. He hovers over me and I am squirming with need. His finger travels down my chest, to my belly and in-between my thighs, slowly circling in my opening- *there, yes, there.* He thrusts a finger inside my ass and I cry as he does, moving it in and out again and again. He inserts another finger and I cry out once more. Pushing inside me harder and harder still. I groan.

His mouth found my nipple, his tongue licking it, lips closing around it as he tugs. I whimper as he pulls and suck at it until it turns red while his other hand is on my ass, fingers mercilessly pounding my insides again and again. And it feels so incredible, his soft tongue and mouth pleasuring my nipples as his fingers thrust inside me. I groan, feeling the sweet sensation all the way to my groin. I am so wet.

"Oh, Vegas. Please." I begged as my fingers clasped the sheets tighter. "Please" the only word I could utter. He leans down as he removes his fingers in my ass, his jaw clenched, eyes burning. Its only now that I notice that we're both completely naked, how did that happen? I have no idea.

"I'm going to fuck you now, Pete." He murmurs as he slams into me. I let out a loud cry as I feel a weird pinching sensation deep inside me, Vegas smirks against my skin as his teeth grazes along my neck. It feels so fucking good, I'm losing my mind. I grip at his hair tightly, my other hand scratching his back as I feel him inside me. He is huge and I feel so full.

"You can move." I said. "Damn. That took you forever." He complained, groaning on my neck as he thrusts deeper continuously. Ramming inside me again and again. He speeds up. I moan, and he pounds on, picking up speed, mercilessly, and I keep up meeting his thrusts. He grasps my face between his hands and kisses me hard, his teeth pulling at my lower lip. And my mind is swimming, my body completely submitting to his every touch, letting Vegas dominate my whole being.

"More." I plead. This time Vegas became harsher, his thrusts became rougher and rougher, hitting that area where I'm more sensitive again and again. "So good." I moaned as I reached for my cock to touch myself. Vegas abruptly grab my hands and pinned them on top of my head. "Don't touch yourself." He growled. Pleasure building deep inside me. I start to stiffen as he thrusts on and on. I tried to meet Vegas' pace feeling more spark of delicious

pain. My body starts to quiver, my moans getting louder.

"Oh Vegas." I cried. "Come for me, Pete." He whispered breathlessly, and I unravel at his words, exploding around him as I climaxed. Vegas gave me one last thrust before emptying himself into me.

I am still panting, trying to slow my breathing and my pounding heart when I open my eyes and saw Vegas, his face buried on my neck, eyes closed, breathing ragged. I suddenly felt so sleepy as I run my fingers through his hair. I feel him gently moving as he slowly pulls out of me. "Hmmm" I hummed as I dozed off to sleep.

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Hi! See y'all next week.

Chapter 5: Pete

A/N: HI ALL, THANK YOU FOR READING MY WORK. REALLY. I WANT TO HUG YOU ALL ONE BY ONE. THANK YOU FOR VOTING! KINDLY LEAVE A COMMENT IF YOU CAN, I LOVE READING YOUR COMMENTS.

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"Where the fuck have you been?" Arm yelled as he slaps a heavy hand on my right shoulder, I winced at the sudden pressure. I must admit, my body is in a total mess. My hips and legs hurt so much I couldn't even walk out of the Minor Family's mansion properly without getting caught. I just took the clothes Vegas left on the bed side table, covering all the bite marks and hickeys imbedded on my body and left the house making it look like I was never there in the first place. I wasn't marked though, and it's a good thing, I guess.

Arm was about to hit me on my shoulder once again when I stopped him. "Hit me again and I'm gonna kill you." I said as I move away from him. Damn, I feel like I just wrestled a whale. This soreness will last for a day or two for sure.

"Have you eaten?" I asked as I walk ahead Arm, hearing his footsteps as he followed me.

"Not yet. I was looking for you this whole morning." He complained. "Where have you been? Really? You're gone for almost two days!" he blabbered behind me half screaming, "And since when did you start wearing branded clothes?" He added, some heads turning towards us as we enter the mansion.

"Shut up Arm, I'm hungry." I said entering the dining hall. The smell of freshly cooked meat and rice warmly greeted my nose, my stomach churned. Shit, I'm starving. I just remembered I haven't eaten anything yesterday for I was passed out the whole day, and when I woke up that night Vegas and I fucked for the first time. *Where did I even get the strength to do it the whole night?* Though I can't recall how many times I've fainted. I admit, that was the best fucking I've ever had.

I shake my head before flashbacks from last night flood my brain. I don't want to think about it, so I go straight to the dining table and immediately opt for pancakes, maple syrup, scrambled eggs, bread and bacon putting it all on my plate as I sit down with the
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other bodyguards who are presently eating their breakfast.

"That's a lot." Arm pointed as he sits beside me. I raised my middle finger up his face as I toss some bacon and bread into my mouth.

"Where have you been? Really?" Arm mumbled through a huge bite of beef and noodles off his plate. "You literally disappeared after the meeting." He continued, not minding how full his mouth is.

"I slept early." I replied, absentmindedly staring at my food.

"Dude, you can't fool me. I asked Porsche, you didn't sleep in your room that night. And where have you gone to yesterday?" He nagged.

"Porsche isn't even using our assigned room; how would he know?" I said as I stab my pancake with a fork.

"What?" Arm asked, confused. My eyes went wide when I realized what I just said.

"What?" I asked him back, praying that my face isn't showing any panic.

"What did you say?" Arm pestered.

"What did I say?" I mumbled, pretending to be shocked and confused while shoveling another bite of eggs into my mouth.

"Porsche isn't what??" He asked again. Putting his fork down as he looked at me wide eyed.

"Oh. I can't remember." I hurriedly picked up my plate and stood up from my seat not meeting Arm's gaze. "Gotta go." I said as I went straight to the metal counter leaving my tray of murdered pancake and went straight to the doorway without looking back.

"Pete!" Arm shouted from afar as I quicken my pace. I was out of the dining hall, barely rounded the corner when I accidentally slammed into someone. My body swinging over it. I instinctively grab him by the waist to stop him from falling.

"Sorry." I blurted out.

"Its okay." He replied as he removes my hand from his waist which I immediately reverted as I stood straight, greeting him with a slight bow.

"Mr. Tay." Mr. Kinn's close friend. Can't help but steal a glance at him with visible admiration plastered on my face.

Tay is such a beautiful Omega. His skin is white as an ivory, glowing, flawless without doubt. His body is small and curvy, his face is round like a doll and his eyes—one of the most mesmerizing things I have ever seen in my life. Bright and lively. He is such a beauty, like a snowflake; fragile yet enchanting. He is breathtaking.

I was busy admiring him and getting jealous by it at the same time when he suddenly took a step closer towards me. His head just

below my chin and I can smell him. A whiff of lavenders after rain. Or how his scent floats around my nose like honeyed sweetness. It's faint yet immersive like the smell of freshly bloomed roses at dawn; sweet and headlong. Calming. I stood frozen. Puzzled by his sudden action. He stirred a little closer, pointy tiny nose near my neck as he takes a small sniff. I didn't move.

"You smell..." he whispered in my ear. "..different." he said, taking a step back after. Hazel-brown eyes looking into mine, glinting under the faint light of sunrise from the balcony, making it look brighter, more radiant.

"What do you mean?" I asked, baffled.

"I don't know." He replied, raising his slim shoulders. "Like, someone already owned you." He continued, a small smile formed on his face as he started walking away from me, leaving me dumbfounded, frozen on my tracks his scent lingering in the air.

My door slammed closed with a soft thud as I entered my room. Empty boxes of cigarettes fell from the table just beside the door. But I could not care less, my mind is preoccupied by the words Tay have said to me. Words circling in my head, thoughts muddled. *What does he mean? Should I call Jean?*

I took my sweatshirt off as I walk over trash, magazines, pair of socks and clothes scattered on the floor. Reminding myself to clean these all up after taking a bath. I tiptoe myself around and put my clothes in the hamper and go straight to my dresser to grab a towel. As I shut its door, that's when I saw my body on the mirror. I frowned. *Damn, I look awful*. Bite marks covered my body, hickeys visible to almost everywhere, freshly embedded on my skin from my neck, my stomach, my chest, and collar bone. I look at my back and see a lot more from there.

"That jerk." I whispered as I grab my towel and place it on my shoulder, couldn't believe my eyes at how shitty I look and how sore I feel.

"Pete!"

Someone yelled making me scream as I quickly wrap my towel all around my body. I turn around and saw Porsche walking towards me over piles of garbage and clothes.

"Where the hell have you been?" He asked as he stood in front of me, examining me from head to toe. "And why are you covering yourself like that?" He said as he tried to pull the towel away from me.

I screamed once again, panic building in my chest. Making Porsche get more suspicious of me.

"What are you hiding?" Porsche curiously asked and oh, I hate curious Porsche as much as I hate the nagger side of him.

"Stop!" I yelled, fighting for my life as he tries to pull my towel away from me. "Porsche I'm gonna kill you for real." I continued screaming as I pull my towel towards me. Porsche wrapping his arms around me as he tries to peek under my chin. We fell on the floor. A loud bang thundering to the ground as we wrestle.

"What the fuck are you hiding?" he keeps on, trying to unwrap the ends of my towel from my fingers. I fought him, my sore muscles screaming in pain.

"Porsche, stop. I'm dying!" I yelled, he's now on top of me, already pinning me to the floor and I don't have enough energy to wrestle back. I'm already out of my breath and my muscles are throbbing in agony. I loosened the grip on my towel as I eventually gave up and let him yank it away from me. I'm tirelessly lying on the floor, his big fat ass sitting on my stomach.

"Shit, you look awful." He commented, wincing at my chest. "And since when did you start hiding proofs of your sex escapade?" he raised an eyebrow at me, crossing his arms. I rolled my eyes. "You never hide like this whenever you get laid." He added, sliding off of me.

"Because I never had marks before to begin with." I replied as I snatch my towel from his hand.

"So, who was he?" Porsche asked, sitting on the floor following me with his eyes as I stood up. I winced at my sudden movement, pain from my hips shooting up my spine in an instant. I didn't reply 'cause I don't know what to say. Should I tell him? He's my friend, I think he should know. "Tell me, who was he?" he continued as I walk away from him. "Cause he seems intense."

"Oh, you have no idea." I rolled my eyes as I shut the bathroom door.

After taking a warm shower, I went straight to the indoor shooting range to train the new recruits. It's not the usual day for today seems different. Many recruits have gathered here along with their trainers. Gunshots and shouting occupied the whole room.

I told the recruits to put on their safety gears as I ready the weapons. I was showing them the proper stance and the proper way of holding a rifle when a figure caught my attention. I look up from my rifle and saw a familiar face right beside the entrance across from where I'm standing. Watching. Observing. I put down my gun as I adjusted my electronic earmuffs. He just stood there, looking at my direction. I was about to go to him when someone walks towards him. Porsche greeted him cheerfully, but I couldn't fathom what they were saying. They seemed acquainted, close even and I just keep standing here, looking at them, trying to grasp their conversation from afar as gunshots reverberated in this huge room

from time to time.

I shifted my earmuffs over my head, fixed my eye gear as I aim for that red dot a couple of feet away from me. I breathed out a huge amount of air through my mouth as I adjusted my front post, locking on the mark. I let out a slow steady breath, *One. Two. Three.* I pulled the trigger. A gaping hole bore at the very middle of my board. *Bull's eye.* Smoke visible on the barrel. I look up once again, and he's still there. Watching.

The day ended quickly; my tired body almost couldn't keep up. All I could ever think is how I just want to lay on my bed and sleep like a log for years.

"Why are you following me, Nop?" I asked as I walk past him along the corridors. I didn't look at him, I just continued walking, hands inside my pockets, head looking down. I know he would follow me, and I immediately confirmed it as I hear his soft footsteps behind, echoing in the empty hallway.

"I was instructed to be here for the upcoming 'event'" he replied in a calm, low voice.

"Bullshit." I scoffed; a sarcastic smile plastered on my face. I know he's not here because of the event. I know he's here to watch over me. And it irritates me. It boils my blood.

"What else does he want from me?" I said, words forming in my tongue, escaping my lips with evident rage. Nop kept quiet.

"I already gave him what he wanted." I gritted my teeth as I continued walking. "What else does he want?" I sharply turned my body around, facing Nop. My lips pressed into a thin line, my eyes glaring.

"Why the fuck do you have to follow me?" I clenched my jaw, my knuckles turning white. I am trying so hard to control my anger before it starts to control me. I closed my eyes and inhaled air deeply as I walk away from him.

"Mr. Pete!" Nop shouted, half running to follow me.

"Please, leave me alone." I snarled; I was about to slam my door at his face when he stopped it mid-way. His face expressionless. Cold eyes meeting my glare. Testing me. Oh, I'm so mad.

"Take this." He said, stretching out a paper bag to me, I looked at it briefly then return a scowl back at him.

"It's your medicine."

"I already have mine." I snapped.

"Take this. That is, if you don't want to get pregnant." He replied dryly, placing the bag on my hand as he gently closed the door for me. I exhaled a long-exasperated breath as I kick my wall. Fuck them for treating me this way.

I dialed Vegas' number, rage quickening my blood. A couple of

rings from the line echoed in my ear as I try to control my breathing. The ringing stopped, but the line stayed quiet.

"Fuck you Vegas and your whole fucking ancestors." I said, ending the call quickly as I throw myself on my bed. Shutting my eyes. God, I'm so pissed.

Days passed and I haven't heard from Vegas after that day, though Nop stayed in the main house, watching me. Trainings became harsher and harsher and I'm trying so hard to keep up. My body feels like it would shut down and I'm so exhausted every day until the day of our mission came.

"Remember, we have to catch this person who's behind the bankruptcy of our client's investors." Mr. Kinn reminded us. I was standing beside him, along with Arm and Big. Our main goal is to attend this Omega auction for the elites and capture the person that would point us where our true enemy is. Also closing his resources one by one as we do so. Hitting two birds in one stone.

Midnight came and we entered this prestigious looking hotel for the auction. It is a private gathering, huge assembly hall greeted the few selected visitors, bright chandeliers hanging on a wide golden ceiling. Long tables lining elegantly along the huge windows, overflowing with the most beautiful, decadent-looking pastries I've ever seen. Pastries stuffed with creams, cookies dusted with sugar, and chocolate. Lots and lots of overflowing chocolates.

At the other end of the doomed ballroom, massive windows faced a patio overlooking a glittering stretch of the moon along the horizon. A stage placed perfectly on it; small tables scattered in around the huge room to accommodate the visitors.

"Patio. Right side. Cleared." A voice in my earpiece reported as I patrolled the room.

"Main entrance—cleared." I reported back, scanning the whole room. Unfamiliar faces passing by. My eyes not leaving Mr. Kinn who is now currently sitting on the VIP area, talking with the other guests. I scanned the whole room once again, waiting for our target to show up. Nop standing across me, just behind the huge staircase beside the stage leading to the second floor which I assume where the Pure Omegas for the auction would come down.

I keep looking around, but I couldn't see Vegas anywhere. I can see some of his bodyguards roaming so I'm sure he's already here. I was too busy scanning the crowd when the room went dark, leaving only the blinking lights on the stage. The MC greeted the small crowd of elite Alphas with a smile. The show is starting, and Vegas is nowhere to be found.

"Who are you looking for?" A cold voice stirs behind me, I jumped as I look around instinctively grabbing the gun from my back and

taking one step away from where the voice came from. I point my gun directly at him as I study the person infront of me.

"Whoa, calm down." He said raising both his hands. He is wearing a black suit, dark hair neatly brushed away from his forehead. Wolfish grin visible on his face. I haven't seen him before, but I know for sure he's one of the main bodyguards of the principal sponsor of this auction. I can tell by the red rose pin placed on the left side of his suit.

"Calm down, I just came here for a talk." He chuckled. I look around, alert, observing my surroundings. Looking instantly for Mr. Kinn, my panic gone when I saw Porsche standing behind him, whispering to each other. I sprung my neck towards the stage, and there in the middle, a beautiful omega stands. Innocent face looking scared, he looks so young, around 15 I guess, for they are being auctioned before they experience their first heat. And it disgusts me, how this people treat Omegas like some fucking accessory to buy. A brand to collect. A mere product for their entertainment. That's all these fuckers see us, nevermind how important we are for their race. Betas can't provide Alphas, only Omegas can, and I think they're forgetting that.

I saw Mr. Kinn left his seat, adjusting his earpiece as he walks away, Porsche following him behind.

"Target found." Porsche's voice rang in my ear jolting me back from my trance. Listening carefully as they give instructions over the loud voice of the MC from the stage and faint snickers.

"You know, you don't smell like an Alpha." Commented by the tall man beside me. I took a glance at him without moving my head. "..not even similar to a Beta." He leaned closer. Inhaling my scent. I didn't move. My eyes locked at Mr. Kinn as I grip my gun tighter, rage piling up my system.

"How about you come with me?" he hummed, hand sliding down my back and stopping on my ass.

"How about you take your fucking hands off me or do you want me to shoot your balls?" I said in grimace as I pulled back my gun's rack, pointing it against his chest then down to his crotch; turning the safety off with a soft click. My glaring eyes meeting his wolfish grin.

Suddenly, a loud bang reverberated the whole room. Causing screams and alarm from the guests. I sharply turned my head at where the gunshot came from. People panicking. I bring my attention back to the man beside me as he started running away and I chase after him. Hearing distinct screams from afar, gunshots echoing as I ran away. Voices from different people flooded my ears. Then suddenly the screams were drowned by a loud explosion

from the stage. Causing an intense ringing in my ears, I winced at the pain, breathed in dusts and warm air. I didn't look back. I chase after the man, his back a few feet away from me. I ran and I didn't stop.

CHAPTER 6: MADNESS

A/N: DISCLAIMER! MENTIONS OF BLOOD, VIOLENCE AND GUNS.

I WROTE IT USING A THIRD PERSON'S POV CAUSE I FIND IT DIFFICULT TO WRITE ACTION SCENES IN A FIRST PERSON POV.

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"On your left!" Vegas screamed at Kinn as he shot the guy behind him, twice. Kinn ducked as Vegas sprints forward taking time as Kinn reloads his gun. Their backs against each other as they fire bullets mercilessly on their opponents. Bullets tore through the door, sending splinters flying. Windows shattered, spewing glass wrecks everywhere, crushing a beautiful gilded mirror. Shards scattered around the floor, bathed in blood and fallen bodies.

Porsche along with the other bodyguards made way for the two as they fire bullets along the way. Pissed at how their main target escaped their radar, now his bodyguards are closing in on them. Nop standing by his side, a rifle on his hand firing harshly to their opponents. The smell of blood, sweat and powder lingers the air.

Pete pants as he stood up in an empty parking lot after the tall guy gave him a firm tackle, both stumbled to the ground. Two other bodyguards from their target jumped in on him. One thing he noticed is that, only the tallest guy has a pin on his suit, which indicates something else. He's a head bodyguard like him.

Pete punched and kicked as he broke free from them and charged. He threw up his forearms like an offensive lineman blocking a defensive back, but the tall guy slipped to the side, pushed Pete's elbow down and away, caught his head, and rolled him into the floor. Pete's gun sliding a couple of feet away from them. Pete grunt. Third of a second once contact was made, and the other two bodyguards were on their feet, watching the taller man rush towards Pete once again in a blink of an eye. A deafening punch hits Pete on his jaw, his head ringing, he spits blood. The aftertaste lingers on his mouth.

The other two run towards him once more. At the last second before collision just as they got closer, Pete took a deep steady breath and planted his left foot and dove to his right. His elbow hitting hard the person on his right straight up to his chin tripping
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him backward and down. Pete grabbed a broken glass near him before the other man slammed into him, and hit him on the forehead with it two hard times. Blood trickles from his hand made by the sharp glass, oozing from a freshly opened wound.

He pants as two unconscious men lie on the ground. Blood dripping from the side of his mouth as he looks straight to the taller guy. Both of them breathless.

"Where's your boss?" Pete deadpanned.

"You're good." The tall guy said in a smirk. But before Pete could react, the guy tackled him once more, throwing them both to the ground. Excruciating pain hits his body as his back slammed to the tiled floor. Piercing pain resonating as he hit his head. He acted fast though, thrashing from the taller man's grip. His right fist slammed down on the man's face, shattering his nose. He pushed him away as he reached for his gun a few inches away from him.

Pete almost touched the gun when a hard punch landed on his stomach. He fell, crouched on the floor coughing blood. It was so painful he thought he could vomit. The man took the gun and pointed it at him. Just when he was about to pull the trigger, Pete kicked his knee sending the bullet straight on Pete's right thigh. Piercing. Blood oozing out. A loud cry escaped his mouth.

The man fell to the floor as Pete crawled trying to reach the gun that slid down near him, when a hand suddenly grabbed him by his wounded leg. Nails digging harshly into his wound. Pete screamed once more as another stabbed of pain sliced through him. The guy deepened his fingers into the wound of his thigh, the pain bursting like adrenaline through his blood.

A loud punch echoed as the man came flying few inches away from him. It happened so fast he just saw Vegas hovering over the tall guy's body. Knees pinning both his hands to the ground. His right hand pressed harshly around the man's neck. Vegas' fingers turning white around it as he grab him tightly. The man's face turning red beneath him, gasping for air as a knife was held just below his chin. Dangerously hanging, waiting for his wrong move to cut through his skin.

Vegas' eyes are wide with excitement and madness as he moves the blade closer to the man's neck. Barely slicing the skin. The man whimpered.

"You know why I'm not shooting you even though I have a gun?" Vegas said in a gravely manner. "Its because I want to see your face as I draw a straight line on your neck using my knife." He said, a menacing evil smirk forming on his lips. The knife cutting a small skin as he tightens his grip, choking him more.

"Vegas! Stop!" Pete yelled through broken ribs and sore muscles.

But Vegas acted as if he couldn't hear him and stabbed the guy on the leg, satisfied as he hears a hoarse cry from him by the sudden pain. He then returned the knife up his chin.

"Vegas!" Pete screamed once more, trying to stop the monster from killing their only source of information to capture their target. "Stop! Or I'm going to shoot you!" Pete warned, pointing a gun to Vegas. But the latter didn't listen, drawing another line down the man's throat. This time deeper. Blood oozing out from the wound as he slices the skin. A loud bang echoed. Vegas falling as a bullet hits his shoulder blade. He grunts, seeing Pete breathless, his gun pointed at him.

He then went straight to Pete, grab him by the neck, the gun falling off Pete's hand as he slammed him against the wall. Pete hissed at the sudden pain. He couldn't breathe for Vegas' fingers grip hard around his throat.

"You know what I hate about you, Pete?" Vegas said through gritted teeth. "You always know how to test my patience." He spats. Pete glaring back at him. Both of them not breaking eye-contact.

"That makes us two." Pete retorted. Breathing heavy. Vegas' grip tightens around his neck. Piercing dark orbs of eyes boring into his skin. "What now Vegas? You gonna kill me?" Pete challenge, not breaking the gaze.

"Oh no Pete. Not you." He said coldly, lips close to his ears. Vegas swiftly turned around and fire three shots to the man's body as it falls to the ground. Pete's eyes opened wide in shock. "Ah, that felt great." Vegas hummed, staring at the lifeless body on the floor. Blood spreading slowly from it, like life is literally leaving out of him.

Pete fell down on his knees, tired and shaking.

Chapter 7: Into Your World

HI! THANK YOU ALWAYS FOR READING! I LOVE YOU ALL!
WARNING!!!!!!
SEXUAL ASSAULT, NON-CON, TORTURE, VIOLENCE, BLOOD.
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Vegas

Vegas puff a smoke as he stares at his reflection in the mirror. A figurine of an angel placed neatly beside it with its wings fully stretched out, grey feathers ruffled and unsettled, an ashen-brown colored cloak almost falling off the angel's shoulders, nearly looking as if it was real and not just a plain stone and clay shaped into something magnificent. The angel's right hand holds a long golden dagger, with a cold look on its face, piercing the weapon on a helpless person's chest breaking through his back.

How could an angel kill a person? He thought, though his mind didn't stay there for long as it wanders back to Pete, and how the latter affects him with these unfamiliar feelings and reactions he never thought he ever had in the first place.

He didn't know what's gotten into him that day at the auction. Why he let his demons take over him. The thought of someone touching Pete drives him mad. So mad he could go feral and kill. And that's what the tall bodyguard ended up with. Dead. No one's allowed to touch Pete, no one except him. And the fact that he could smell that bodyguard's scent all over Pete made him lose it.

Pete is somehow new to him, something he's unfamiliar with but manages to awaken his inquisitive side. Vegas craves for Pete not only for sex, he wants him whole, every part of Pete he could ever get a hold of. He's just different and it amuses him. He finds it entertaining even; how Pete could calm him then make him go insane at once. He likes how Pete could still the hundreds of storms raging in his mind, how he could tame the ferocious beast in him, how his eyes could soften his inhuman being, how his entire presence could silence the demons inside him. And this feeling is too foreign for Vegas, yet he wanted more. It's as if Pete got him choke-hold, he can complete him yet could also shatter him into pieces in a snap of a finger. He despises him that's one thing for sure, yet he wants him nonetheless, and oh, he wants him all to himself no matter what the consequences are.
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Vegas then pressed his cigarette firmly down his ashtray as he languidly walks out of his room. Bodyguards bowing at him as he walks by along the hallway, giving them a slight smirk as he passes. A huge metallic door opened infront of him leading him to a long staircase to the basement. His footsteps echoed as he goes down, he could hear shuffling of chains and grunts beneath him. A warm light from a small fluorescent lamp greeted him as he looked at the man behind the bars. Old and bleeding.

Smell of sweat, blood, and rusted chains linger in the air. Three bodyguards from the main family standing in the corner, with Pete. Ah, Pete. Vegas gave him a cold look as he passes by. Bandages covered his body beneath his uniform. Pete's eyes quickly averted down as Vegas try to meet his gaze and he loves that, how Pete becomes so submissive when he's around.

Vegas drags a metal chair across the room. The screech of metal against the tiled floor echoed to the four corners of the hollowed basement. Making a shrieking sound as he placed it front of the old man; hands and feet are locked with rusty chains.

"Please let me go." The man pleaded. Chains dangling as he moves. The man's face is covered with bruises and blood. There were gashes all over him, fresh, deep, reddened marks littering his torso. Thick strands of hair falling onto his bloodied forehead. Face and chest severely bruised with gaping cuts. Vegas was impressed the man is still conscious.

"I'm the one asking questions, you answer me." Vegas said calmy as he sits on the chair, raising one foot over his knee as he rests his right arm over the top rail.

"What do you want?!" The man's voice was a high-pitched screech, invading the small, airy space of the basement as he tries to move his arms aggressively from the chains. And without any hint or warning, Vegas then forcefully kick the man on his torso so hard the man's body swayed like a punching bag, causing an intense heaving of air from the man.

"I said, I'm the one asking questions." Vegas said firmly, eyes glaring, implying authority and power in each word, making the whole room so eerily quiet, only the coughing of the tortured man can be heard.

Vegas then stood up, footsteps echoing as he went straight to the table on the left side of the room. There, placed a different type of huge scissors and poultry shears. He looks at it firmly, admiring even, as he glides his fingers softly against the metallic tools until something caught his attention. A lopping shear. He picks it up, examining the elongated blade of this huge scissors and how it shines against the dim light of the room. An evil grin forming on his

lips, excitement boiling in his blood.

"Please, no." the man pleaded as if he already know what is going to happen.

"Every wrong answer will cause you a finger." Vegas said in a low menacing voice, gaze not leaving the shear. His eyes glinting with anticipation, a small smile forming on his mouth. "Game?" he chuckled, a smirk tugged at the corner of his lips, intense eyes directly piercing into the man. Fear doomed the man's body. He can feel it everywhere, the intensity, the danger. He's so sure, the very moment their eyes met, he knew he wouldn't come out of this basement alive.

A loud scream covered the room. Sweat and tears trickled down the man's face, his lurid cry and heavy pants of breath echoing as he struggled to inhale the thick heat of the air. He doesn't know where the pain is coming from anymore. He blinked once, twice as he looked down seeing his smallest toe detached from his left foot. Fresh blood pumping out. His body weakened at the sight, pain spreading harshly everywhere.

"I'll ask you again." Vegas warned as he squats on the floor, the end of the sheer touching the ground. "Where's your boss?" He snarled, dark predatory eyes looking up at him.

"I don't know." The man cried. He thrashes and kick as Vegas place the shear near his next toe. He then felt the cold metal against his skin followed by a penetrating pain resonating through his body. He can feel every single action Vegas did. The slice through his muscle, the cracking of the bone, pain deep and raw, dwelling in every last molecule. Eating him away but all he could ever do is scream. His voice hoarse, his stomach gurgly and unstable, fire in his veins. He screamed and screamed wishing everything to end.

"You do know I don't have time for bullshits, right?" Vegas grumbled, eyes getting darker, fiercer as the man used up all the patience he had ever had, and oh he doesn't have much. Vegas positioned the shear near the man's foot once more, the poor man started to fight and kick once again though he knew it's no use for the chains on his feet wouldn't even let him lift it a few inches forward and all he could do is scream and thrash as the metal touch his skin.

"I'm telling the truth. I really don't know." The man cried each word ripped his throat raw, blood and sweat trickling down his face, down his neck. "I just sponsored him using the auctions, but I really don't know his location." His voice is rough, desperate and the only thing he could feel is pain, in his head, arms, chest, feet, everywhere. A pain he had never known his whole life filled him to the point of insanity. A loud cry breaks out from his throat once

again.

All the people in the basement didn't even dare to look. They can feel the pain, how they wanted to cover their ears just so they couldn't hear the man's gravelly cries and pleas. But not Pete. He just stood there in the corner looking at the blood oozing out of the man's foot. How the next toe roll on the floor, thick blood on the blade and beneath spreading slowly, darkening the shade of the basement floor even more, and Vegas. He can see Vegas so clearly, how his eyes twinkle as he does it. He's enjoying this too much; Pete can feel it through his veins. Chills creeping down his skin. His heart pounding a little too loud and it almost stop when Vegas stood up and directly look at him. Sharp eyes meeting his. Pete's breath hitched.

Run.

His entire system tells him.

Run Pete.

But he just stood there. Looking at Vegas. Scared yet he wanted to see more. It's as if he was under his spell, frozen in his own tracks, bewitched because Vegas alone is objectively gorgeous even now as blood trickles down his hands and onto the shear with slight red splatter on his face, eyes as dark as the ocean at night with the fear that something is there beneath the darkness, waiting to swallow you whole. Everything he does is designed to lure his prey, to crave for him, to desire him until he's the one who ended up consuming you. He can sense his body reacting because of Vegas' strong gaze, slowly, he can feel it. The warmth inside him, spreading oh so frightfully through his blood, and before anything could ever happen, Pete excused himself. He hurriedly run up the stairs as the man's hoarse cry echoed in his ears once again.

Pete

I walk up the stairs, almost running. I can already feel the burning sensation travelling across my skin, crawling deeper beneath, gradually growing. The warm feeling moving so slow making me sense every bit of it, making sure I'm aware that it's there, threatening to consume my body whole. I began to pant, my legs getting weak. I tried to take a few deep breaths to remove Vegas in my head, to distract my brain from remembering how his slender fingers softly glides along the metal shear. How he held firmly on the chains as he gave a knowing look at the man. How his eyes gleam at his every screams. How a small smile creeped at the corner of his lips as he looked at the blood and the pained face of the man being tortured. I can remember every detail, every little thing Vegas did and it's causing this weird feeling inside me.

I took a long steady breath, tingling sensation travelling my body

down to my legs. His long delicate fingers flashed in my head whenever I close my eyes. My body craves for it, wanting to feel it on my skin once again, the cold touch of the rings on each of his hand as it glides down by back. The feeling still lingers though, how his hands dangerously travelled across my body, how his mouth devoured every part of my skin, how his teeth grazed up my jaw and bit my lip, I can still feel everything. Every mark he embedded on me; my body remembers him so well.

"You really are an Omega."

Startled, I sprung my eyes open. And there at the corner near the stairs stood James. His ashen grey eyes wide in shock. And right when our eyes met, the color changes. It turned darker, glaring, ravening as he takes a deep breath of my scent.

I took a couple of steps back, my heart pounding in my chest as if it wanted to escape. An explosion of fear spreads through me, a lump travel up my throat, making it harder to breath while I'm trying so hard to control my pheromones and to endure the pain piling at the pit of my stomach.

"You're an Omega." He repeated taking a few slow steps towards me, hungry eyes not leaving my body. I shudder as the sound of his footsteps getting near, I couldn't move.

Can I fight him? I thought.

My whole body is still sore from the last fight, the wound on my right thigh is still fresh, plus the fact that I have broken ribs and now experiencing my heat doesn't sound so very appealing to me. Damn, I'm in so much pain. I was about to run away from him when he grabbed me forcefully on my left shoulder and pushed me hard on the wall. Intense pain shoots directly at my back, I coughed as his fingers found my throat, grasping, squeezing hard, I can feel his nails digging into my skin. I can't breathe.

"You smell so sweet." He whispered. Face so close to mine, hot breath on my neck. I squirmed trying to push him away, but his huge body wouldn't even budge, his grip on my neck getting tighter. I gasp, my lungs begging for air to breathe, his whole body pressed against mine, pinning me on the wall. His other hand slips beneath my shirt cold palm slides on my stomach then around my waist and I can feel his warm lips on my shoulder biting and sucking at my skin.

"No." a single word escaped my mouth as I pant for air. My whole body is aching, I feel like my lungs is about to burst from suffocation, and the feeling of James' hand on me is unbearably agonizing.

"Please stop." I pleaded as I push him away, every muscle in my body screams in pain but I couldn't care less. I keep pushing him

away, I keep exerting too much effort my body could not even handle just to get away from him. I want to break away from his touch, I don't want the feel of his mouth on my skin, I don't want his hands on my back. I don't want his lips on my neck nor his fingers beneath my shirt.

"Let me go." I cried once more as his fingers dug deeper on my throat, I shut my eyes, tight, as I feel his other hand travelling down my spine and inside my pants as he pressed me hard against his body. "No, please." I cried. Pain consuming my whole being, his hands leaving a trace of disgust on my skin.

I twist and turn once again as I gasp for air, my fingers turning white as I try to remove his hand around my throat, my eyes went wide when a piercing pain shoots in my entire body as he bit my collar bone. Hard. I wanted to scream from the pain, but I couldn't find my voice because of his hard grip around my neck.

I was pushing him away with my arms when a huge person suddenly yanks him away from me. I coughed, breathing hard as I try to inhale as much air I needed while holding on to the nearby table to stop my body from falling down completely. I then looked up and saw Nop pinning James down, he then signaled me to go inside the room behind me.

I close the door shut as I slide down the floor. I just realized that I'm crying; my face, cheeks, and neck are wet with tears and my hands are shaking. No. My whole body is trembling. I crawled up to the huge bed and wrap its sheet around me as I hug myself tight. And I have no idea how long, I just remained like that for minutes maybe hour, inhaling Vegas' scent from the blanket. Somehow soothing me.

"Pete, are you okay?"

A sharp voice forced me back to reality. I blinked twice as my vision focused on the man infront of me. His hands pressed gently on my cheeks, concern visible in his soft voice, worried eyes searching for mine.

"Are you okay?" he repeated, making me look at him but for some reason I couldn't focus, and my eyes are blurry. *Oh, I'm crying again. Fuck it.*

"Eyes on me, Pete." He commanded and my body instantly obliged. And when our eyes met, his gaze shifted into something darker, foreboding, he is mad. His mouth is set into a grim line, jaw tensed, he was about to stand up and leave maybe going to James, I don't know, but I swiftly grab his hand. And I have no idea what's happening to me, but I pulled him close. He didn't push me away nor he even tried to move. I didn't let go of his warm hand as I place my head on his broad shoulder, my nose at the base of his

neck.

"I'm okay." I whispered more to myself than to him. I snuggled at him closer, inhaling his scent, letting it take over my every senses as I close my eyes. I've known Vegas for so long, watching him since before, spent my years as a bodyguard afraid of him cause his entire presence sends me panic and fear most of the time but now, this is the first time his scent has calmed me down.

Chapter 8: Worship

A/N: Hello again, its me I just wanted to say that I'm having a writer's block after writing this chapter. HAHAHAH Please tell me what you think.

TW: MENTION OF RAPE.

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"Don't go." I told Vegas when he tried to let go of my hand. I don't want him going out of this room. I don't want him to leave me. I want him here, by my side. Just here.

"What do you want me to do, Pete?" he whispered in my ears, his voice soft, and mesmerizing. We're both sitting on the bed, my head placed on his shoulder, my whole body is wrapped in a blanket, and he just lets me, not even moving too much to distract me. And I keep still, contemplating with my thoughts as I run my fingers on his palm, drawing circles, tracing each line.

"Pete." He said my name with a hint of authority, waiting for me to answer. I take in a sharp breath as a sweet sensation travel down my body.

"Take his scent off me." I whispered back, my voice cracked, my tears threatening to fall once again. I can smell James on me, his scent, I can still feel his touch, his fingers, and I wanted to tear my skin off me so bad just to erase him from me. "Please." I begged, burying my face on Vegas' chest.

"Face me." He orders, his voice remained gentle, and I do as I'm bid. I raised my head and look up at him, directly to his eyes, his gaze is dark but there's a hint of calmness twinkling around it. He leans forward and plants a soft kiss on my lips. His hands on my cheeks, his thumb gently caressing the skin just below my ears, our foreheads touching. "I want you so bad." He murmured, his eyes directly looking at me, burning into mine. Craving for me, making me feel breathless at their intensity.

This time I'm the one who leaned in and kiss him. Hard. I felt his tongue slides down my lower lip then bit it lightly. A moan escaped my mouth as I let his tongue in. Every stroke of it made me feel breathless, my whole skin becoming so sensitive. And I can already feel the burning sensation piling in my stomach, gradually spreading like wildfire beneath my skin. Slowly, lighting every bit of nerves in me as his hands slide down my back and my body leaps
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to attention.

"Vegas." I moaned his name, almost losing myself as the heat builds up in me taking every space, running up my chest, down to my fingertips, then to my mind, loosing every bit of sanity that's left in my head by the way the feel of his hands travels across my body and how his tongue skillfully teased the insides of my mouth.

"Tell me." He trails, sucking and biting at my lips. "How can I make you mine?" his voice is low, alluring, and it's more than enough to make me shiver.

"Worship me." I answered as I pressed my lips on him, our tongues coaxing. I wrapped my arms around his neck as I sit on his lap, his waist between my legs. His hands at the base of my back. And I liked the way he held me as if I were fragile and likely to break if he held on too tight. A delicious heat spreads through my body once more, and I strained toward him, kissing and sucking his lips with passionate urgency as I clung to him. I allowed myself to melt into his embrace, I allowed my walls to come crashing down with the every glide of his fingertips across my skin, I allowed myself to be delicate, exposed and defenseless as he kiss and lick every scars and bruises on my chest, and feel the soothing warmth of him as we pressed our bodies together. His warmth seeping through my flimsy shirt and I can feel his heart against mine, his soft breath on my lips, his hands on my back, and I think I'm losing my mind.

I craved for his touch, I craved for his mouth on mine. There wasn't a doubt left in my mind, I can feel my skin burning where he had touched me, and all I wanted was for him to do it again. Another moan escaped my mouth as he gently kissed a path from my ear down to my neck. My heated blood pools low in my belly, between my legs. I groan.

In one swift movement, he lifted me up and pushed me on the bed. His body hovers over me, he moved his mouth along the curve of my neck as I tilted my head up giving him everything without a care in our world. I want him so bad, and I couldn't deny that any longer.

Vegas then let go of me as he swiftly yanks his shirt over his head, and I couldn't help but stare at his perfectly toned body. How his skin looks so smooth and white, my eyes then travel down to his hands as he unbuckles his belt. My breath hitching, my heart pounding so loud. He takes off his pants and then help me removed my clothes. Gently. He does everything so softly and I wanted to give in to his every touch.

There's nothing between us now as his mouth sucks the skin beneath my jaw, his gentle hands making sure I'm not getting hurt

by my broken ribs and bruises as one hand travels south down to my chest, touching my stomach, and in-between my thighs. Leaving a burning sensation along the way. I gasp, breathless as I feel Vegas slides a finger inside me.

"All right?" Vegas ask softly, looking up to meet my gaze. I nod. Another finger slides into me, I shut my eyes as pleasure builds up my body. His nose gently nuzzling against mine. My back arching as I feel his fingers moving in and out of me.

"Oh god, I..." I trailed off as I feel his mouth over my parted lips. My pheromones mixing with his inside this room, making our minds clouded. Both of us breathing heavy.

"You're so sweet." He growled as he licks his way into my mouth, his fingers working deep inside me as I gasp for air beneath him. And there when he slightly shifts his fingers, a delicious tingle jolts my body, moaning as he keeps on pressing on it. I grabbed the sheets as my body arched underneath him.

"Please." I begged, desperation visible in my voice as my fingers dugs at the skin of his back. I want him so bad.

"Not yet." He purrs, planting soft kisses on my lips and on the side of my mouth. I whined as I feel my body slowly surrendering to him. My logical mind is long gone as he agonizingly takes everything so slow.

Vegas slides another finger in, plunging slowly, teasing as he moves them in and out. I gasp, neck arching as my head thrown back, wild sparks of light flare travels across my body as his fingers firmly pressed against my prostate, sending pleasure up and down my spine. I moaned. Loud. "Oh, Vegas." I chant his name again and again as if it's a prayer and I needed saving. I feel his other hand on my back, pressing my hips against his groin, squeezing me firmly. And I feel safe as I hug him tight and kiss him back. As if Vegas' touch could prevent anyone from hurting me.

Vegas drew away, panting as he looks down at me. He then grabbed his length as he spreads my legs wider, not breaking his intense gaze on me. He then placed his left elbow beside my face and place his arm underneath my head as he gently entered my hole. I shut my eyes. Tight. Pain spreading across my body as I take him whole. I felt his lips planting feather-like kisses on my cheeks, my nose, and my forehead and I began to relax. I was never held like this before. He held me like I'm something vulnerable-- fragile, as if I was the most precious thing he had ever had. I moaned against his lips as I start to grind beneath him. And he took that as his cue to start moving. Slowly pulling out up until the tip meets my opening and then going in just as slowly. Making me feel his every move, how his muscles tensed, how his length makes me feel

so whole, everything.

"Be mine." He whispered as he lunges forward capturing my mouth, the kiss is deep and hungry. I feel him moving his hips back slowly, pulling out making me feel the emptiness inside then slowly pushing back into me. He swallows my every moan as he does it again and again and I feel like my body is shattering into pieces beneath him.

He keeps on thrusting, setting a steady pace rubbing relentlessly against my prostate as I crumble and moan louder with his every push. His stomach pressing against my cock, and it's the most exhilarating feeling I've ever felt. The pleasure down my stomach building up as he wrecked me, I can hear his low moans rumbling against my ears sending shivers through my body.

"Vegas." I moaned as he plants soft kisses on my chest, up to my neck, to my jaw and onto my face, orgasm crashing over me, and I feel like I'm drowning in it. I pant and say his name once more, getting louder and louder with his every thrust as each wave of pleasure consume me, each one more powerful than the last, and I screamed and moaned as I shatter beneath him.

But Vegas didn't stop moving as my whole-body trembles with his every thrust, over and over each one getting harsher. My hands grabbing the sheets tighter, and my legs are shaking. I am overly sensitive after coming and I began to groan and pant as I screamed his name once again, pushing me until I'm so close to the edge once more. A loud cry escaped my mouth as I explode around him for the second time.

After a long moment, Vegas mirrors me as he starts to pant against my neck. He thrusts hard, his hips hitting a loud slap against my cheeks and groans as he releases inside, I moaned feeling his warmth spreads inside my body. My arms and legs wrapped around him as I shiver underneath pressing his body into me. Then he stills, his soft eyes looking into mine as he kisses me gently on my lips. I close my eyes as I hug him, both of us breathing heavy.

"Again." I whispered in his ears as I plant gentle kisses on his left shoulder. A dark chuckle escaped his lips and the butterflies in my stomach went wild. Guess my heat isn't calming down anytime soon.

He lifts his body up and look at me, a dark smirk makes its way onto his face, making me feel a little frightened. Excited, as he looks at me with hungry eyes. "You know I can do you all night." He growled, kissing me harsh. The gentle Vegas dissipating in an instant.

His kisses become rougher, his touch become firmer, its like I was

being devoured by him, my bruises, and sore muscles aching, sending a different shade of pleasure in my system. It feels so painful yet so fucking good.

Vegas grabbed my jaw and tilted my head up as he grazes his teeth down my throat, his tongue licking at my skin, and I'm so turned on I thought I'm going to come that instantly. I then felt his fingers around my cock making me buck my hips up into his hand with a moan.

Before I could process what happened, I found my hands pinned down on top of my head. He growled softly at me. "I'm the one incharge here." He rumbled, the timbre of his voice sending sweet vibrations down my stomach and into my hole making me feel so wet, I moaned.

"Be a good little omega." He said, and I can smell his own pheromones invading all my senses, making my body whimper at his command and his scent.

"Lay down on your stomach." He ordered; my whole body couldn't help but obey. I turned around, laying flat on the bed, breathing heavy. I then felt his hands on mine as he ties both my wrists expertly with his belt, my mind couldn't help but wander about so many dirty things he could do to me, and couldn't help but get excited, anticipating as I watch him tie the end of the belt on the headboard.

"No touching of yourself tonight." He said as he teasingly pressed his body against my back, his mouth biting and nibbling on my ear. I moaned, a huge pleasure building inside me. I let out a soft yelp when he suddenly grabs my waist and lifts my lower back, my ass arching up at him. A finger circling my entrance and I whimper as he slowly pushed it inside of me.

"Ah, Vegas." I moaned couldn't help but grind my hips as he keeps hitting my prostate with his finger.

"What do you want, Pete?" He said, his voice low and I can already feel the smirk on his face and how he enjoys my every reaction as he rams his finger inside me.

"Vegas, please more." I pleaded, this sweet pleasure torturing me. I wanted more, I can't wait, I want him now.

"We just did it awhile ago, but you're still soaking wet." He said as he enters another finger up my ass. Vegas talking to me in a menacing manner makes my body shiver with desire and lust, making me want to do anything Vegas wishes.

I felt his fingers withdraw followed by a loud slap resonating in the room. My ass burning in pain, tingling sensation running down my spine and I moaned so loud, it felt so good. Then another slap, I yelped. I can feel my walls contracting as several slaps landed on

my burning skin. Stinging pain and pleasure breaking through my core.

"If it gets too much, you have to yell stop. Understood?" Vegas hissed as I feel his warm hands squeezing my ass, his nose gently gliding at the bottom of my spine. Another slap hits me and I gasp. "Answer." He demanded.

"Yes." I said, breathless.

I feel his thumb stretched my hole and I can feel my hips moving up to meet him, wanting him inside me, like this—rough and hard.

Oh.. the anticipation.

And with one swift thrust, he's fully inside me. I groan loudly at the feeling of his length consuming my insides. He grabs my waist firmly as he moves quickly and furiously inside, his breathing harsh and my body responds, melting around him. My fingers turning white as I held tight onto the belt wrapped around my wrists.

"Argh!" I groan, I couldn't keep up at how Vegas thrusts in an animalistic pace, without missing a beat. I badly want to hold on to something, but my hands are tied and its frustrating. He keeps hitting my prostate again and again, mercilessly making my whole-body tremble and stiffen, I bit the sheets hard as burning pleasure build inside my stomach. *I'm close. So close.*

"Shit." I choked out, my hands wriggling against the belt as I reached for the headboard and hold on to it, Vegas wrapping his hand around my nape, pinning me down onto the bed as he slams into me, faster, rougher, brimming with need rather than want. Beads of sweat falling down my forehead as I bit on the sheet harder.

"I'm coming." I screamed, panting, my stomach felt tight, my walls contracting around him making him let out a low moan in my ears. He gripped on my waist tighter, rimming into me with solid thrusts, the pressure in my stomach unknotting.

"Mark me." I whispered; my body begun to shake underneath him as I feel his teeth at the base of my neck. His pheromones consuming me. A stinging pain travels down my body as he bites my nape, fangs digging through my skin as I release around him with a voiceless cry. He didn't let go of me as he gave me one last thrust before releasing inside me, his teeth biting deeper. I moaned at the feeling, his warm cum flooding my insides.

He slowly pulled out as I collapse on the bed, exhausted, breathing heavy and still shaking. I was already half asleep when I feel Vegas stood up, removing the belt around my wrist as he talks gently.

"Sleep. I'll clean you up later." He whispered; I inhaled his scent one last time before I drifted into a deep sleep.

When I wake, its still dark. I have no idea how long I've slept. I stretched out beneath the duvet, and I feel sore. My muscle pains contracting, and my waist feel numb. I sit up and a sharp pain shoots up my spine, I winced.

"Damn it." Cursing, I stood up and take the bathrobe beside me and wrap myself with it. I quietly pad down along the corridor, confused at why the hallway is empty. Where are the bodyguards? I continued walking, squinting my eyes to see better in the dark, my footsteps quiet.

"You killed her."

I stopped on my tracks when I heard Vegas' angry voice. I try to peek on the door beside me, and there I saw Vegas, furiously talking to his father.

"She killed herself because she's an omega!" Mr. Gun shouted back, his voice booming, his eyes wide with so much anger.

"You raped her." Vegas spats with so much menace in his voice. "Just so you could have an Alpha son, you raped her." He continued, glaring. "Twice."

Chapter 9: Mate

Vegas

"Where is he?" Vegas asked in an undertone, sipping wine as he sits on a huge mahogany leather couch, looking directly at Nop who is currently standing beside the door.

"I let him escape, Sir. Two bodyguards from the main family arrived at the scene." Nop explained in a monotone. Looking at Vegas with a stifled expression. Vegas took another sip of his expensive wine before placing the glass on top of the center table, making a soft clink as its bottom hits the crystal.

"Escaped, huh?" Vegas whispered with a knowing look. His face hardened in concentration, his eyes expressionless yet cold. "What a lucky bastard." He said, folding his arms. A long silence consumed the room. Heavy, deafening silence building around the atmosphere, clouding the air, making it feel somehow suffocating.

Vegas then stood up, taking the glass on his hand once again as he lazily walks towards Nop who by then isn't even moving as he waited for his Boss to reach him.

"Find him, Nop." Vegas said, placing a hand on the bodyguard's rigid shoulder. "I want to be the one killing him." He continued, eyes glinting with excitement as he gave Nop his glass and a slow smirk. For some reason, Vegas didn't feel mad about the news, he feels calm, elated even-- and it's very nostalgic feeling for Vegas. He can't remember when was the last time he felt like this, but he knows that this is how it should feel, the tranquility, lonely yet comforting. Is it because he now finally owned Pete? He doesn't really know exactly.

He signaled Nop to leave and the bodyguard politely obliged as he takes a slight bow before leaving Vegas alone in the room. Alone with his thoughts. Still amused at how Pete could make him feel these emotions he longed forgotten. Surprised that it's still there, waiting for the perfect timing to be felt. Still baffles him at how Pete looking so vulnerable in that very moment tamed him in an instant. He looked so fragile when he held him, like a delicate little angel casting a glimpse of light into his chaotic dark world. That look on Pete's face as he held him in his arms, the tenderness of his eyes, he wanted to see that again. Damn, the things he would do to

see that again.

But then his mood switches just as fast when Mr. Gun, his father, entered the room furiously. A fiery howl of wrath and disdain written all over his face as he glares at Vegas.

"You will get that bodyguard out of this house right this instant." He growled. A finger directly pointing at Vegas, voice booming inside the room with enough power and authority. But Vegas didn't seem to be bothered, eyes with the darkest shades of black glaring back to his father.

"Why?" Vegas scoffed, a sarcastic smile tugs at the corner of his mouth. "It's not like I would impregnate him then kill him after." Vegas teased, mocking him. He likes doing this to his father, testing him, making him go extremely mad; one of the few things that entertains him and the fact that his father still doesn't know that Pete is an Omega added fuel to what he's feeling.

"Stop ruining my plans Vegas."

Plans. Vegas shot a knowing look at his father; he had a hunch about it and that single word confirmed what he already knows his father is doing behind their backs. Vegas' eyes darkened. He needs to be extra careful specially with Pete now. His father can use whatever information he could get just so he could ruin him and the Main Family, and Pete being an Omega would be such a great card.

"I'm not even doing anything yet." Vegas sneered, dark glaring eyes not leaving his father's as he takes a few steps closer to him. "I promise you, once I make a move, it will be grand you couldn't even pretend not to know." Vegas spats.

"Get him out. Now." Mr. Gun demanded, chest heaving with so much anger.

"No." Vegas opposed. "What are you so afraid of a mere bodyguard, anyway?" he challenged waiting for an answer, for a clue, for something that he could use as an upper hand.

"You're always like this, Vegas." Mr. Gun glared back. "Always opposing me. That's why your mother killed herself."

"Don't you dare mention her here." Vegas growled, his voice getting fiercer, angrier. They're now face to face, both not having any plan to back off.

"Your mother killed herself because he couldn't stand a son like you."

"You killed her."

"She killed herself because she's an omega!" Mr. Gun yelled, voice thundering. "And that she couldn't stand having both of you as her sons." He whispered with gritted teeth, his jaw clenched, breathing rigid.

"You raped her." Vegas spats with so much menace in his voice. "Just so you could have an Alpha son, you raped her." He continued, glaring. "Twice."

A loud slap resonates inside the room, Vegas' face stings at where the hand sharply landed. He touched his face as he darts a death glare back to his father, taking another step closer, consuming the space, trying to devour whatever authority and power is left on his old man.

"She hanged herself because you raped her." He said, voice low, rumbling, trembling, almost dangerous. Icy stare bored into his father, making it hard not to back away. "And I would never let you forget that." His words are acid burning through the core, his mind clouded with anger.

"I'll make sure that whenever you look at me and Macau, you'll be reminded that it's you who raped and killed her." he growled, fists clenched as he tried so hard to control his anger. Kinn's father is the only thin line that's stopping him from killing his own. He can't start a war, not now. But damn, the idea of shooting a bullet right in the middle of his forehead is really tempting. And he knows his father feels the same way about him.

"Mention her again, and I swear I'm going to rip your throat out myself." Vegas warned in a steely voice, he gave him one last glare before leaving the room. Leaving a loud bang as he harshly closed the door behind him. Mr. Gun knew right that instant that the feeling in his chest, gradually growing as time passes by, is fear. Fear that his son would one day overthrown him, and it wouldn't be appealing for sure.

Pete

A warm hand wrapped around my mouth as I was harshly pulled into the corner. My eyes went wide, fear instantly exploding in my chest as he dragged me into the darkness, away from the door, I squirmed.

"Shh." Nop. I let out an air of relief. A loud slammed of the door then jolts us. I forcefully grabbed Nop's hand off my mouth as I take look, and there I saw Vegas' figure from afar, bursting out of the room. Mad.

"You have to go back to your room." Nop said in a very quiet tone, I nodded slowly wondering why I couldn't get my eyes off the now empty hallway Vegas walked on. I just stood here looking at the hallway for seconds, maybe minutes not even knowing what I wanted to see from the dark, or if I'm waiting for Vegas to come back.

I let out a soft sigh and give Nop a slight bow before leaving. I then started to walk on the opposite direction, quietly. My bare feet

feeling the cold chill of the ground, the light from the moon slipping through the window cracks along the corridor, giving somewhat enough light to see in the dark.

I was back in front of my room when I see the door ajar.

Did I leave it open? I thought. I was about to push the doorknob when I heard a soft melody coming from the inside of the room. It stopped me on my tracks. I take a few moments to listen to it carefully and realized someone is playing the piano. A sad and forlorn music engulfs my ears.

Quietly, I opened the door fully and walk in as I look at him near the veranda. His back on me, the large glass doors of the balcony were closed but the light from the almost perfect full moon is elegantly shining through it and into the curtains, light touching the left corner of the piano, but not Vegas. He's still in the dark, like how the rest of the room is covered in plain darkness.

I leaned on the wall as I watch his back a couple of feet away from me. It's like, he's in his own isolated pool of thoughts, untouchable—lonely, in a bubble. And I am enticed at how beautiful and sad the melodies he is playing; it sounds comforting yet so lonely. It feels warm but heavy. It's amusing how it could make these contrasting feelings roam inside my chest. Sitting there, demanding every single emotion to be felt.

I walk quietly towards him, mesmerized by the melancholic music he was playing as I stand next to him. He glances up, his unfathomable dark eyes are soft, his expression is unreadable.

"I didn't mean to disturb you." I whisper as his dark orbs of eyes stare up at me. A little frown flits across his face.

"I thought you left." He murmurs, his soft eyes not leaving mine.

"I'm here." I spoke. He looks lost for a brief moment then his eyes turned back to its usual glare in an instant. He runs his fingers through his hair as he stands and that's when I noticed that he's only wearing pants, dangerously hanging from his hips, his torso bare. I stare at him as he casually walks towards me, he really looks so stunning.

"Go back to sleep." He commanded making me hug the bathrobe tighter around me. "Don't make me repeat myself Pete." He puts his hand under my chin and tilt my head up, staring down at me. His eyes are intense as he examines my face.

"Don't look at me like that." He said with a low voice as he stares at my lips, I can feel his warm breath against my cheek. And I can feel his stare burning my skin.

"Like what?" I asked, still enticed by the way he looks under the faint light of the moon.

"Like you wanted to be fucked." He crooned; lips so close to mine

I stopped breathing. I didn't realize I was stepping backwards as my legs hit the bed and I fell on my back, Vegas on top of me. And before I could process anything, he was already kissing me. Hard. His right-hand travels up my face, fingers on my right cheek and I can feel the glint of coldness of his fingertips and rings against my skin.

I kissed him back, wrapping my arms around his neck as I hug him closer to my body. His kiss is firm and slow, his tongue gliding with mine and I couldn't help but run my fingers through his soft hair as I pull him closer. I wanted to feel him more, as if we didn't have sex a couple of times just a few hours ago.

I love the way he kisses me everytime, they were addicting, pleasuring, making my head swim to ecstasy with the every touch of our tongues as his hands travels down my body, feeling me, claiming me. His fingers wrapped around my waist, my legs shifting beneath him as I feel this burning sensation gathers in my stomach. My body craves for his every touch, its like my body couldn't get enough of him. It wanted him, no matter how many times we do it, I wanted him.

But then he breaks the kiss and leans back, I whine beneath him as I try to chase his lips but ended up biting my own as I frown at him.

"You're sore. Sleep." He ordered. Intense eyes looking down at me.

"You literally made me hard, and now you wanted me to sleep?" I said, bemused. I frowned harder when my eyes caught a glimpse of his left cheek. I didn't realize my hand was about to touch it when he suddenly leans back, standing up.

"What happened?" I asked, my voice almost a whisper. But he didn't answer, he just went straight to the drawer and puts on a white baggy shirt. "Vegas?" I asked again as I watch him intently.

"Pete." He said my name in a monotone, taking lazy steps back to me. "Sleep. I'll sleep with you." He commanded in a serious manner, and I dropped the topic before his mood changes completely. I climbed up to the upper part of the bed, trying not to put much concern on what happened to him. He clambers in beside me and pulls me into his embrace, wrapping his arms around me so that I'm facing away from him. I felt a gentle kiss on my hair as I close my eyes. This thought in my head making it hard to sleep.

I just saw the vulnerable side of Vegas tonight, though it might be a glimpse, but it's there, a lonely side of him that doesn't want to be found.

I went back to the Main Family's mansion the next morning and I didn't have to sneak out from Vegas this time. No bargaining or

whatsoever happened like before just so I wouldn't leave the house which is kinda weird for me. Vegas just lets me go maybe because I'm his mate now? And that he owned me? I flushed at the thought. He just told me he has a meeting with his father and asked Nop to drive me here.

I gave Nop a soft 'thank you' as he drops me off. I was thinking of a good excuse as I walk towards the Main House because Arm and Porsche would surely ask me why I was gone again for two days so I went straight to the garden for a smoke to think.

I sat on the bench just infront of this huge fountain, thinking how everything happened so fast. Couldn't imagine that I'm Vegas' mate now and the fact that we have to hide whatever our relationship is, is just so fucked up. What type of shithole did I put myself into? I scoffed at my thoughts as I tilt my head up and blow a smoke, watching it dances with the wind and disappear just as that.

"Hey." A soft voice startled me, I looked around and found Mr. Tay standing beside me. He still looks so magnificent as ever, wearing a black turtle neck long sleeves that perfectly showed how petite his body is, even the way his bangs fall on both sides of his cheeks just beside his eyes creating a curtain of safety around his face looks so aesthetic. He is beautiful indeed.

"Sir." I bowed at him as he sits beside me.

"You seemed so different today." He said, hazel-brown eyes twinkling as he stares at the fountain.

"What do you mean different?" I asked, confused. I pressed my cigarette beside me and throw it on the trash bin. A long silence consumed us. A soft wind gently blowing touching my face, I inhaled deeply as I close my eyes.

"Pete?" Mr. Tay asked, I opened my eyes and look at him. He's still looking at the fountain infront of us. He then tilts his head down as he takes a deep breath.

"You are claimed." He blurted out and my eyes went wide, my heart almost stopped beating.

"How did yo—" I couldn't think. Thoughts crashing down on me like a huge pail of cold water was poured down on me and I'm frozen. Stuck.

"I can smell your Alpha's scent from here." He answered, his eyes looking at mine. "He has a strong scent, Vegas I mean, and a mere smoke from a cigarette wouldn't erase his scent from you, you know?." He explained, and I'm dumbfounded. He knows I'm with Vegas, my heart is beating so loud in my chest. Panic consuming me, I couldn't think.

"I'm not gonna tell anyone, I promise." He said with a soft smile, and it made me let out an air of relief. There's just something about

him that seems so trustworthy. Maybe because he's an omega too like me. "Just, please take a shower first somewhere else before entering the mansion if you don't want your secret to be known." He continued with a chuckle as he stood up. I thanked him then as I leave. I better go to Jean and ask for an advice from a doctor.

~~~~~

Hello, I know its short haha, but thank you again for reading my work. I love you all always.
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Chapter 10: Punishment

"You're always taking that medicine. What is that for?" I almost spit the water I'm drinking, startled as I turn around and see Porsche leaning on the door, looking at me so intently. "What is that?" he asked again as he walk towards me.

"Just cold medicine." I replied, cursing at myself for a weak answer.

"You can't fool me; you've been taking that for months now." He replied, voice serious as he stood infront of me, face to face. "You're hiding something. I can feel it." He nagged, and I looked at him wishing he would drop the topic and just stop. I'm not yet ready to tell him, I know he's a good friend and that's why I don't want him involved with any of my problems.

"Fine, I won't ask again." He gave up, giving me a light pat on the head.

"Thank you." I said, looking down. "I promise I will tell you someday." I whispered.

"Hey! Let's go down and drink!" Arm peaked in the doorway beaming. Both of us nodded at him as we followed him down the hall.

"Why was James gone for a whole week?" I asked, this question been bugging my mind for days now.

"He asked Mr. Kinn for a leave for two weeks. He had a big trip planned with his parents, went to America or something of the sort." Arm replied, his back facing me and Porsche as we walk along the hallway. I can already hear the muffled music coming from the ground floor. Mr. Kinn held a party for we finally found a lead at where our main target is hiding.

It's been two months since we started this mission, a lot has happened specially to our client. Investors withdrawing their offers here after another because our target basically claimed a better upper hand against us but now finally, Vegas and Mr. Kinn found the lead.

Vegas, I've been his mate for a week now, and its kind of funny with the first two days for I have to sneak around and meet him at this luxurious hotel to fuck because of my heat, and his pheromones and presence calmed me everytime. Though this time, I don't need to be worried about my heat and pheromones anymore which is

comforting, like a huge weight has been lifted off my chest since I found my mate.

A loud music drags me back to reality as we entered the visitor's lounge where the party was being held. The smell of liquor and different perfumes from the people mixed up in the air as it hits my nose. We walk in the sea of dancing bodies, bumping, and hitting my shoulders to I don't know where. We finally reached the farthest corner of the room where we could finally breathe some air properly and away from the people having fun.

"Stay here, I'll get us some drinks." Porsche offered happily, his warm smile spreading from ear to ear as he left us and disappear into the crowd.

"I can't find any food here." Arm shouted over the loud noise, and I laughed.

"Why are you looking for a food instead of drinks?" I said as I suppressed a chuckle.

"I'm actually hungry."

"You're always hungry." I said and we both laughed. I was really having a great time when a figure caught my attention. Vegas. He's talking with Mr. Kinn, they both looked so elegant, standing out in the crowd without exerting much effort, maybe because they're both a Dominant Alphas.

Porsche came back holding two glasses of light-colored drinks. He handed it to me and Arm and urges us to drink it instantly.

"What is this?" I asked, sniffing the drink. The smell of caramel faintly lingers in my nose as I inhaled its scent.

"I made it. Drink! Drink!" Porsche encouraged us with much enthusiasm. I never doubt his alcohol preferences because he's so good at this for he was a skilled bartender before becoming a bodyguard.

In one swift movement, I drank the glass in a gulp letting a stinging sensation burn down my throat, a hint of sweetness of caramel and its bitterness danced in my tongue and I know right that instant it was a strong one.

"That was good." I yelled.

"Yeah?" Porsche beamed, and I nod. We take one more drink, and another five more until my head started to spin lightly. I shake my head and Vegas caught my eyes once again. I can see him across me, a couple of feet away, standing at the counter talking to this fine woman. The woman on the other hand seems to be pressing her body against his side as she placed her hand on his shoulders. They looked like they're having fun talking as I glare at their direction.

Vegas then looked at my way and met my eyes, his face expressionless. I grab another glass of margarita and drink it in one

gulp as I slammed the empty glass on the table. Not removing my glare off him, and he looks back at me, watching. Observing my every move as I saw the woman leaned closer to his ears and whisper something.

And right that instant, I lost it. I gave him one last glare as I stormed out of the room. I stagger off through the crowd, my head is doing circles and my eyes seems so heavy, but I continued walking. Shoulders and bodies hitting me along the way, but I couldn't care less. I'm mad, really mad.

I burst into the nearest bathroom and instructed every person in there to go out. When everyone was gone, I went in and was about to close the door when Vegas blocked my way. His expression gleaming as he placed his hand on my chest and pushed me lightly inside as he closed the bathroom door behind him. He seems to be enjoying this as I watch him leaned on the door, locking it then crossing his arms over his chest. A smirk tugging at the corner of his lips as I glare at him.

"I swear I'm going to cut off your dick Vegas." I spat, placing my hand over the sink to steady me. My head hurts, and everything seems to be spinning.

"Why are you so mad?" He asked taking a few steps towards me. He neatly placed both of his hands on the sink trapping me between as he dangerously puts his face close to mine. I could feel his lips, his nose lightly touching my cheeks, I bit my lower lip as I inhaled his scent. This is unfair.

"I'm gonna shoot your balls for real." I warned him, staring directly into his eyes, my hands gripping at the sink tightly behind me as I look at his intense stare from my eyes slowly dropping down to my lips. He moves closer and my breath hitched as I felt his lips lightly touched mine in a brief moment, my whole body falling to attention.

"You're so hot when you're mad." Vegas purred, placing a hand on my left cheek, tracing his thumb over my lower lip. I opened my mouth, lips parted as I feel his fingers on my face. His eyes burning with hunger as he stares at me, igniting my skin with his every touch.

"We're in the Main House, Vegas" I reminded him, trying to suppress the pressure I'm feeling between my thighs.

"Hmm-mm." He replied, the vibrations of his voice sending chills up my spine, oh I wanted to moan.

"Vegas, you're really forgetting where we are." I said as I placed a hand on his chest trying to stop him from getting closer as he currently is.

"No. Not at all." He teased as he softly slides the tip of his nose

down my cheeks to my jaw and I automatically tilt my head up to give him more. *Damn it*. I felt a smile spread over his face as he place his thumb below my chin so I could remain like that as he gently plants soft kisses on my neck. I close my eyes as a soft whimper left my lips when I felt him sucking the skin at the base of my throat, between my collar bone and it feels so good.

He continued sucking and licking all the way up to my jaw as he snakes his other hand around my waist pulling me close against his hips. I moaned louder when I felt his erection on my belly. Soft moans kept escaping me and my mind was beginning to blur with pleasure and want. Then his lips made contact with my own, and I immediately responded. Opening my mouth as I let his tongue wander, making me feel so breathless. His skillful tongue driving me wild.

I felt his hand travels up my back beneath my shirt, soft fingers lightly gliding at my skin igniting every nerve along the way, his whole body pressing me making me feel his erection even more and I pant on his lips as my hips started to grind against his, giving me a low moan coming from him, and then I pushed him away. My arms stretched out; hands placed firmly on his chest as I breathe heavy.

"Fuck. What?" He cursed, irritated as he threw a glare at me.

"You always do this Vegas." I glared back at him. "Always getting what you want. I'm still mad at you and you're still not explaining anything." I said, voice firm and angry as I turn away from him. I was about two steps away when he harshly grabbed me by the arm and pressed me against the wall. I winced at the impact as he places a hand around my throat.

I choked at his grip, and he instantly let go of me, his hand turning into a fist beside my head.

"You're always making me mad, Pete. Always driving me mad." He sneered, his face so close to mine. I pushed him away one last time as I walk out of the bathroom leaving him behind. He's always like this, so used at getting whatever he wanted, not caring about anything in the world but his own.

The night deepened and I'm already so drunk. Porsche and Arm having this heated debate about a football team I couldn't get a hold of the topic. I lift my head up as I drink another glass of tequila, making my head spin, my eyes blurry, the lights dancing before me as I hear muffled voices and music in a distance, getting somewhat farther as if I'm gradually sinking into a deep chamber and sounds echoed in my head as I get farther away from it.

"Pete? Where are you going?" Arm asked, I waved my hand in the air telling them not to worry about me.

"I'll just go outside for fresh air." I replied as I wobble myself into

the crowd once again. I am beginning to feel nauseous, my head is spinning uncomfortably, and I'm a little unsteady at my feet. More unsteady than usual.

A cold wind touches my face as I breathe it in deeply, closing my eyes. It felt great.

"You're coming with me." I sprung my eyes open as I felt someone suddenly dragged me by the hand. Making my head throb even more painfully, I groaned.

"Wait." I choked, forcing Vegas to stop. He turned around and look at me as I vomit everything I've drunk in one go, feeling sick and pained and winded all at once. Leaving a stinging pain down my throat, aftertaste lingers in my mouth as I clutched at my stomach, my body almost falling to the ground.

And then I stopped, lost, confused and violently sick. I bent over a little more as I dropped Vegas' hand and it seems like I was about to hit the ground slowly, taking forever to feel the earth rush up to smack me in the face. But it didn't. I'm so sure I was falling away, yet I didn't. Then nothing.

I gasped for air as I woke up, the pain in my head instantly spreading from the back forming a straight agonizing pain around my temples because of my sudden movement. I groaned as I try to process my surroundings and realized I'm inside the car. I shift my head to my left and see Vegas driving, a serious, cold expression plastered on his face. He's still mad.

The car abruptly comes into a halt, he took off his seat belt and went out of the car. I watch him walk towards my seat and open the door for me.

"Out." He commands quietly, staring down at me, eyes hooded. I stepped out without knowing what to do next, I just stood beside him awkwardly as he closed the car's door shut with a low thud.

"Why are you mad at me?" I said, my voice high as I follow him inside the mansion. Nop sees us and he nod, I bow down at him then continued following Vegas up the grand stairs. "Vegas!" I screamed, almost panting when we finally reached his room.

He opened the wooden doors as he walks inside and pauses to flick on some lights. Fluorescents ping and buzz in sequence as bright lights flood the entire room. He then grabs my hand and drag me inside the room as he shut the doors behind me.

My eyes couldn't leave him, I watch him like how a prey would watch a lone, dangerous predator, waiting for him to strike. I feel my body become so alert, reacting as if there's a foreboding danger about to happen. And then he turned around and looked at me, I flinched at his glare as I stood frozen. His dark eyes blazing with anger, need, and lust.

"Please don't hurt me." I blurted out. Pleading. Fear spreading in my system oh so slowly. My breathing ragged, my hands are sweating, and the sound of my pounding heart deafens me. His brow furrows, eyes squinting as he blinks at me twice.

"I don't know why you are so mad at me, but I should be the one getting mad here." I said, my voice firm hiding the fact that I'm actually frightened by him. He raised an eyebrow at me, amused but he didn't say anything as he stood there, hands in his pockets, his head slightly tilting to the side, eyes glaring back.

"I saw you flirting with a woman." I said matter of factly, crossing my arms as I give him a glare. I'm not gonna back down at your frightening demeanor mister.

"I'm not, and I don't find her interesting." He replied, voice eerily low.

"Bullshit." I hissed.

"I really don't." He said firmly, intense eyes not leaving mine.

"I'm leaving." I said, turning around.

"No. You're not." And right that instant his strong pheromones consumed the room. The air was thick of the scent of moss and pine, like the smell of parched earth after rain, calm yet immersive, I can feel it consuming the room, clouding my mind. As if his scent comes from everywhere engulfing my nose at once. It fills me up and my mind went blank, my body reacting to it as my knees went weak, I fell to the ground. I was breathing hard, my hand clasp against my chest as burning sensation exploded inside my body. My eyes went wide as I feel the stinging pain spread from my stomach down to every single part of my skin and muscles. I let out a soft cry as I hug myself on the floor. *This is unfair*.

"You're not leaving, Pete." His voice is dark, cold, sending shivers up my spine.

I felt his hand wrapped around my waist as he carried me up, my body instantly reacting to his touch. Craving for him, wanting to feel more. He softly puts me down on the bed as he let his whole-body rest on top of me, his face buried at the base of my neck, inhaling my scent. And the contact-- his skin against mine, his warm breath gently touching my neck, his lips close to my collar, everything is driving me wild. The burning sensation consuming every inch of me as I hug him closer to my chest.

"I want to fuck you." He growled; the low timbre of his voice makes my body squirm in pain and pleasure. "Please don't say no, like what you did in the bathroom." He whispered, planting soft kisses on my neck, I tilt my head up as I let him suck and leave marks on my skin along the way.

"Why are you mad, Vegas?" I asked, breathless. A soft moan

escaped my mouth as I feel his tongue licks its way up to my cheek. Damn, it feels so good.

"You said no to me." He said as I feel his other hand circles on my back. "In the bathroom. No one has ever said no to me." He continued and very gently, he grazes my earlobe with his teeth. I groan as I feel the pressure building slowly, growing inexorably inside me.

"I'm gonna punish you for that, Pete." And oh, my body squirmed deliciously at that word. "I'm going to fuck you, and you're not allowed to come, understand?" His voice is powerful, firm and demanding, making me want him to dominate me quickly.

"Answer me, Pete." He commanded as he press a finger on my hole, the fabric creating a weird tingling sensation against its skin, I moaned at him as my legs shifted beneath him.

"Yes." I breathe as my desire, hot and heavy, surges through my blood stream, affecting everything; my breathing, my heart pounding, my blood thrumming in my ears, pleasure building in my stomach down between my thighs.

Abruptly, he moves, skillful hands removing my pants as swiftly as when I suddenly felt his lips against mine. Forcing his tongue into my mouth, I kissed him back, hard and possessive. Our tongues twist and turn together, consuming each other. He tastes divine.

I suddenly pulled back from our kiss as my head thrown back, my body arching as I feel his two long fingers inside me. He eases them in and out as he gazes down at me, gauging my reaction as he teasingly circles inside and hits my soft spot, enjoying how I tremble and break beneath him.

His sweet torture keeps on as he adds another finger inside, making me spread my legs wider as I feel him hit it with his fingers again and again and it felt so good, my grip on his shoulders went tighter, my moans louder. The pleasure building aggressively in my stomach, I'm so turned on.

I can't come.

I can't come.

I keep reminding myself as he mercilessly pounds my insides with his fingers. Sending me to ecstasy as I let out a cry of submission against his every touch. A soft yelp escaped my mouth as my body stiffens, I'm close but when my body started to shake, he withdraws his fingers leaving me wanting, and I whined at the empty feeling. The pleasure instantly subsiding as I pant, his dark eyes looking down at me.

"You're not coming until I said so." He says through clenched teeth.

He unzips his fly and take out his length, he took the hem of my

shirt and lift it up to my mouth, making me bite it and without any warning, he thrusts inside me. I groaned. Loud as I feel him move, my body reveling as he perfectly filled me up, consuming me.

He grabbed my hands and pinned it on top of my head, his elbows pressing my arms down, his waist spreading my legs as he hovers down at me. I'm trapped. He's everywhere, overwhelming me, almost suffocating.

He moves quickly and furiously inside me, breathing harsh at my ear, and I moan louder and louder as I feel his length hits my prostrate again and again. Sweet sensation traveling across my body with its every contact not missing a spot. *I mustn't come.* I keep telling myself as my body meets him thrust after thrust. And I can feel my legs starts to shake once again, as I chant his name, I'm gonna come. Almost. *Almost.*

And then he pulled out, leaving me breathless, aching, and hungry for more. And its so painful more than pleasuring, he held my wrists firmly with one hand on top of my head just so I wouldn't touch myself and it's frustrating me.

"Vegas, please." I begged under him. I wanted to come so bad its too painful, my body craving relief.

"I want you frustrated. I love that." He said, a small smirk forming at the corner of his mouth as he slammed into me once again, this time harsher, faster and I couldn't help but scream his name as he pounds into me mercilessly, throwing my head back as I feel his pace begun picking up and my body begins to quiver. He pulls back, and wait, and I started to cry in frustration.

"Please." I begged him, I badly wanted to relieve my body and I'm not sure if I can take much more. My body is wound so tight, craving release. "I want you so bad." I half cried, tears rolling down my cheeks as he looks down at me, his expression never changing.

He entered me once again, this time slowly, making me feel his every inch, the tip of his length hitting my prostrate as he moves backward and forward, a slow sensual tempo, savoring me, feeling me. It was so gentle, as he eases into me. He pulls out and move in slowly again and again. I groaned loudly, it feels deeper this time, delectable. And he deliberately circles his hips and pulls back, pauses a beat, then eases his way back in.

He repeats this motion in a steady pace, driving me insane - his teasing, agonizingly sweet slow thrusts, and the intermittent feeling of fullness inside me is overwhelming, it takes no time at all for me to fall over the edge. I'm close once again as I feel my body shaking beneath him, moaning his name repeatedly as I feel my insides started to contract. *Please let me come.*

"Come for me, Pete." He whispered, breathless as I feel a

spiraling, delicious, wild sensation shoots up my spine as I finally came screaming his name, my insides clenching around him as he finds his release, and he slides deeper into me, stilling, gasping out my name in desperate wonder as I feel his hot cum spreads as I moan.

He's silent and panting on top of me, his fingers entwined with mine above my head, it was the best orgasm I've ever had and I'm so exhausted. Finally, he leans back and stood up, pulling the covers over me and disappears into the bathroom. I couldn't wait for him anymore as sleep started to consume me.

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I haven't checked this chapter, gotta re-read it tomorrow. Anyway, here's my promise ahaha

Also,

Please, I've seen accounts translating my work into their own language and it's really fine with me, no problem at all just please inform me first. You can always dm me. Thank you! I love consent you know.
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Chapter 11: Hell-bound

A loud, deafening gunshot rings out, alerting my senses. Its close. Very close. Judging by the sound of it, maybe two or three corners down the hallway. Then another two shots, muffled screams can be heard from where I was hiding with Porsche. We have to move fast; we are outnumbered but we still have the upper hand.

Me, Porsche, and other selected bodyguards were instructed to break-into our target's hide out and capture him, but something's not right, it seems like they are expecting us.

"I'll charge, cover me." I said as I hear footsteps getting nearer at our location, I pulled back my gun's rack and shot at our enemies without missing a single person, Porsche doing the same thing behind me. Gunshots echoed, rumbling through this narrowed hallway, trying to shoot them down as quickly as possible. My heartbeat beating fast, my hands sweating as I try to dodge and hide from any bullets firing towards me, a small object rolled just a few meters away from us and we immediately knew it's a grenade. My eyes went wide as I drag Porsche away and look for a corner to hide, a high ticking pitched sound pierced the air, increasing in volume for a split second before discharged. The grenade exploded; a loud pressure slammed my body as I covered my ears. I was screaming, but I couldn't hear anything.

But I didn't give my body enough time to recover, we have to move fast. So I stood up and sprint through a couple of twists and turns in the hallways, I can hear my own breathing, beads of sweat dripping across my forehead, my chest pounding. I take a sharp turn and a body slammed against my chest, shoulders hitting my ribs as I stumbled backwards.

Porsche caught the guard's wrist with his right hand while his left instantly pushed the gun with his thumb using it's handle to hit the guard's temple, releasing a quick, sharp hiss before Porsche jerked himself away. I acted instantly, I twist my body as I swing my right leg, throwing a strong high kick over the guard's hand that was holding a rifle. The rifle slid across the hallway. He let out a yell followed by a loud smack of Porsche's fist landing on his face as his head hits the floor.

We both gasped for air as we stare at the unconscious man before us, my chest heaving as adrenaline throbbed through my body. I

haven't felt like this in weeks.

"Let's go." Porsche instructed as we started to run, aiming to be at the location of our target as soon as possible before more guards show up.

We reached a door, and I swiped the key card to open it; a brief hiss sounded as the slab of metals swung open.

"Where d'you get that?" Porsche asked panting.

"From the bodyguard you just knocked out." I answered as I burst through the room, Porsche close on his heels. We searched the entire room and found no one. The room is so quiet. Empty. We look around and still got nothing.

"Fuck." I cursed. My guess was right, they knew we'd be here. They are expecting us. Our target fled.

Disappointment floods my veins as I pressed both of my hands on my knees, still panting. I pushed a button on my earpiece as I contact Mr. Kinn. He answered after the second ring.

"He escaped." I said, breathless. "They knew we'd be here, they already escaped."

I am still breathing hard when a guard arrived, standing on the doorway a gun pointed at me. My body automatically moving without thinking. I fired first. A loud bang echoed as the bullet pierced into his chest, it sent him reeling backwards, lying flatly on the floor, blood slowly oozing out from his back. His eyes open as life left him cold.

Then two more people came -a man and a woman- with guns raised towards me. Porsche acted before I could. He grabbed the woman by the shirt and yanked her toward him, then swung her across his body as he slammed her into the wall. She got off a shot, but the bullet shattered harmlessly on the ground and sent a loud bang along the tiled floor. Both of them grunting as they struggle to break free from each other's grip.

I fired at the man, hitting him on the legs; catching him off guard, pain visible on his face as he screamed, kneeling on the doorway. His gun fell on the floor. Another man came through the door, I slide across as I grab the gun from the floor, I pressed my right foot firmly to make a stop as I knock the man's weapon away swiftly throwing a punch up his jaw. He collapsed to his knees, holding a hand up to his bloodied mouth. I quickly pulled the rack of my gun and fire a bullet on the other bodyguard with a wounded leg. The other guard looked up as if to say something, but I stood up and shot him on the chest. A wretched of squeal escaped his throat as he fell on the floor.

"We have to get out of here." Porsche said, the female bodyguard disarmed and is kneeling beside him, a gun pointed on her head

ready to shoot. "They're just going to keep coming." He panted, he faced the woman, the muzzle end of his weapon hovered just inches from her head.

"How many of you are there?" I asked her. She didn't respond at first, but Porsche leaned forward until his gun was actually touching her forehead.

"There's at least fifty on duty." She quickly responded. *Fifty, and only ten of us went here.* I thought.

"Where's your boss?" Porsche asked.

"I don't know!" she answered, panicking as she saw Porsche flipped the safety catch of his gun.

"We... Something else is going on. I don't know what. I swear." She whimpered. I look at her closely and saw more than just fear in her expression. Was it frustration? But why?

"Something else?" I asked directly looking at her.

She shook her head. "I just know that a group of us were called to a different section, that's all."

"And you have no idea why?" I threw as much doubt into my voice as possible. "I'm having a hard time believing that." I continued.

"I swear it." She said firmly. I suck in a breath, but before I could speak an alarm started blaring across the corridors, consuming the entire building, piercing our ears. I clutch at my head as the lights went out.

I blinked rapidly trying to adjust my vision by the sudden darkness, my ears aching, my heart pounding, I can't see, and the deafening sounds are coming from everywhere. "The guard's gone!" Porsche screamed. *Fuck.* As soon as he said that last word, the sound of power charging filled the gaps between the whines of the alarm. Adding torture in my already throbbing ears, followed by the pop of a grenade exploding against the ground few meters away from us. Lighting up the room in a brief moment, my eyes instantly grasp a shadowy figure running away from the back down the hall, gradually disappearing in the gloom.

Something's not right.

I held my gun up and started walking towards the doorway, squinting my eyes in the dark to see clearly, the alarm getting louder. I peeked from the room and see emergency lights blinking rapidly at the end of the hallway, casting half of it in a red blaze. The immersive flickering making my head hurt.

The corridor is empty. Nobody was in sight. A huge part of me fearing what this alarm might mean.

Porsche started screaming over the blaring sound of the alarm, I look at where his voice is coming from and saw him standing beside

a huge open window, the light from the moon entering the room. I ran towards him and looked over it. Its not that high from where we are, we can survive a jump. I think.

The alarm continued booming, but no one's attacking us, and it seems off. There's no sign of people anywhere, no answering of fire. *Where is everyone? What is happening?*

It's too loud, I couldn't think properly. I can't even hear my own thoughts. "We should jump!" Porsche yelled, and I nod. "On three!" he said over the deafening sounds.

"One!" he started, I look down. It's not that high, few scratches would do, but still high enough to get your bones broken if you landed the wrong way.

"Two!" he continued. And we jumped on three. Before my feet hit the ground, I curled my body midair and roll to lessen the impact. I grunt. Panting as I lie flat on the floor, dusts covering the air, sticking on my face and neck as sweat covered my whole body. My ears ringing. *We're alive.*

Days passed. The feeling of ominousness is still lingering in the October air, the temperature dwindling down to that of wintertime. I had been lying on my bed, eyes staring at the darkened ceiling. I'm trying to think about what happened at our mission a few days ago, what could be the reason, is there someone ratting us out? But who? I've been dwelling my days trying to find some answers on my own but couldn't find any lead everytime.

I tossed to my side, tired of my thoughts, pissed at how I couldn't sleep because of these 'what ifs' circling inside my head. I tried to stop myself from thinking as I shut my eyes tight, but instead my mind was filled yet again with thoughts this time entirely different. Thoughts of Vegas.

The hold of his entirety had on me seemed to grow tighter and tighter each minute I spent with him, and to think that he loses control because of me made me feel things I couldn't even explain, as if I was perfectly chained down by his words, it's like I intentionally went inside the rabbit hole, curiosity of him filling me whole, and it scares me yet interests me at the same time. So I walked farther, and now I'm trapped and I couldn't seem to shake out of his grasp. I know what he was doing to me, and I feel that Vegas knew it too. Me falling into his hands is never a coincidence, there was something there.

I lusted for him, that was evident from the start, and I already gave him my all as if I'm so ready to lose everything just so I could feel his touch over and over again. He is addicting, the way he holds me as if he's worshipping my body feels exhilarating, giving me this feeling that he would do everything I ask for, that he can

break me and I can do the same to him, and he would crave me the same way body demands for him, and that is my power, that is what I do to him, and it's a hedonistic, triumphant feeling.

But a thought keeps picking at me like a thorn in my mind. Why would Mr. Kinn suspect him? He's still a mystery to me up until now. It's like I only saw a small glimpse of light in his dark world, and there's a lot more in there from the darkness, the fear of not knowing what he actually is, of what else he could do, what more he could be is still there waiting to come out and swallow me whole, defenseless.

. But there's a little part of me that's telling me he wouldn't betray Mr. Kinn. He is capable of doing that for sure, but something's not clicking, as if there's a huge piece of a puzzle missing.

I tossed and turned on my bed once more. Trying to catch some sleep, I pulled the duvet up my head and close my eyes shut. Emptying my mind. I have to talk to Mr. Kinn tomorrow.

"Take a seat, Pete." Mr. Kinn said as I settled on the chair, Porsche and Arm are in the same room. Only the three of us. The atmosphere is so eerily quiet and heavy, soft breathings can be heard. I dared to glance over Mr. Kinn, his eyebrows creased together in a scowl, jaw tensed, lips tightened.

"I've mentioned before that I'm suspecting the Minor family behind the escape of our target." He started talking as he glowers over his laptop screen. Everyone remained quiet, waiting. My heart is already pounding, it feels like its going to burst out of my chest. My hands fidgeting under the table, sweat forming on my palms and on my forehead.

"I want to investigate Vegas." Mr. Kinn finally said, and I automatically lift my head up with the mention of his name, I almost stop breathing. My eyes locking with Mr. Kinn's.

"We've found a footage of him where he's meeting with one of the investors of our competitor." He said, voice firm and low. The pounding of my heart grew louder, my breathing ragged. *What is Vegas doing?*

"He wouldn't betray you Sir." I blurted out. Mr. Kinn threw me a look, his eyes hardened, squinting back at me, his brow furrows even more.

"How so?" his voice quiet, the silence in the room feels deafening, suffocating.

"You've been working together for years Sir." I said firmly, trying so hard not to let my voice shake. "I don't think he would do it to you." I continued, not breaking the gaze. I don't know why I'm defending him to Mr. Kinn, but I just know he wouldn't do that to him. Vegas is smart, I know that side of him and his intelligence

would lead people to believe that he is capable of betraying the Main Family. Because that intellect drew him to darkness, more of wickedness that made people fear him. He works silently, gets whatever he wants yet again though, there is still some doubt. I don't know why, but there is.

"That's why you're here Pete." Mr. Kinn spoke again, dragging me back away from my thoughts. "I want you to watch Vegas." He said, intense eyes piercing through me.

"Prove me wrong, Pete."

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A/N:

I'm quite busy nowadays, couldn't write longer chaps I'm sowyy. Anyway, thank you for still reading.
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Chapter 12: Trapped

I entered the Minor Family's mansion with thoughts even more confusing than usual. My mind swirling in a mass between work and Vegas. I have to spy on him. I know I shouldn't tell him but the fear of getting caught by Vegas is terrifying, how would he react? Would he hate me? Will it hurt him? I shook my head. Why am I even bothered if I'm going to hurt him or not? But what if it's really him? Am I capable of reporting him to Mr. Kinn? Am I capable of betraying Vegas? All these questions were swirling around in my mind, one thought after another, and I couldn't grasp a single thought from the whirlwind. An internal battle of sorts seems to be taking place, making it hard to think. To choose. One side of me is a head bodyguard of the Main Family and my oath is to protect them until my last breath, but the other side yearned to stand alongside the darkness.

The fact that I am considering the second option scares me to the bone; a lot. There's this huge part in me that wanted to protect him. To fight all the odds for him, to save him. Vegas held an essence that blurred any logical view and moral I once possessed as he fully grips my every thought, clouding my mind but at the same time I can clearly see him. Just him. The Vegas nobody even dared to look at, he was there, behind his façade of darkness and remorse lives a broken person. And he was like an infection, spreading throughout my mind, refusing to leave as he held me chokehold.

But I couldn't think for long when I suddenly feel someone standing infront of me. I almost bumped into him as I looked up and immediately bow down when I realized it was Mr. Gun.

"What brought you here, Pete?" he said, a cunning smile plastered on his face, amusement visible in his eyes as he stares straight at me.

"Oh. Just paying a visit." I replied looking directly into his eyes, and somehow a weird feeling travels up my spine, my throat suddenly feels dry, my heart starts to rapidly pound inside my chest. *Why do I feel so scared?* Why do I sense as if something is wrong? As if some impending danger is about to happen? It's crawling up my skin, chilling sensation traveling from my nape down to my back. I straighten my body as I shove off my thoughts.

"Mr. Tankhun wanted to give his congratulatory gift to Macau for

his graduation." I replied, smiling. Which is true. He handed this to me last night. "Unfortunately, Mr. Khun couldn't give this to him personally for he has a flight this morning." I explained as I offered Mr. Gun the white and blue paper bag for Macau. He kept his gaze on me a little longer before shifting his eyes to my stretched arms.

Mr. Gun took the bag from my hand as his eyes travel back to me. Observing. Watching my every move and I couldn't help but feel conscious. He has this kind of stare that would make you feel so small.

His unfathomable dark eyes has this effect where I couldn't break out of his gaze. Fear creeping up my system, it became a tangible living force that sneaked over me like some hungry beast, immobilizing me, my brain. I can hear my pulse beating in my ears, almost blocking out all the sounds as I begun to suck in as much air I needed. I tried to steady my breath to calm the panic building up my body. I was stuck on the spot, couldn't move, his menacing aura holding me in a tightening grip.

"Pete, follow me." A familiar voice jolts me, making me turn my head to the left and saw Vegas, walking past us leaving a strong glare at his father before striding ahead. I bow at Mr. Gun one last time as I excuse myself, letting out a deep breath as I follow Vegas. My legs feel weak, my heart pounding loudly as I trail behind him.

"Why are you here, Pete?" Vegas growled, slamming the door shut with a loud bang. I flinched at the sudden sound. His sharp glare made my breath hitch in an instant.

We're inside his office, I think. *Of course, he wouldn't drag me into his bedroom, that would be suspicious.* I thought, and I wanted to roll my eyes at myself but decided not to. I scanned the room, its my first time being here, and it looks luxurious. The minimalistic design, the black and white walls and furniture. It looks spacious and quiet.

"Pete." Vegas called my name firmly, snapping his fingers infront of me calling me back from my trance. And I shake my head as I look at him. Pitch black eyes boring into mine.

"I—." words escaped me before I could even say it, I tried to look for something to say but I couldn't think of anything. My mind somersaulting into different words and thoughts I couldn't even grasp.

"It's because..... of my heat." I said. *Dammit.*

Vegas arched an eyebrow at me, his glare slightly softening, his shoulders relaxing, a small glint of beguilement visible in his eyes as he looks at me.

"My heat is coming within this week so I'm staying here.." I trailed off, his stare making me lost in pools of words. "As what we

agreed to." I continued, blinking at him as I pressed my lips tight, smiling. I walk across the room, sitting on the couch, feeling its softness against my palms, inhaling the air softly. I can smell Vegas' scent in the room, cold like a fog after the rain and it's soothing me as always.

"Heat, huh." He murmured, looking intently, his dark gaze sliced into me, taunting. Vegas then turned away, walking towards his table but his aura remained the same, ever so scary and dominating making my heart beat uncomfortably fast in my chest.

"So, can I stay here?" I ask as my eyes follow him. He looks so good in his black silk long sleeves with his chest lightly exposed, his hair neatly brushed away from his forehead, a single strand falling perfectly on the corner of his left eye. He looks marvelous.

My phone buzzed from my pocket, and I take a look at it. Its Porsche.

Porsche: Text me if you need help. Delete this after reading.

I smiled. This dude always got my back.

"Yow, Pete!"

Startled, I stand up immediately and look at the person who just entered the room, my smile started to turn into a wide grin as I look at Macau.

"Hey." I said as he pulled me into a quick hug. Macau is a complete opposite of his older brother, Vegas. He is jolly, always smiling and very talkative. He is an Alpha too, but Vegas is the only Dominant Alpha in the second family. We became close because he always stays in the Main Family's mansion, and he doesn't like being here for his brother is always busy.

"Tell Mr. Khun thanks and don't come back." He jokingly said. He loves annoying Mr. Tankhun and I don't know why.

The air suddenly went light when Macau came, we talk about this movie he recently watched and now we're talking about this coffee shop and how he saw someone that has caught his attention.

"I know the owner." I replied to him, and his eyes suddenly beamed with excitement.

"You do? Can you ask him if that person is a regular customer?" He asked. "I just heard the bartender calling him 'Chay' when he took his order." He continued, thinking. I smiled.

"Sure, I'll ask him for you." I beamed. Macau's energy is contagious, the feeling that he has is radiating, affecting every cell in my body and I couldn't help but smile with him and laugh at his silly jokes and weird antics.

"Macau, get out." Vegas suddenly growled and we both sprung our heads toward him. "Out." He repeated, tilting his head slightly as he motioned to the door.

"No." Macau whined. "What a party-pooper." He said as he stood up, I straighten my shirt as I stand beside him.

"Why are you here by the way, Pete?" Macau looked at me, ignoring his brother.

"He's staying here with me." Vegas answered without lifting his gaze from the bunch of papers he's been reading.

"What?!" We asked in unison. Both me and Macau were shocked.

"What? Like are you two together now?" Macau said in awe, his eyes wide as he looks at me then to Vegas, then back at me. I shook my head at him.

"He's my mate. He's mine." He answered in a monotone as he drops the papers on his table. "Out." He repeated, this time throwing a strong glare to his younger brother. Macau then gave up and decided not to ask more questions as he leave the room, giving me a slight wave before closing the door.

"What was that?" I asked Vegas as I walk towards him.

"You two were too loud." He answered in a bored tone.

"Not that."

"Then what?" he asked back, looking up at me as he leaned on his chair, crossing his arms over his chest, a long gray table between us.

"Don't play mind games on me Vegas." I warned.

"I'm not doing anything." He deadpanned.

"I have questions. A lot actually."

"About?"

"About everything."

His mouth twitch and I'm pretty sure he was fighting a smile. "Okay, let's hear it." He said fixing his gaze to meet mine, and it's a strong one, my heart almost stopped beating. But this is my chance to ask him all these questions that's been hunting me in the past few days.

"Who are you exactly?"

"What do you mean?"

"I can't understand you. No matter how hard I try, I can't seem to understand you." Vegas may not be the person we are looking for but that doesn't mean he hadn't been involved in the chain of recent disturbing events. He's keeping something from me since the day we met. I'm sure of it. "Where were you Sunday afternoon?" I asked, that's the day we went to raid our target.

"Here, working. How did it go, by the way? I want to know."

"As if you didn't know." I scowl and he answered me with a smirk.

"You knew beforehand there's no one there, right?"

"No."

"I don't believe you."

"That's because you don't trust me." He rested both his elbows on the table as he leaned closer to me. "We've been over this."

I felt my temper spark. Vegas had flipped the conversation again. Instead of him being the one getting interrogated, the spotlight was directed back on me. And he always does this, knowing all sorts of things. Playing with me.

"You know something." I said, my eyebrows frowning at him.

"Do I?" he replied with a sly grin. "What exactly are we talking about here, Pete?"

I didn't answer. My chest rising and falling as I take deep breaths.

"What exactly do you want to know?" he continued; his steely hard dark eyes are unnervingly serious.

I let out a sigh as I give up. I can't push him much; he would doubt me. I don't want him doubting me, I need to find answers and if he doesn't want to help me, then I will do it on my own.

I watch him as he stood from his seat and walked towards me, his dark eyes holding my gaze and it feels especially hot. Studying me, eyes not leaving my body apparently enjoying my discomfort as I feel my body tensed as he stood few inches from me. I couldn't breathe.

He suddenly lifted his right hand to my face, brushing his thumb along one corner of my mouth. I quivered at the soft contact. I pulled away, too late. I tried so hard to remember what we are talking about but pretending not to feel moved by his touch is a lot harder. I inhale one sharp breath as I close my eyes then open it quickly before I start to talk.

"One more thing, why did you tell Macau—"

"Shut up." He purred as he pressed his lips against mine. His hands on both sides of my face, the coldness of his metal rings sending this chilling spark all over my body as he caresses my cheeks. I can feel the desire with every stroke of his tongue in my mouth sending a flash of heat through me making me curled my hands into his hair, pulling him closer, making me feel the heat of his body against mine.

I gasp as I feel his hand on my right thigh, squeezing it lightly as he lifts it up and wrap it around his waist making me moan as he bit my lower lip. *Damn Vegas, he's so good at this.*

My mind is now filled with Vegas kissing me. Kissing me in a way that terrifies me about his unbreakable hold over me. His mouth, everywhere. Like a raging storm, painful and sweet. His soft moans against my lips are like swell of distant thunders. Rumbling. Making my entirety fall into submission. And his body, taking up space standing so very close, radiating heat.

"Vegas." I moaned his name against his lips as if he's my

salvation, my safe haven, my redemption. And I yearned for him as he lightly pushed me on the sofa, feeling lost with the sudden absence of his touch.

He's now on top of me, my body craving for him, even the slightest contact, I longed for it, and he didn't disappoints as he removes the first button of my shirt, his skin touching mine and it feels so addicting, electrifying and I couldn't help but whine and moan beneath him.

He then placed his face at the base of my neck, planting soft kisses up to my ear, and he stayed there nibbling, sucking at my skin as I run my fingers through his hair, his hot breath burning me.

"We should stop, I have a meeting in three minutes." He whispered, as he abruptly let go of me. I was left shocked lying on the sofa, dumbfounded, panting. Oh, this is the most annoying thing he has ever done to me.

"Fuck you, Vegas." I spat sitting up. Throwing him a glare, I want to strangle him so bad.

I stomped away from him and go straight to the opposite side of the room, a huge sofa-bed near the kitchenette where he placed his expensive wines. I grab the throw pillows from the sofa and cover it to me as I lie down, shutting my eyes tight until sleep consumed me.

I woke up feeling hungry, I realized I'm in a different room. Vegas' room. How did I even get here though? I didn't even feel anyone moving me. I sit up, letting my bare feet touch the cold floor as I stand. My eyes squinting in the dark. I'm alone.

I've been to Vegas' room a couple of times, so I'm sure there are no cameras around. I hurriedly went to his cabinets and tables, looking for something, anything that would help me find leads or could help me prove that he's innocent.

I rummage at the pile of papers under his desk, checking every piece, reading every words. But couldn't find anything useful. I opened every drawers, every cabinets and found nothing. There's nothing. I sigh as I ran my fingers on my hair. I stood straight, running towards the door, my fingers getting cold, my breathing slightly ragged. I felt the coldness of the night as I touch the doorknob, sending shivers up my arms and onto my nape.

I walk out of the room, tiptoeing on the hallway, its rough surface grazing my bare feet as I hide along corners whenever I saw a guard patrolling. My heartbeat loud, blood pumping up my ears, my palms sweating as I try to control my uneven breathing. I feel like I'm inside the lion's den, and I'm the prey. Wrong move and I will be gone in an instant.

Finally, I'm now in front of Vegas office. I peaked inside and

realized that its empty, but the lights are still on.

Where is he?

I was about to open the door when I feel someone's eyes watching me. I can feel the stare on my skin, scrutinizing my every move. I shift my body and look around, and there at corner near the stairs is Vegas, wearing a loose pants and a dark colored bathrobe. I was shocked when our eyes met, my hands started to shake as I see him walking towards me. Each step making it hard to breathe.

His stare brought chills all over my body, unwavering, making me feel like he can see through me, the ugliness and deep secrets engraved in my skin, I feel so transparent. I didn't realize I've been hugging myself as if protecting me from his piercing gaze. Then suddenly, the corners of his mouth curved into a smirk, and the world around me turned so quiet. I couldn't hear anything except the beating of my heart, loud and fast, I never thought that hearing it could be so deafening.

And now he's in front of me, a thin space between us. I gasp for air, fear consuming me whole as his eyes remained on mine, strong and dominating. My mind went blank, my heart pumping blood loudly in my ears and that's all I could ever hear, I feel so cold, yet my palms were sweating, my lips are dry, and I could feel a huge lump rising up my throat.

"Pete, breathe." He cooed softly as he laid a finger up my chin.

I gasped as if coming up from a lengthy and punishing stay under water.

"Why are you here?" he asked leaning closer, the light from the room seeping through the slightly open door, shining on his face. And I can see him clearly now, the soft skin of his chest, his hair unruly, making me think maybe he never had a day in his life being unattractive, because he looks so effortlessly good and I'm in awe at him once again.

"I want you to finish what you've started this morning." I teased as I wrap my arms over his shoulders, holding his stare as I put my lips closer to his ear.

"Fuck me, Vegas."

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Hi! If you're still reading up until here. Thank you!
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Chapter 13: Welcome Back

"You want to be free. You also want to be mine. You can't be both."
— Nenia Campbell, Crowned by Fire

I can hear my heart loud in my ears, pounding in my whole entirety as I pulled him closer to me. My mind telling me this isn't a good idea and it made me want to pull back, but I feel like I was being sucked in by his presence, a single thought just floating freely inside my head and that is I want to feel his lips on mine so badly. And when his lips finally touched me, an electrifying sensation exploded inside like fireworks at midnight. It was so addictingly soft as always, and I wanted more.

My hands reached up to his hair, feeling its softness against my fingertips as I pressed my body more towards him. My knees getting weak as I feel him suck and bite at my bottom lip and it was absolutely exhilarating. I kissed him hard, forceful, hungrier as if I couldn't get enough of him, my hands grabbing and tugging at his hair. I bite his lips, slid my tongue against his, tasting every part of him, and it feels so erotic, enough to leave us both breathless.

I feel his hand gliding softly at my back down to my ass as he pressed me harshly against his firm body, causing me to let out a long-satisfied moan against his lips. And I can feel a smirk forming on his face as he swallows my every moans. I am so turned on, I can already feel the wetness inside my pants, the burning pressure in my stomach and once he slides his tongue into my mouth the way I like, gliding it across my own, I was done. His low moan, his toned body, his hair, the soft skin of his chest, his scent, his hot breath, his other hand squeezing my thigh, he is all over me. It was all too much, as if his kisses are sucking away all the strength my body ever had, and my knees gave up.

But he was quick to act, grabbing my thighs as he hoisted them up around his waist, pushing me against the wall for support, my arms and legs are around him as we make out right outside his office in the middle of the quiet night. His thumbs drawing small circles at the back of my legs, sending small sparks of flare up my spine making me tug at his hair lightly as he lets out a soft low moan. And I could feel it, how it rumbled deep through his chest as it escapes his mouth, making my body beg for him. I want to hear him more.

"Bed." I said and kissed him again harshly not minding anymore how loud the sounds I make here in the hallway.

"Too far." He replied, resuming the kiss as soon as he said the last word. He was about to open his office when I instantly unwrap my legs from his waist, breaking our kiss, grabbing his hand as I drag him along the corridor, running. A wide grin plastered on my face as we run along the empty hallways, giggling as I feel my heartbeat fast, and his warm hand intertwined with mine.

We burst into his room, locking the doors as I immediately pulled my shirt off my head, Vegas throwing his bathrobe on the floor and our bodies touched once again. Hungry for each other, and I wanted him so bad. I haven't seen him for days and I crave for him this much. I crave for his touch and how it ignites my every sense everytime he holds me. I can feel his warmth against my skin, his heart beating on my chest, his kiss getting wilder as he bit and suck at my lips, his tongue doing amazing things inside my mouth. I can feel his bulge on my stomach as he presses me harder towards his body, making my pheromones spread across the room, my heat growing instantly inside my chest, overwhelming me, spreading across every inch of me filling me with too much lust. And I can see that it's affecting him too, I can smell his pheromones with mine, consuming the air, doubling the desire I'm already feeling in my chest. *I'm so aroused.*

I pushed him on the bed, his eyes wide in shock as he looks at me but changes right as fast turning into something darker as he watches me crawling up the bed, his hips between my hands. I feel like my body is moving on its own, dazed at the thought of wanting Vegas right now and that's all my mind could ever think of, I want him so bad, I want him to ruin me. Right here, right now.

I pulled off his belt and put it on the side as I dragged down the zipper of his pants, his stare not leaving me, watching me intently, amusement visible in his hungry eyes, almost frightening, a small smirk forming at the corner of his lips as I grab his length and gently put it inside my mouth. His head slightly thrown back as low moans escape his mouth.

"Oh fuck." He growled and oh, Vegas' moans are so beautiful and addicting, making me suck him more until his tip reach the back of my throat, causing him to groan even more in delight. My mouth feels so hot and full of him, I bob my head up and down a couple of times tasting him, devouring him, making him groan everytime his tip reaches my throat. And I can't help but moan too as too much desire unfurls deep in my belly.

I let go of his length, a mess of saliva dripping down my chin as I trace my tongue from his base up to the tip making sure my cheek

touching its skin along the way. I playfully lick its end, circling and gliding my tongue as my eyes are directly looking at him, not breaking eye contact, his gaze is so strong, so dark, I bit my lip.

"You're so lewd." He said as he sits up, my lips parted around his cock, running my tongue over and around him. His hand reached out to me, fingers encircling my neck, forcing me to let go of his length, I whined at him as he gently chokes me. I tried to lean down once again but he pressed his thumb on my chin, his blazing eyes meet mine. He traces my lower lip gently and I can't help but stick out my tongue and lick his finger which he suddenly shoved into my mouth, pressing my tongue inside as I moan.

My skin feels so hot, my mind clouded, my heart is racing, and I couldn't control my breathing as I crave for him. Even just his finger in my mouth made me want to come so bad.

"Take off your pants then lay on the bed." Vegas commanded, and I moaned at the authority of his voice, couldn't help but bit my lower lip, my body immediately obeying, clenching deep inside, the pleasure I felt was sweet and sharp. I swiftly tugs at my pants and kick it down to the floor as I climb at the upper part of the bed, lying flat on my back, my legs fold up as I watch Vegas kneel in front of me. His warm hands pressed on my knees as he gently spreads my legs, his eyes enjoying the sight in front of him. I can feel my cock throbbing by the way he stares at me.

He then leans down, our chests almost touching, and I almost stopped breathing as my whole body automatically leaned in to him. Wanting him in any possible way. He opened the drawer beside the bed and took out a handcuff and a blindfold. My mind rapidly circling with the thoughts of it.

"Hands." He said, eyes dark as the moonless night, making me gasp at the intensity of it as I lift my hands in front of him. He gently put the cuffs on my both wrists, then use his belt to tie it on the headboard. I whined at the thought of not touching him, my legs shifting beneath, wanting to close to put down the pressure in my belly, his shaft touching the soft skin between my thighs, and I can't help but bit my lips as I suppress a moan with every unintentional contact. This is driving me wild.

He then gently puts the blindfold over my eyes and my world is plunged into darkness. My hands tied, I can hear my ragged breathing, my heart pumping blood up my system. The darkness sinking in, making me feel like I'm suddenly in a different world. I can feel my chest rising and falling, my lips parted as I suck in deep breaths, my heat building in pools inside my stomach, I can smell my own pheromones thick in the air, a faint scent of Vegas' swirling around the room as it gently touches my nose.

Vegas breathe against me, on the base of my neck, his warm exhale traveling down my overly sensitive skin as I feel his hand starts to land soft traces on my chest, fingertips dancing down my ribcage, going south, my breathe hitching as he moves lower and lower until his hand slides on my left thigh, drawing circles, teasing, flicking, pressing the skin close to my cock enough to make me gasp. My skin burning at his every touch. A sensual moan escaping my mouth as I feel a finger softly trace my length from the base up to the tip. I pant, back arching, my legs pressing against him, I want him so bad. *I want more. Give me more Vegas.*

"Vegas, hmm" I moaned feeling his thumb brushing my peaked nipple making my whole-body shiver in warm delight, igniting a raging fire up my spine, I unconsciously raised my hips up, my legs spread wide open, seeking contact. *More, more, more.*

"Oh please." I beg, wanting him so bad, I want him inside me now. I felt his warm breath on my neck, his nose lightly touching my skin and my whole-body tingles, I felt his lips gently sucking the soft skin below my ear and my body rejoiced with the contact.

"What do you want Pete?" he whispered in my ear then continued to suck and trace his tongue on my earlobe, making my body arch once again. My legs closing in around him. Oh, this tease he's doing to me, it feels so good yet not enough.

"I want you... inside..ah." I yelp, throwing my head back as I feel a finger slides inside me. My insides clenching, I can feel my pre-cum oozing out of my hole as his second finger entered. My hands holding onto the belt tighter, the cuffs would leave a bruise for sure in the morning, but I couldn't care less, I'm so lost at the way his tongue playfully tease and suck at the skin on my neck as he slowly thrusts his fingers inside me, bending it at the right spot before pulling out, then going in again, repeating the slow rhythm. And I can already feel my insides stiffening around him, leaning closer to him as my hips meet his fingers thrust after thrust.

And then he withdraws, and I was left once again wanting for more. I want to touch him; I want to see him. But I couldn't feel his weight on me anymore. I can still sense his body between my legs, and the intense stare he's giving me, boring into my skin. This pain of wanting is beginning to grow addicting. Not being able to touch him nor see him sends a new thrill up my system making me feel more lust. I thrust my hips up demandingly as I yearn for him. My head flooded with thoughts of his fingers inside me, spreading me. Thoughts of his mouth sucking me, tongue exploring my insides, and I think I'm losing my mind. I wanted to cry, I wanted to convince him to give me the pleasure I desperately need. I wanted him to ruin me now.

And then I felt his fingers traced my inner thighs once again, warm against my skin, tingly feeling igniting at every part he touches, closer and closer down to my aching cock and eager hole, teasing, always teasing but never touching.

I sucked in a breath. *There, please touch me there.* My head is running with too much anticipation as I wait for his next move, yearning as I let out more sounds demanding for him. To claim me again, to satisfy me more.

"Ah fuck!" I cursed as I feel his teeth sunk on my thigh, hard. Sucking the flesh then licking the skin making me gasp in ecstasy as my head thrown back. *Oh, it felt great.* And then I feel him move, he's now licking my left hip. I can feel his tongue gliding along my tattoo, hot and wet, circling, biting, his warm breath touching my cock, his hands holding my legs in place. "Fuck me please." I begged, moaning as he blows an air at the tip of my length making me squirm with so much need.

"Fuck me. Fuck me please Vegas. Fuck me." I pleaded, I couldn't take this desire anymore, my heat torturing me from the inside out, I couldn't breathe properly as yearning builds too much inside me. Not being able to see adds to everything, making my other senses too active, I can feel his every touch, I can feel his breath, I can feel him in my every nerve, in every part of me, owning me, marking me, and I am his, my body belongs to him. Only him.

But instead of listening to me, I feel his tongue licks my dripping cock and then swallowing me whole in one go, and the feeling is ecstatic I thought I'm gonna pass out, I let out a loud cry. The warmth of his mouth, his tongue circling and gliding, my legs closing in on him as my back arching, I can feel my throat ravaged as I whimper and moan so loud, and I swear I can feel the pleasure jolting up to my lungs making me let out a cry as his tongue destroy me. My legs started to shake uncontrollably, my cries getting louder, screaming his name. Repeating it again and again as I released inside his mouth. My body shaking as I feel him give me one last lick on the tip of my cock as I shiver beneath him.

And then he kissed me, soft lips on mine, tasting myself on his mouth and the frustrations of not being able to touch him excites me more as I leaned my body closer. Feeling his warmth. His hand finding my cock once again, holding it tighter and I squirmed between his kiss, my body trembling beneath him. I'm still sensitive from my previous release, but Vegas doesn't seem to care about it as he started to build a rhythm with his hand. And I shuddered at the feeling, I feel so lost.

"Fuck me." I managed to say, my voice is weak and cracking. "Hard." Oh, I want him so bad. I want him now. *Please fuck me now,*

Vegas.

I can feel a grin as he moves his body away from me and I whined at the sudden lost of contact. I felt a finger gently tracing my hole, not entering and my insides clenched. I lift my hips up wanting more but I can't feel him anymore. "Getting impatient, are we?" Vegas murmured as he lifts my left leg and place it on his shoulder, gasping as I feel him biting and grazing his teeth beneath my leg, I moaned louder.

But it was too short as I feel him straighten his body leaving me completely breathless, and then I felt his length on my belly and my heart leaped as I let out soft little whines of neediness, I begged him to give me what I want as I spread my legs wider, waiting for him to enter me.

His warm hands pressed on my hips, steadying me as I feel him sliding inside. Slowly. So slowly. I groaned, trying to move my hips so he could fill me up fast. I can feel my insides contracting with his low yet sweet torture.

"You're so tight." Vegas growled, cursing under his breath as he entered me whole and I was screaming my own moans and inaudible words the whole time, my wrists feeling numb as I pull hard on the belt. I tried to move as he hold me steady, his nails digging deep into my hips as he slammed into me in one go, vicious thrusts crumbling my senses to the point that I feel like I'm breaking, and I don't know what words am I screaming anymore.

"That's right, take me whole." He said as he quickens his pace, thrusting into me wildly, the lust and greed building inside me uncontrollably. I feel so hot, the whole room feels so hot and our pheromones are so thick in the air making it harder to breathe. Gradually, Vegas deepened the strength of his every thrust, and I can feel him moving in one particular direction. Hitting the same spot again and again until a loud cry of euphoria escapes my mouth.

In and out. Harder and faster, fingers digging at the flesh of my hips as he savagely rammed my insides to the point where I could only hold on to the belt for my dear life.

"There. Yes. More." I screamed inbetween breaths and Vegas puts more speed and force, I feel his fingers circle around my throat, choking me harder as he ram inside me. The pain and pleasure Vegas is inducing in my body is pure heaven. I can feel the tingles at the base of my spine came back to life, more pressure pooling in my belly and I crashed over the edge again. Screaming and crying, sweat and tears falling down my face as he shatter me violently. *Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.*

"Close?" he grumbled; I nod. Vegas' hold around my throat

becomes tighter as he moaned close to my ears. I want to see his face so bad. I can feel that he's close too as his thrusts become harsher and deeper, faster, I couldn't keep up. My head swimming in ecstasy, my skin feels like it's burning, my ass sore at his every thrust hitting that sweet spot perfectly again and again. Oh, it was blissful.

Vegas then started to stiffen, letting out a low snarl as I feel his face at the base of my neck, pain shooting up my spine spreading incredibly across my body as I feel his teeth sinking deeply at the soft skin of my neck. I screamed. Intense pleasure and pain jolting my body, he gave me one last thrust deep inside, feeling his hot cum spreading instantly as his length hits my sweet spot once again making me gasp as my body curled towards him, then arched up, letting out a loud cry as he hit my prostate repeatedly. I exploded. Hard. Long. Violently. Vocal cords tearing because of my loud cry, my ears buzzing, my head pounding. My body shaking uncontrollably as the strongest orgasm of my life tore through me like an electric storm.

I was calming myself from my mind-shattering release when I feel him move away from me, removing the belt and cuffs on my wrists. I pulled my arms on my sides, feeling numb from my hands up to my shoulders, and then he removes the blindfold from my eyes. Warm, dim lights of the room greeted me. I squint as my sight adjusts, I instantly searched for Vegas' face, and he was on top of me, looking down, his soft dark eyes meet mine.

He then lets his body fall on my side, burying his face at the crook of my neck, hugging me. Both still panting heavy. I close my eyes, tracing my fingers on his soft hair.

"You're mine Pete. And I won't let you go anywhere." He whispered and it's not supposed to make me feel warm nor safe, it brought chills up my spine, hair standing at the back of my neck like a warning from death whispered to my ear. I dozed off to sleep.

"Names. I need names."

My eyes flutter softly as I awaken by Vegas' menacing voice. I didn't move and remained on my side, facing the couch, my back from him. He sounded far from the bed, maybe he's close to the veranda with his phone, and I listen carefully.

"Any leads?" he said, sounding impatient, I can hear frustration in his voice. "Good." He answered, and then everything goes quiet. I hear a soft sound of steps on the floor, and I immediately shut my eyes close, followed by a low thud of the doors leaving me with too many questions in my mind more than before.

"What are we buying exactly?" I asked Macau as we walk inside the mall. He dragged me here today saying he wanted to buy

something for his graduation.

"A suit." He answered, eyes wondering around. Macau was supposed to go with Vegas, but he refused to go telling Nop to accompany his little brother instead. Unfortunately, Macau doesn't want to go with Nop that's why I'm here. Babysitting him. And oh, Vegas. He's walking in front of us suddenly tagging along. I was planning to search his office while they're gone but hey, we're all at the mall right now looking for a graduation suit. I rolled my eyes.

"How are you going to stay in the house, Pete?" Macau asked, not looking at me as we walk side by side.

"Hmm?" I asked, can't follow what he meant.

"Your alibi to Pa, its not enough to stay in the house for days." He replied, his eyebrows creased together, thinking. And I think about it too, I just told Mr. Gun I'm here to drop Macau's gift.

"Then I'll just sneak in and out." I answered. Scenarios floating in my head one by one.

"That's dangerous. Not to mention, you're an Omega. I didn't know you're an Omega. I'm hanging out with you almost my whole life and I didn't know." He said looking down. We continued walking, when Macau suddenly pulled me into this coffee shop, the smell of brewed coffee and freshly baked pastries hit my nose, his eyes scanning the whole store.

"So how would we fool Pa just so you could stay in the house for your heat cycle?" he asked again, but his attention is not even directed to me. He's scanning the room, looking for something.

"I'll just tell Pa he's my slut, and he's staying with me for as long as I want to." Vegas interrupted, walking ahead of us, graciously striding towards the counter. His entire presence gathers a lot of attention in an instant. People turning their heads towards him, admiring.

"What?" I said following him, I rest my side on the counter as we reach it, crossing my arms, facing him.

"I'll tell him I'm fucking the Main Family's head bodyguard, and that you'll stay in that house just like what the others did before you." He replied, meeting my gaze, steadfast. I didn't answer. I just look at him. I don't want to admit it to myself but I'm speechless and hurt. A small pang of pain pinch in my chest.

"What? You think you're special?" He scoffed and I rolled my eyes at him.

"Did you just roll your eyes at me?"

"Yeah. What about it? Want me to do it again?" I answered giving him a scornful look.

"Don't worry Pete." Macau whispered from my back, tapping my shoulder. I didn't look at him, I just tilted my body towards Macau

as I continue giving Vegas a glare. "He's only possessive towards you." Macau continued with a slight chuckle making me turn my body on his direction, who to my surprise is now talking with someone else.

"So, can I have your number just in case I have concerns about my to-go coffee?" Macau said, elbows on the counter, his chin resting on his hand as he talks to the bartender.

"I can't give you my number sir, but you can email or contact the shop about your feedback. The details are located on the cardboard beside you." The bartender answered politely, giving Macau his professional smile, and my eyes went wide. It was Porchay, Porsche's younger brother.

"Nah, you can take my number instead." Macau answered sliding a piece of paper across the counter with his number in it. Porchay, surprisingly took it then crumpling it with his hands as he pretends to put it in his pocket but lets the paper fall onto the floor. Macau doesn't seem to notice though as he gives Chay a wide smile.

"Hey, how are you?" I asked Porchay and his head turns toward me. A sweet smile then spreads across his lips. Porsche has never brought his little brother in his work ever and I understand that, I know he just doesn't want anything bad to happen to him.

"Pete." He beamed at me, and I smiled back. "I'm doing fine." He answered. "Oh, I would love to talk to you, but I can't right now. My boss will fire me if he sees me chatting with the customers." He continued, glancing around quickly.

"Right. We're leaving. Nice seeing you here Chay." I replied as I drag Macau away from the counter. His face looks so shock as he stares at me. I look behind us and Vegas is gone. My eyes roam the room, searching for his familiar figure. Busy people passing by, chitchatting, some are coming inside the store then some are already leaving, and I couldn't find Vegas.

"Where'd he go?" I mumbled.

"Pete, you know Chay?!" Macau screamed at my face but I couldn't pay attention to him. I tried looking around, searching every face that's passing by.

"I have to go." I told Macau, as I stride away not minding the shouts Macau is doing behind me.

I went back to the Main House, I have to talk to Arm. I need some device that could record Vegas in his office. So I burst inside the mansion and went straight to the basement where firearms and grenades were located and also Arm's hideout. Bodyguards bowing to me along the way, my steps are fast and steady going down the stairs. I opened the only room located at the very corner of the basement floor instantly with a forceful push, and I was shocked,

frozen at my feet as my eyes landed at the person in front of me happily laughing with Arm and other bodyguards.

"Hey." He said looking at my direction, slightly raising his hand for a small wave.

"James." I breathed and everything went quiet.

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Hi loves, this fanfic will come to an end soon. Again, thank you for still reading and appreciating my work, you always make me happy.
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Chapter 14: MINE

"I would fight of course. Oh, I would fight. Better destroy everything than surrender her."
— Vladimir Nabokov, Lolita

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Panic swelled inside me, creeping through my skin. My hands are cold and sweating as I look at him, frightened at the sight of James in front of me, my body couldn't move. Terror sealed my throat, and I couldn't breathe. I tried to steady my breathing as I convince myself to accept the situation. *Just go with it, Pete. You won't figure out anything if you give in to fear.*

"Hey." He said, and I flinched. I wanted to run that instant, but my feet were glued to the ground. I wanted to say something, but I feel like fear stole all the words that I wanted to say as it gnawed my insides.

"Pete?" Arm caught my attention and I breathed out fear as I look at him. His concerned gaze calming me somehow, so I walk towards him trying my best to ignore James' presence.

"Have you received my text?" I asked Arm, my back facing James.

"Ah yeah." He replied, remembering what we talked about. He handed me this small device that could record sounds from a short distance, and I immediately took it and hid it in my pocket. I didn't meet anyone's eyes from inside the room as I walk away, footsteps following from behind as I hear the doors closed.

"Pete."

I didn't look. I continued walking. Fast.

"Pete, stop." James' voice demanded again; his body so close to mine I could feel him behind me. I barely have time to turn around before a huge hand grab me by the wrist and roughly shoved me against the wall. I groaned, the pain spreading rapidly on my back.

His forearm pressed on my throat, choking me, his eyes glaring and my temper sparked, I glared back. My muscles tensed, my fists clenched on my side, my face burning as I throw him a look of disgust.

"How dare you touch me?" I spat on his face, anger pulsed through me as it thrummed in my veins, roaring up my mind. I grab his right shoulder firmly and take a deep breath then slam my left elbow on his arm. Bones almost cracking as he lets out a silent cry. I
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twist my body away from him to give me more space then crash my left leg on his side, hitting him hard just below his ribs, making him stumble down the floor grunting in pain.

"Don't you ever go near me again." I warned, each word as powerful as the other. Anger and disgust visible on my face as I glare at him. I was trying to calm my ragged breathing, but the walls felt like it was closing in around me. In my mind, the rage flowing in my blood like fuel, spreading, waiting to be ignited. If I don't do something fast, to get myself under control, I'd explode and take out everyone and everything around me.

Bodyguards started to scatter around us, whispering, trying to understand what just happened. Arm made his way towards us, he looked at me briefly then turn his gaze to James who's still curled on the ground. He was about to say something to me when I start to walk away, clenched fists while taking deep long breaths, ignoring Arm who's now shouting for me to turn back.

I entered the Minor Family's mansion without receiving any weird glances from the other bodyguards anymore. Maybe they're getting used of me being here almost everyday or maybe they're just so used to seeing Vegas bring different people in the mansion. I scoffed at the latter thought suddenly getting mad once again.

You'll stay in that house just like what the others did before you.

How many people did he brought here? Are they all Omegas? Am I the only Omega? Where are they now? Will he discard me too once he gets tired of me? I hope they are still alive though. This jerk really knows how to piss me off.

I walk past the stairs and take a short glance over Vegas' office from where I am standing. A thought of entering it now danced around my mind, but I pushed it back. Not now. Not yet, not when Vegas isn't around. People are still watching me here, I know that. I can see that. And me entering his office without Vegas would be so suspicious so I went straight to the kitchen instead and found Nop sitting by the dining table sipping coffee.

"Hey." I said as I pull a chair across him.

"Do you need anything?" He asked, making me think he was instructed by Vegas to accompany me on a daily basis.

"Oh, I'm just hungry." I replied looking around, a huge glass wall stood perfectly on the left side of this dining table surrounded by sixteen chairs. All white and black, there are worktops and a large breakfast bar on my right which sits six persons.

I was startled by the way Nop suddenly standing up, his chair creating a squeaking sound on the tiled floor. Leaving his cup of coffee on the table as he walks across the kitchen. I hurriedly followed him, feeling cautious as I walk over to where he is going.

"Any particular food you want to eat?" he said, opening this huge double-door black fridge.

"Chocolates." The word stumbled out of my mouth before I could even think.

"Just any chocolate?" He replied, looking at me. I nod. Pulling the fridge's door wide open as I push Nop to the side.

"This one?" He asked, holding up a chocolate covered biscuit. I shook my head. "I thought you said, any chocolate?"

"I changed my mind." I said closing the door with a soft thud. I took out my phone and dialed Vegas' number. He answered in the fourth ring.

"What?" he greeted.

"I want some chocolates. Bars. Not dark. Not milk." I said, I'm really starving I haven't eaten since we're in the mall. I waited for him to answer but the line is silent for a couple of seconds and it's making me anxious. "Vegas? Are you still there?"

"I'm busy, Pete." He replied in a monotone.

"Fine." I said as I rolled my eyes and ended the call.

"I'm really hungry." I whined, stomping my way back to the dining table and slump my ass on the chair.

"I can get your food ready if you want?" Nop offered, but I can't actually think of any food I want to eat right now, I'm just hungry.

"No, I'll just sleep." I said walking out of the kitchen. I walk up the stairs and glance at Vegas' office once more before turning to the opposite direction.

I entered Vegas' room with lazy steps. His scent greeted me taking up my entirety. It's weird how before, this exact same smell could frighten the shit out of my system but now, its calming me, soothing my mind. Like a sanctuary, a safe haven only for me. I climbed up on the bed and covered myself with a blanket, taking deep slow breaths. His musky scent invading my throat as I hug a pillow against my chest.

I feel so safe. Here, in his room where I can smell him in everything he owned, in everything he has touched. And I love the feeling of his blanket covering me, and his pillows surrounding me, it feels warm. I feel at ease.

I woke up by the soft sound of the door closing. I yanked the blanket away from my face as I sit up, slowly opening my eyes, squinting in the dark as I try to process the sight before me. Vegas placed a paper bag on my lap and walks towards his closet taking a towel. I looked at the paper bag, puzzled as I open it gently. My eyes went wide right away upon seeing lots and lots of chocolates inside. It's too much, really too much, but I bet my eyes are already twinkling at the sight of it.

I took one bar and unwarp it excitedly as I take a bite, the chocolate bringing a moment of bliss as its thick texture melts in my tongue, the stinging sweetness traveling down my throat. I close my eyes as I take another bite, satisfied by the way it tastes. I felt pleased. I feel happy and I can't help but smile from ear to ear.

I was enjoying my meal when a hand harshly pulled my wrist. Hard. I almost feel like a bone had just dislocated. I sprung my eyes open, the chocolate bar falling down from my hand as I look at Vegas. His eyes are dark, glaring as he stared at my arm.

"Who did this?" Vegas is already angry as he looks at the bruises on my wrist, I didn't even realize I had. Flashbacks of where James had grabbed me suddenly hits me. *Shit.* I can't let him know. Dread already consuming my body as I look at him, he is mad and I don't know how strongly he would react if I tell him the truth.

"Please stay calm." I said, almost a whisper as I try to pull my wrist from his strong grip. He nodded though, but I could tell he's not really listening. I still don't know how would I handle his anger outbursts and I can't let him do something to James. If he is even planning to do something to James. This man can kill, and that's the worst thing that could happen. I won't let him do that, not now where the Main Family is being suspicious of him.

"Just don't do anything stupid right now, don't hurt anyone right now. The main family is---"

"Who?" Vegas demanded cutting me off sentence. Making me suck in an air as I try not to flinch from his sharp glare. His voice dark as it rumbled through his chest. I squirmed by the way his voice thundered, fear creeping up my veins, my heart pounding loudly as I look at him. He then suddenly pulled me against him, his nose barely touching the skin on my neck and I felt him inhaled my scent. And that's when I knew he knows. I'm afraid he would explode any second.

"You don't have to be mad. I can protect myself." I say pulling my wrist away from his hand as I give him a strong glare. He smirked, but his eyes remained dark, dangerous, unnerving. His menacing gaze removing my every sense of safety, a warning as clear as a beast ready to devour.

"I don't give a fuck if you can protect yourself Pete." He growled, his face close to mine. "No one's allowed to touch you. No one. I could kill Pete and not care one bit. So they better fuck off." Hostility visible in his voice, his face dim, his breathing became deep and heavy, and his jaw was clenched so tight. He was fuming.

All I could do is pray he wouldn't lash out; I don't want to give the main family a reason to put all the blame to him. He can't hurt James; he can't just go there and kill him and expect Mr. Kinn to be

okay with it. Damn, this is hurting my head so much I can't think.

A jolt run through me when he finally broke, standing up abruptly as he pushed, the paper bag falling down the bed, chocolates scattered across the floor. His strength is evident, one wrong move and he can knock me off instantly.

"Calm down, Vegas." I said, standing up. I have to talk to him. I can talk to him before, even negotiate, maybe I can do it again, though this time the difference would be is he's mad. Really mad and I doubt he would still listen. But I can't let him go out and burst into the main house, I can't let him make a scene. If he found James, that's the end of everything. The end of me for hiding who I am, the end of both of us and the tension between the families will finally resurface because they both have a reason now to start a war.

Just the thought of him taking all the blame made my stomach churn. I couldn't let that happen. I have to think. Fast. I have to stop him. He harshly ran his hand through his hair as he glowers at me.

"Where the fuck is he?" he snarled, his voice grim and I am shaken but I didn't remove my eyes from him. I stay put, as I watch him. He is furious, volatile and totally unpredictable yet he breaks the gaze first as he was about to turn away. I run to him.

"Vegas!" I demanded, cupping his face with my hands as I forced him to look at me. His eyes are dark, his jaw clenched, breathing heavy but he didn't step back. He didn't remove my hands from him as his pitch black eyes stare back at me our foreheads touching.

"Listen to me." I demanded sternly, not breaking his gaze. *Look at me Vegas, just look at me.*

"Please calm down." I said, begging. There's something inside me that's more powerful than any rational thought that I have. I don't want him getting hurt, I don't know where this is coming from, but I don't want him going out there causing a rampage. Just a thought of it is causing this small pang of pain inside my chest. "Let's talk, hmm?" I offered, my hands still pressed on his cheeks.

His jaw is still clenched and the crease between his eyebrows remained, but I can tell that he is listening, thinking. "Let's talk." I repeat, this time a statement. I was about to say something when he suddenly dragged me across the room. He opened the bathroom door loudly as he pulled me inside, pushing me until my body hit the sink, him standing in front of me, his back on the door.

"Take off your clothes." He ordered, voice cold and low, eyes still dark and glaring. And it was electric, I can feel the effect of his command deep in my skin travelling through my veins and the small voice at the back of my head warned me to regain control, as much as my body wants to achingly obey him, there are still things

left unclear. We have to talk.

"No." I answered firmly, glaring back. My chest heaving, my hands cold. Fear creeping up my system because of the man in front of me. "We have to talk about this."

"Oh, we're going to talk Pete, I promise." He smirked. "Take off your clothes." He warned, taking a couple of steps towards me not dropping his sharp gaze. I hugged myself. "Or you want me to do it for you?" he says darkly, his presence easily destroying the walls that I've built. His stare making me want to fall down on my knees and curl into a ball. The resolve I once had shattering in a snap for my body wants to obey him so bad. My strength melting away as he moves closer to me.

"I don't want any hint of that jerk's scent on you." He whispered, his features softening as he pressed his forehead on mine, the tip of his nose brushing with mine, his warm breath against my cheek making my whole-body tingles. His hands circling around my waist, pulling me close. I can feel his stare from my eyes travelling down to my parted lips, and it stays there. His gaze making my heart rate throb all the way down to my belly. Both our faces are inches apart and my eyes are locked on his lips too. I want to kiss him now, but I didn't move.

"Let's take a bath." He said, lips almost touching mine, I could almost feel it. Almost closing my eyes as I expected for a kiss, yet he leans back, turning around from me.

The water feels so warm as it touches my feet, my body settling into the tub, my back pressed against the warmth of Vegas' chest. His thighs framing me, his arms wrapped around my waist from behind. I inhaled deeply, feeling the heat of the bath seeping through my skin, can't help but lay my head back onto Vegas' lean shoulder.

"What am I to you Vegas?" I asked, not expecting any answer from him as I close my eyes, feeling his face near my neck.

"I don't know." He answered softly, burying his nose at the crook of my neck. Planting a feather-like kiss making me take a deep breath.

"You don't know?" I repeated, tilting my head as I feel him plant more soft kisses just below my ear down to my shoulder. Igniting every skin his lips touches.

"You're mine to own, only mine." He trails, his lips leaving gentle mayhem just below my ear making a silent moan escaped from my parted lips. "I'd kill for you, Pete." His teeth grazing down on my neck, I yelp as I feel him bit at the soft flesh, my body burning as his fingers gently draw circles on my stomach. My legs shift, my back almost arching.

"You can't just go and kill James, Vegas." I said, breathless. I can't concentrate anymore for his other hand is travelling up my chest while his tongue licks a skin just below my ear, making me shiver, infusing my belly with warmth as it spreads steadily to every nerve of my body. "The Main Family—" I stopped myself. I can't tell him about it, I can't betray Mr. Kinn, but why does it feel like I'm betraying them already?

"What about them?" Vegas softly asked, his other hand doing this sweet torture on my thigh. The way his palm slides along my legs, the way his fingertips danced teasingly on my inner thigh, gliding, touching every part where I want it the most, making my breath hitch as I spread my legs wider, I bit my lip.

"Mmm." I moaned when his fingers almost touched my length, almost. It was electric, my body automatically squirmed, my hips moving wanting more but his other hand grabbed my waist to steady me. "You can't kill a bodyguard from the main family, it will start a war." I shudder when his hand left my waist and started to slide its way up my stomach, tracing lines on my chest, briefly touching my nipple, everything south of my waistline clenches, bathing me with the heat that's radiating off his body. And I'm burning hot, flustered as my legs shifts under the water, dark desire courses through me. Oh, he really knows how to drive me wild.

"Just the thought of him touching what's mine makes me want to cut off his head." He snarled, biting and sucking on my shoulder. I let out a soft gasp when a finger entered my hole harshly. "This is mine. You are mine."

"Ah, Vegas." I moaned, sucking sharp air as I arched my back against his chest. Another finger entered and my eyes rolled back from too much pleasure, my mouth wide open as my moans become louder, echoing inside the hallowed walls of the bathroom.

"You just can't. Not now." I pant, trying my best to talk to him and convince him as his fingers wreck my insides, getting rougher, my breathing ragged as I dug my nails on his thighs, my head thrown back, my rationality dissipating with his every thrust, and it felt so good. Too good.

"I will mark every part of you Pete. I will consume you. I will make this fragile body of yours remember me, everytime. I will make you mine again and again. I will make sure every person who tries to go near you will know that I owned you, you are mine, Pete. Only mine." He growls in my ear, every word sending electricity in my body, sparking every nerve with fire of need and lust, sending sweet shiver up and down my spine. I can feel the anger and hunger radiating in his every muscle as his fingers took over my senses, I cried as so much pleasure builds up inside me.

"What now Pete? I thought you want to talk?" He asked while working his fingers deep inside me. "What a shame." He teased as he hits my prostate with one solid thrust. I cried, louder, clenching around him, my nails digging deeper, scratching at his soft skin. He keeps on, faster, rougher, until my legs started to shake and my throat felt so dry. I keep moaning and crying as I feel my insides contract.

"I'm coming." I cried out, I felt his tongue slides up from my shoulder to my neck, my muscles tensed, a voiceless cry escaped my mouth as I shattered in his hands. It was sudden, intense, wild. But Vegas didn't stop, wrecking my entire body as I squirm around him. "Sto—" My body is shaking, words failing to come out of my mouth, I let out another cry as he bit my neck. Hard. Orgasm washing over me, his fingers never stopping, the pleasure becoming unbearable as I wriggled away from his touch.

And he stopped, yet my body continued to shake, the aftershock rippling through me as I feel his arms wrap around my shoulders, pulling me closer to him. I was heaving, trembling as I rest my head back on his shoulder, eyes closed.

"You are mine." He whispered, a warning visible in his tone and it travelled down my core as I shivered beneath his touch. *I am his.* And it's the most terrifying thing I've ever done in my life.

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It's short, I'm sowyy my laptop was broken haha but its okay now. Anyway, thank you all for 17k reads. I will try posting a new chap maybe on Wednesday. Again, thank you.
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Chapter 15: Poison

So when the devil wants to dance with you, you better say never, because the dance with the devil might last you forever.

— Immortal Technique

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I woke up feeling an intense headache slicing through my temples. I squirmed sitting up. The morning sunlight from the veranda seeping through the curtains hurting my eyes making me squint as it added to the pain my head is already feeling. I groaned, I have to accomplish my plan today. I let my feet fall off the bed as I stood up, shutting my eyes when a sharp cry of pain cut through my head once again, my sight turning black for a brief second. I haven't eaten since yesterday, didn't even eat lunch maybe it's because of that.

I walk out of the room, meeting Nop beside the doorway.

"Morning." I greeted, he gave me a slight bow. And I feel so awkward whenever he does that. I'm not different from him, we're both bodyguards in the first place. So I mirrored his action out of respect. "Can you tell me where Vegas is?" I asked.

"He's working in his office." Nop replied and I nod. I was torn between going there directly or eating first. I chose the latter part.

"Let's eat Nop." I said patting his back as I push him towards the direction of the kitchen.

"You can't be seen roaming around the mansion, Pete." He said, stopping abruptly, giving me not enough time to process everything as I hit my face on his back. My hand instantly grabbing my nose. That hurts.

"Why is that?" I asked as he turn to me. All broad shoulders and a few inches taller than me.

"Mr. Gun is here today." Nop replied. "He's back from his out-of-town meeting." He continued, making me think. I have to act more careful then, it's hard to work around when both of them are here.

"Go back to the room or go to Mr. Vegas, I'll send you your food." Nop, said dragging me away from my thoughts. I thanked him and started walking towards Vegas' office looking around carefully.

I managed to reach his office without bumping to Mr. Gun, and without wasting any time I rang the bell beside his door and waited. After a couple of seconds, the doors opened, and I was
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greeted by how good looking Vegas is in his plain white shirt tucked in to a fitted black jeans. His hair is neatly brushed away from his forehead, his presence is strong and dominating as he stands infront of me.

"Can I come in?" I asked yet didn't wait for him to answer as I enter the room, pushing him lightly to the side. My head still hurting everytime I move.

"What brought you here, Pete?" he asked, my eyes following him as he sat on his chair, folding his arms, eyes looking at me. He looks relaxed today, well its not very evident on his face but he's back to his usual self, confident and powerful but a small hint of gentleness is visible on his eyes by the way he looks at me. And I walk towards him, mesmerized by how his eyes held mine. He didn't drop his gaze until his office table is the only thing that's between us. I placed the heels of my palms on the edge making sure to put the device under the table with not much evident movement from me.

A soft click was felt by my fingers, and I know that it's now properly placed. I smiled at him, making him arch an eyebrow back at me. I immediately grab the chocolate bar behind his monitor, and he just looks at me as I gave him a wide grin.

"I'm hungry." I said as I bite on it. "Why do you have this here? Doesn't seem like you're a type of person who likes sweets." I said, my mouth full but I keep talking and I can't help but smile at how satisfying it tastes. A jolt escaped my body when he suddenly stood up and leaned toward me. His palms pressed on the table, eyes holding my gaze. I stopped chewing, my hands holding the food between us as I look at him. He remained expressionless though, but his eyes are sharp.

"Don't do that."

"Don't do what?" I asked, confused and then I continued chewing – slowly, testing the water cause I don't fucking know what the hell does he want me not to do. And I can't help not to stare back at him wide-eyed, from his eyes my gaze traveling down to his lips, and he does the same.

"Your dimples." He mumbled, still looking at me, strong gaze making me catch my breath. "God, I want to kiss you right now." He continued, moving closer, our nose touching, my breath hitch. His words caught me off guard and his eyes are drawing me in, his attention solely on mine—on my lips and I can't help but bit it as my heart pounds in my chest loudly.

"I'm going back to your room." I managed to say, realizing I've been holding my breath for too long. I swiftly turned around and started walking towards the door, not looking back as my heart continued pounding deafeningly in my ears. I close the door shut

behind me, lean my back on it as I try to steady my breathing. *Damn Vegas, what was that?*

I walk along the corridors once more, the pain in my head never leaving, and I can feel it getting more unbearable in every minute that passes. My vision is getting blurry everytime I blink. I was near Vegas' room when I meet Nop once again.

"You look pale." Nop commented as he stares at me. My nape feels cold, my head is throbbing, and I feel nauseous. Suddenly, everything is spinning and I wanted to throw up. I can see Nop talking to me, worry visible on his face, I can see his hands grabbing me by the shoulders, but I couldn't hear anything. I can't feel anything, and everything feels cold yet I'm sweating hard and the world continued to twist and pitch. I shut my eyes tight, then open them again but everything is whirling, and I feel so light, I tried to look at Nop for the last time before everything went black.

My eyelids flutter as I open them, immediately squinting at the bright light coming from the veranda. My head feels heavy, my throat is dry and I don't have any strength to move my body. I try to look around to know where I am, realizing I'm in Vegas' room because of his scent.

"You're awake." A voice from my left uttered. I look at its direction and see Nop, fixing an IV, my eyes tracing its line and its connected on my left hand. Questions swirling in my head right that instant but I couldn't talk.

"You fainted." Nop said, as if he could read my mind. "Stop starving yourself." He continued and I just look at him, still confused.

"You starved yourself too much, that's why you fainted." He explained again and I nod.

"The doctor already checked your vitals, you're okay now, but you still need to go to a clinic after this to get a better check-up." He told me, and I couldn't answer him, my throat feels rough and trying to talk makes it a little sorer.

Afternoon came and all I did the whole day is sleep and eat. I'm beginning to enjoy being Vegas' mate here in the mansion for I'm not doing anything, and the staffs are actually serving me food and assistance. I feel spoiled.

"Damn, you're eating that alone?" Macau commented after entering the room and laying his eyes on me and my one liter of ice cream, he sat on the couch across the bed.

"I'm a heavy eater Macau." I replied stuffing a spoonful in my mouth.

"Yeah I know, but damn Pete, that's a lot of sweets."

"I haven't eaten since yesterday, what do you want?" I said,

feeling irritated as I roll my eyes at him.

"And now you're eating the whole day." he teased, grinning. But then his expressions changed as he looks at me. His eyes turning wide, his mouth agape.

"What?" I asked, confused as I look at him.

"What if you're –"

"Wait, I have to go" I interrupted him, the grin on my face fading away when I remember I'm here to work. *Fuck.* I took my earphones out and look for my phone. I hurriedly get off from the bed and pushed the icecream on Macau's hands as I went straight out of the room.

"Where are you going?" Macau asked.

"Out." I replied before closing the door behind me. The pain in my head is still there, guess I have to go see Jean while setting my phone to connect to the device.

We're in a room and I am sitting on the bed as I watch Jean stare at me open-mouthed. She crossed her arms and pinch the bridge of her nose as she lets out a long sigh.

"It's only been two- or three-months Pete since your first heat, and we haven't met since and now you're telling me you have a mate?" She said, her hands waving in the air as she talks to me. "And you're having these weird symptoms lately?" Her voice is getting higher, she's mad and I just gave her a forced smile.

"Don't get mad, okay? I'm getting nervous." I said, trying to calm her down. Panic already creeping in my system, a lot of what ifs are pouring down on me one after another.

"And you stopped taking it? I meant, the medicine that your new doctor gave you? You know –"

"Correction, I forgot." I interrupted her and she threw me a glare.

"You *forgot."* She repeated, putting much emphasis on the last word. I nod, slowly. "For three days, you *forgot* taking it?"

I flushed, feeling so embarrassed as I look at her.

"Yes." I answered, quietly as I look at my fingers fidgeting on my lap.

"When was this again?" she asked, her lips forming a thin line as she waited for my answer. I look at her and take a long breath before answering.

"Like, two weeks ago?" I said, my voice getting smaller.

"You're in so much danger Pete." She warned me.

"I know that, that's why I went here and not to my new doctor." I feel so foolish.

"You could be pregnant." She says matter-of factly. And I feel like the world breaks away from my feet. Chilling fear shoots up my

body, I can a feel a lump forming at the back of my throat, crawling up making me feel sick.

A machine where my blood was tested suddenly beeped, spitting out a small piece of paper making a weird shrieking sound as it does. We both look at it, my heart pounding in my chest as I watch Jean get the small paper and read it. I can't breathe. *Please no. Please no. Shit. Shit. Shit.*

I watch her take a deep breath then place the paper on her lap as she raised her eyes to me, expressionless. It took her a long ass five seconds before she started to speak.

"Pete, your results are positive."

Fuck.

No. no. no.

Vegas will kill me.

Vegas

The man jumped awake, tired, bloodshot eyes wondered aimlessly in the dark cold room. He stood up, feeling the chains on his wrists and feet slide across the metal floor making an unnerving sound as he moves. He squints his eyes trying to see his surroundings clearly. Darkness. The smell of sweat and blood lingers the dusty air.

He shifts his body to the right, bones and muscles screaming in pure pain with his sudden movement. He opened his mouth to scream but the effort only tore its way out of his throat, ripping his vocal cords, stinging air hurting his dry lips, broken ribs puncturing his chest as he takes slow aching breaths. He's been here for too long, maybe days? A week? He was with three other investors here before, but all of them were dead now, and he knows he's next.

He can hear shuffling... no, footsteps from the outside. Faint. Maybe far away from where he is, but its getting louder as they come near. His body instinctively stepping back until his shoulder blades bump into a hard metal wall, he slid along it until he feels like he's reached the corner of the room. Chains rattling, echoing in his ears as he moves.

A loud clank rang out infront of him and he sucked in a startled breath. He didn't move, eyes getting wider as he stares ahead of him. A straight light appeared across him, and the man watched as it expanded. A heavy grating sound can be heard as doors are being forced open. After being in the darkness for so long, the sudden light stabbed his eyes; looking away, his hand placed over his face.

He peaked through the spaces between his fingers, seeing a familiar figure of a man walking lazily towards him. Chest exposed in his red longsleeves, the color turning darker with the light behind his back. He watches him throw the cigarette to the floor as

his right foot step on it, and then their eyes met. Sharp gaze meeting his.

"Please let me go." The man pleaded as he press his body firmly on the wall, A tremor of panic vibrated in his core, he can't move, his bones broken, muscles sore and he can now see the long gashes of wounds and bruises all over his body because of the light coming from the open doors. Dark pool of liquid scattered on the floor, maybe blood? Is that his blood? He didn't know.

Vegas started walking, coming closer, like death is finally in front of him, his steps beat the painstakingly slow rhythm of a burial march. The man knew in an instant he's going to die, and its not going to be easy. He drew in a ragged breath after another, eyes never leaving the strong gaze of the predator in front of him. The stuffy air invaded his mouth as he inhaled deeply, causing him to gag. How hadn't he noticed this before? The metallic scent of blood mixed with the stench of some flesh decaying, the smell forcing its way down his throat and lodging in his lungs. Stinging, as if he could almost taste it.

"Still so sure you're not giving me answers?" Vegas smirked at the man as he let out his hand behind him, Nop rapidly lending the baseball bat to his boss.

Vegas take a few steps closer to the quivering man, eyes hooded as he stares at how pathetic looking their victim is. His face is dripping with blood, bruises covering almost half his face and eyes, long gashes littering his torso, some wounds seem already infected, and the smell of rust and sweat in vile pungency smothers his senses and suffocates his breath.

"Kill me already." The man spats at Vegas, voice hoarse and his breaths are slow, blood dripping down his chin from the slice on his lips.

"You know I won't." Vegas' voice is deep and husky. "You're not dying. Not until you give me an answer."

It's a threat, the man knew Vegas wouldn't let him die until he gets what he wants. He's so sure this monster would even drag him back to life just so he could torture him again and again.

"Ready?" Vegas grin, panic shoots up the man's spine, cold chills traveling down his skin, his breathing fast and unsteady. And without any warning, the baseball bat hits the man's right leg raw and hard. A lance of pain shot through his body, he cried out, the impact dizzying him for a moment. Then another hit, this time the bat landed flat on his wounded stomach, his eyes closed in pain as he lets out another cry. A long string of blood slipped from his lip, and he spit on the ground, his saliva holding a dark pigment of crimson.

"God save me!" he blurted out as another hit landed on his body, this time hitting a bone on his ribs. He cried, then a soft, grim chuckle can be heard, echoing inside the room as Vegas clutched onto his stomach, laughing. The devil is laughing.

"He won't save you." Vegas said, placing the bat over his shoulder. "Because God is not real." He managed to say in between his laughs, he wipes a tear from his left eye as he gave the man a long sharp gaze. "You should be begging me to spare your life instead." He added, a glint of amusement visible in his dark eyes as he smirks.

And the beating continued to the point where the man is now lying on the floor, eyes still open but no sounds coming out of his mouth as Vegas continues the brutal torture on the man's body.

"Sir, stop." Nop interrupted as he places a hand over his boss' shoulder. Vegas then stopped his movements, his breathing heavy, his eyes dark with rage, and violence creeping up his system that he badly wants to let it control him. How he wanted this monster inside him take over completely. Its tempting, *really tempting*. But he stopped. Staring at the bloodied man lying on the cold floor.

"For the last time," Vegas crouched on the floor looking at the man's face, dark bruises and gashes covered his forehead down to his jaw, his breathing slow-- almost gone, blood dripping down his nose and mouth, eyes swollen. "Who's behind all these shits." Vegas continued, pointing a gun over the man's forehead.

The man gave him one last look before closing his eyes as if finally accepting his fate, he took a long deep breath as voice finally reached his throat. "Your father." He answered followed by a loud bang echoing inside the room. A gaping hole in the middle of the man's forehead as Vegas stood up, leaving the lifeless body to Nop.

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I'm actually contemplating whether I will make this chapter the same as my first plot or completely change it. But I'm too lazy to change it so yeah. I will always thank all of you for reading.
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Chapter 16: Salvation

Before saving anyone else, I want you to be saved first
- Tokyo Ghoul
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I stare at Jean, my world collapsing around me, I couldn't move, and everything is crumbling down. I feel like my heart suddenly stops and I couldn't breathe properly, as if the room has run out of air and it became so much smaller, walls pressing against me. My world splits into halves just below my feet.

No.

A baby. A fucking baby.

No.

I don't want that.

Fuck.

Vegas would definitely kill us both.

"Here Pete, drink some water." Jean offered; I reached out and take the glass with shaky hands and let the water run a taste of coldness down my dry throat. "You're very pale, Pete." She commented I was about to place the glass on the table beside me, but it slipped from my hands. I stare at it as it falls to the ground, a soft crash can be heard as the glass breaks into pieces. And that's when I get to look at how shaky my hands are, and my eyes are getting blurry. *Am I crying?* I don't know what the hell is happening to me anymore.

"Why are you so scared, Pete?" Jean asked softly as she looks at me. She stood up and walks toward me, wrapping her slender arms around my shoulders, giving me a soft pat on my head. And we stayed like that for minutes, I'm glad I have a friend like her.

"May I know why you're so scared?" She asked again as she lets go of me. Her round dark-brown eyes filled with so much concern.

"I'm just in such a very complicated situation." I replied. A very complicated one. Thinking about it, why did I let myself end up in this mess? Why did I even let Vegas into my life? Why did I let all of these happen to me?

"May I know when? I mean, I -" I stutter, I've had so much in my mind yet my mouth couldn't say a single word. My voice is barely audible. My mind is racing.

"Between two to three weeks." She answered.
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Two to three weeks? Vegas would be really furious.

"I thought Recessive Omegas can't get pregnant?" I managed to say, my voice shaky, still couldn't believe of what's happening right now.

"Its *rare* for them to get pregnant, but that doesn't mean they won't." Jean explained, I nod, bewildered. "Plus, your mate is a Dominant Alpha, Pete." She continued, letting me realize everything on my own. *Fuck.*

I buried my face in my hands as I exhale a long-exasperated breath. Jean wraps her arms around me once again as I sob quietly. This can't be happening. Why did I allow this to happen to me? This shouldn't happen. What about my job? What about that secret I've been using ever since I started working? Fuck, what if Porsche knew about this? How would they treat me if they knew that I lied to them? Mr. Kinn would hate me. What about Vegas and me? Will he hurt me? Will he hurt us? I squirmed at the thought. Instinctively my hands sweep down to rest protectively over my belly. Warm tears running down my cheeks. *What am I going to do?*

"Jean, I'm scared." I cried, and she pulled me closer to her, tapping my back, comforting me.

After calming down a bit, Jean talked to me about the dos and don'ts, which happened so fast and I was just standing there in a daze, barely listening. I'm still in shock. This is too soon - far too soon and I keep on thinking how am I going to tell Vegas about this. Should I call him now? Should I go back to the Minor Family's mansion and talk to him? Or maybe later tonight? Just a thought of him getting mad can stir a sense of panic and fear rising inside me. I don't know what to do anymore.

I went straight to a coffee shop after my check-up, I sit at the farthest corner and let the smell of coffee invade my nose. It's soothing me somehow. I was about to stand up to order when my phone ring. I took it out from my back pocket and look at its screen. My eyes went wide seeing the caller ID flashing on it. It was Vegas. Panic swelled inside me, making it hard to breathe. Hot tears forming at the corner of my eyes as my heart pounds loudly in my chest, I look around and I feel like the air has been sucked out of the room, my chest tight, I couldn't breathe. Then the ringing stopped, and I stare at my phone, blinking, a single tear flow down my cheek and I wiped it aggressively with my left hand.

Yet my phone rang again, making me jump. Vegas. I took a long deep breath while closing my eyes as I click answer. Suddenly, everything went quiet and the only thing I can hear is my beating heart and my ragged breathing.

"Vegas." I said, my voice almost a whisper.

"Where are you?" He asked, somewhat irritated.

"Out." I replied.

"Yeah, I know." He answered, I can feel from here how he's forcing himself to calm down. "Where are you exactly?" He repeated. Voice much darker. I shivered.

"I'm at a coffee shop just around the area." I said, then silence. A long deafening silence, I can already hear my shaky breathing against my phone.

"Are you okay?" He suddenly asked, taking me by surprise. *Is he concerned about me now?* A thought of maybe, just maybe, he wouldn't get mad at me that much if he knew about my situation?

"I'm fine."

When will I tell him? Should I tell him now? Over the phone? It's safer this way because I'm away from him. Or later? Maybe later? I'm still not ready to tell him now. I ran a hand harshly through my hair as I exhaled a long breath. And then a repetitive tone can be heard at the other end of the line. He hanged up on me, I blink twice as I stare at my phone.

I walked to the counter and ordered a Café Mocha and went back to my chair, I took my headset to listen to the recorded audio, something that would make me stop from thinking about this living thing inside me. I groaned as I plunged the earbuds into my ears and click play on my screen and waited. A static sound can be heard for a couple of minutes, and I keep pressing skip, listening intently until something caught my attention.

"We should tell Mr. Kinn, Sir." It was Nop.

"No. Not yet, because this means the Minor Family is betraying them." Vegas answered firmly.

"But Sir, aren't you putting everyone in danger?"

They seem somehow arguing, *about what? Are they betraying Mr. Kinn?*

"Kinn's father will start a war if he knows this, regardless of knowing who's involved and who's not." Vegas said, then silence and a lot of shuffling can be heard in the audio. "Arrange Macau's travel, he needs to stay away from here." Vegas talked again.

"Copy sir." Nop replied.

"And I don't give a fuck if they finish every person in this shitty mansion, just make sure I better be the one killing my father." I can feel Vegas' remorse from here, a loud bang from the door were heard before the audio went quiet.

I pressed stop, then remove my headset from my ears. I drop my head between my hands, slightly pulling my hair out of frustration. It's Vegas' father. The person we are looking for is Mr. Gun. And how will I be able to tell this information to Mr. Kinn without

endangering him and Macau?

My head is starting to hurt again from all this thinking, everything is happening too fast and it's all too much. I want to talk to Vegas about this but I can't. I can't just let him know that I spied on him, and I can't tell Mr. Kinn about this audio clip, it will harm Vegas and Macau.

"Fuck." I cursed under my breath.

I raised my head and my eyes landed on the EXIT door. A figure I've known for the past months have entered the store. He was with a lot of bodyguards, and they were walking towards me. I stood up, my chair creaking against the floor, few heads turned to my direction, but I couldn't care less. I look at Nop and how he keeps his expressionless gaze on me.

"Pete." He said.

"Why? Why are you all here?" I asked trying to calm the panic building inside me.

"I was instructed by Mr. Vegas to bring you back to the mansion." He answered, his eyes remained impassive.

"And what are all these bodyguards around me for?" I raised an eyebrow at him as I look at them one by one. There are 5, including Nop.

He didn't give me an answer, instead he just moved to his left to make way for me.

"I'm only doing this because I trust you Nop." I said to him, and I mean it.

I walked out of the shop, five bodyguards behind me. Am I really going back to the mansion? I still don't know how I would face Vegas. I don't know what would happen to me if he knew about my situation and that I spied on him, just the thought of him knowing already making my heart beats so loud. Thoughts wildly running in my head, and it's making me anxious. Then suddenly, breathing seems so difficult to do.

I followed Nop inside the SUV while the others get into a different service car. I exhaled a deep breath as I sit beside Nop.

"Vegas never asked you to pick me up, so what's happening now?" I asked him, my eyes looking ahead as I feel him start the engine.

"I'm just following my boss's instructions." He replied blatantly.

Something seems odd, but I remained quiet. I can't do stupid things now, there's an innocent life inside me so I have to be careful.

As we get near the mansion, the heavy feeling in my throat keeps growing, gripped by a creeping cold and a deep sense of foreboding. Vegas would be really mad, I know, but how much and how far? Everytime I close my eyes I can see his furious face. How scary his

whole being when he's mad. I wrap my arms around me trying to shake off the fear whenever I remember his sharp gaze and frightening voice.

Nop pulled up outside and I leap out, heading into the mansion. I stand and stare at the doors for a couple of seconds before opening. I stepped inside and Nop followed but I let him walk infront of me, leading the way. My heart pounding at every second that passes and how we are getting nearer to Vegas' office until we stop infront of it and my heart sunk at the pit of my stomach.

We entered the office, Nop stepping to the right side making me see the entire room, I was greeted by Porsche's face. My eyebrows furrowed at him as I start to look around, and there on the office table is Vegas talking to Mr. Kinn.

A soft thud was heard when the doors shut closed behind me making me flinched, heads turning towards my direction. I met Mr. Kinn's eyes first and then Vegas'.

What is happening?

"May I know what's happening?" I asked, my steps echoing in my ears as I walk to them. The air feels thick and heavy - suffocating, I can feel the tension inside the room creeping on my skin. The pounding of my heart feels sickening, and a lot of questions are running inside my head, I can't think.

I am now standing infront of Vegas and Mr. Kinn when the latter started to talk.

"What's your relationship with Vegas, Pete?" he asked grimly, and I take in a sharp breath as I look at Vegas whose right shoulder is now resting on the white wall, arms crossed, dark eyes glaring as he faces us.

"What do you mean, sir?" I said, my throat feels dry, and I can feel my heart loud in my head making me dizzy. *I can't think.*

But Mr. Kinn didn't answer, he just left my question there floating in mid-air, and the dreadful rhythm of wanting to know tortured me more. I look around, trying to understand the situation, there are bodyguards here from both families. Porsche is here too standing a few feet behind Mr. Kinn; Nop adjacent to Porsche on Vegas' side. And they're all looking at me. Waiting. Aside from Vegas, who is glaring mad at Mr. Kinn. I want to stand near him so he wouldn't do anything impulsive, but I couldn't move.

Mr. Kinn slid a couple of photos across the table to me and my eyes landed on it directly. My chest tightens, the panic I've been trying to hold back is now spreading through my whole body, fast. Blood pounding in my ears, my hands shaking, and I get weak on my knees as I look at the photos. Photos of me and Vegas.

I took them to my hands, there are three - no, five photos of us.

One is at the bar where we were seen kissing at the counter, his hands on my waist, my arms around his neck. The other three are just us talking in the main house, but the last one. It was shot here. Outside Vegas' office, it was taken across the hall, a few meters away. Vegas' back was on the camera's view, but my face was seen, and my eyebrows furrowed at my sudden thought; is someone stalking us?

"Explain these all to me, Pete." Mr. Kinn said again with a firm voice, and I raise my head to him, meeting his gaze. I didn't answer.

"Take Pete. We're going back to the mansion." Mr. Kinn instructed and the bodyguards from the main family started to move, I stepped back, my heart beating loudly. And in a brief moment, Vegas' back is infront of me, his right hand pointing a gun to a bodyguard - ready to shoot, making everyone stop.

"I dare you to touch him, I swear I'll shoot a bullet on everyone's head here." Vegas warned, I can see him breathing heavy trying to control his own temper. "We will talk here." He said darkly, anger visible in his voice.

"Drop your gun Vegas." Mr. Kinn warned trying to calm Vegas down.

"Not until you tell me what is this all about." He said in a gravely undertone his voice brimming with hostility, I need to act. Fast before something bad happen. I stepped forward but his other arm immediately blocked me from getting infront of him stopping me on my tracks. I threw him a look before pushing his hand to the side making him turn his head on me.

I gave him a reassuring look and I watch as his expression lightly softens, his eyes remained dark but I can still see the gentleness on his gaze. And that's when I realized that I'm willing to give up everything for this person. I will fight for him, and I trust him more than anyone else in this room.

I look at Mr. Kinn after taking a deep breath. Everything feels quiet. Everyone is waiting. I can hear my own heartbeat loud and clear, my thoughts jumbled in my head, my palms sweating cold.

"I'm an Omega and Vegas is my mate."

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Sorry for updating late, a lot of things happened T.T
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Chapter 17: PAIN

And perhaps it is the greatest grief, after all be left on earth when another is gone.

- The Song of Achilles

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TW: Violence

The room never felt this heavy before, as if a strong pressure is pushing us all down, yet I feel so light somehow. My heartbeat remains loud in my ears, but I can breathe.

"Are you saying that you're the mole?" Porsche asked from behind Mr. Kinn, concern visible on his face as he looks at me.

"No. I will never betray the Main Family." I said firmly.

"Then why –"

"I instructed you to spy on Vegas, and now you're telling me that you're his mate?" Mr. Kinn hisses. "You lied to us? You're an omega?" he continued; our eyes locked. My feet run cold at the mention of it, and the heavy feeling in my chest vice grips my throat once again.

"You what?" Vegas snapped; he's now pointing his gun to Mr. Kinn making all the bodyguards from the main family point their guns to him. He is breathing hard, his other hand clenching on the collar of Mr. Kinn's shirt.

"Vegas!" I yelled, trying to calm him down, I tried to touch his arms but he harshly shoved me away, I stumbled backwards my hands instantly grabbing the wall so I wouldn't fall down as my back hit against it, I winced at the impact.

"Then explain!" Vegas' voice boomed inside the room shattering the quiet before it, the rage rumbling out of his chest, his dark eyes almost dangerous as he threw me a glare. The room went silent. I could only hear my own heart pounding in my ears. Cold sweat trickling down my forehead, my legs weak.

"You spied on me." Vegas said through gritted teeth, disdain apparent in his voice. "Of course, you'd do that." He continued, taking slow steps until he's now standing infront of me. His eyes dark and glaring, a small smirk tucked at the corner of his mouth, his jaw tensed making me inhale two sharp breaths, I can't move.

"I'm the head bodyguard of the Main Family before anything else, Vegas." I answered him with the calmest voice I could ever muster,
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and he laughed coldly. It echoed gravely in the room, his laugh sending chilling shivers up my spine, crawling down my skin. He took another step and he's now so close to me, the fear inside spreading wildly in my veins as I stare at his ominous dark eyes.

"Sure, you are." He said, his glare stabbing an intense pain in my chest. I can already feel his pheromones thick and heavy inside the room making me feel even more frightened. Letting every single person in here realize that he's mad and dangerous. Sending me a feeling like I'm floating helplessly in the middle of the ocean without any idea of what danger will resurface beneath me.

"But I didn't use you if that's what you're thinking." I said to him.

"I don't fucking care if you're using me or not Pete." He growled, eyes dark. "You will never get a hold of me that way." He continued, his right hand grabbed my jaw, fingers digging on my cheeks as he glares at me, and I wanted to quiver in fear. "But the fact that the both of you are doing all these shits behind my back, pisses me off." His grip around my throat got tighter, I squirmed at the pain as his nails dig deeper on my skin.

"Sir." Nop said firmly, placing a hand over Vegas' shoulder. Vegas then immediately let go of me. I touched my cheeks as I feel the sting from his grip lingers on my face.

"Vegas." Mr. Kinn said trying to get Vegas' attention. "Can both of you explain. Now."

Vegas sharply turned towards Mr. Kinn, facing him. Both their pheromones are getting thick in the air, but Vegas' are more foreboding – frightening.

"Stop fucking bullshitting me Kinn." Vegas snarled, his voice rough and low. "You think I have time plotting shits against your family?" Vegas took another step closer, his entire presence screams hostility. Both of them not backing down. "Don't make me laugh." He scoffed before turning away.

"Help them out, Nop." Vegas instructed as he closed the doors behind him with a loud bang making me jump. Yet somehow the air suddenly becomes breathable. As if a lot of us in the room have been holding our own breath for a long time.

I look at Mr. Kinn, who's now pinching the bridge of his nose, his other hand placed on his waist as he thinks.

"He didn't betray you, sir." I said softly. Mr. Kinn raised his head, his features were hard as he looked at me, reading my expression. I took out a flashdrive from my pocket and handed it to him. I transferred the audio clip from my phone here along the way from the coffee shop. He took it from me and examined it. "He will never betray you." I said again. Vegas may seem like he would because he can, but one thing I've noticed about him is that he's true to his

words. and I've witnessed how he worked with the Main Family for years, he is manipulative, violent, yes; but he would never betray Mr. Kinn.

"I'm resigning." I told him and the room went silent. All heads turned to me, wide eyes with a lot of questions plastered on their faces. "If I'm making you doubt, then I don't deserve this position as the Head bodyguard anymore." I continued as I took out my pin and hand it to Mr. Kinn. He looks at my hand before shifting his eyes back at me. And that's when I know he understands. He doesn't need to say anything to me as he took the pin from my hands.

"I know you've thought about this a lot, before telling me." He said, his eyes soft as he stares at the pin on his hand.

"Pete." Porsche whispered from behind, his eyes glinting with so much pain and worry as he looks at me. I smiled at him softly.

"I already lied to you about who I am." I said to Mr. Kinn, almost choking at my words. "I know I don't deserve it, but I will still ask for your forgiveness, sir." I continued, bowing my head once again. "And this time I wanted to be real, and I'm choosing him, so please accept my resignation."

The room is so silent, I can hear my heart beat loud and clear in ears, almost deafening. And I remained looking down, trying so hard not to cry as a lump rise up my throat.

I felt him pat my shoulder softly and I raise my head to look at him. "Go, talk to that jerk for me." Mr. Kinn said, and I give him one last bow before leaving everyone in the room without looking back.

I am doing all these without knowing if he's willing to do the same to me. It's as if I'm standing on the edge of a cliff holding his hand, a thought of will he let go of me and watch me fall or will he pull me towards him; dance around my mind. Does he ever see me as a person? Does he ever see me at all? Or I'm still a toy for him that he's not tired of yet?

And I'm finally letting go of the job I've been taking so much care of for the past decade. I'm letting go of the people I've been protecting for more than half of my life. My footsteps are heavy, but this is the path I'm choosing. I can't choose both, I know that. Sooner or later, I need to choose between work and him. And I know I don't deserve my title anymore for I lied about who I am. And I don't want to keep living with lies anymore. I want to be real this time. At least I want Vegas to know this, whether he would accept me or not.

I take a deep breath as I entered his room; broken glass, vases, upturned table, books, and papers on the floor greeted me. The room is dark as I look for Vegas, and I see him standing near the veranda, a thin line of smoke floating in the air from his cigarette.

The shade of dusk from the outside sky darkened his silhouette. I walk to him.

"Vegas?" I said almost a whisper, yet he didn't look at me. My steps echoed as I move closer, gentle breeze from the open windows flowing inside the room, sending a cold chill run up across and through on the back of my neck.

"What are you doing to me, Pete?" He said, voice quiet as he faced me and I immediately looked at his eyes. Anger still evident in his glare but there's also sadness in it, as if it hurts him so much when he looks at me. I stood frozen.

"I shouldn't be feeling like this with what you did, yet –." He stopped. He ran a hand through his hair, closing his eyes and taking a deep sharp breath. And when he opened them again, his frightening demeanor is back. I tried to steady my breathing as I watch him move closer to me. Slowly, his every step brought a hammering pound to my heart. His eyes so dark, glaring – dominating, making my whole body quiver in fear.

"Why do you affect me this much, Pete?" His voice low as he stood inches from me, my breathing heavy and his stare makes me feel frozen in place. I felt the coldness of his fingertips on my cheeks, softly caressing my skin and I almost stopped breathing. He's so close, nose gently touching mine. My lips parted as I try to steady the loud thumping of my heart.

"I'm sorry." I breathed, and his eyes swiftly looked into mine just as sharp as his glare. I can't help but gasped at their intensity. "I just wanted to protect you –" I winced when his fingers circled around my throat, pressing, suffocating me.

"Oh? But I don't need you protecting me, Pete." Vegas growled, his grip getting tighter around my neck. "You're just my mate. Nothing more." His words brought a stinging pain in my chest, the tears immediately burning at the corner of my eyes as I look at him. "You're getting so ahead of yourself lately."

And my tears roll down, the words are like knives stabbing a bloody hole in my chest, it echoed in my ears and suddenly it's all I could ever hear. Repeating the pain from each word it carries again and again. I can feel warm tears down my cheeks as I stare at him. I don't even know what to act or what to say. A tidal wave of emotions came crushing on me, hitting me hard, making the knives pushed even deeper into my flesh. Hurting me more.

His fingers tightened around my throat making me gagged as his intense glare weakened every bone in my body, his pheromones heavy in the air dominating me. Every nerve in my system burned with fear, his eyes consuming every strength I have. I can hear the fast, dragging beat of my heart, my mind getting blank as I feel his

nails dig deeper. I couldn't breathe.

"Vegas... it hurts." I managed to say as I try to remove his hand from my neck. I can feel my head ringing, air almost leaving my body as I clutch onto his shirt begging to let me breathe. His eyes went wide for a brief moment as he lets go of me, and I ended up coughing, heaving, trying so hard to put air into my lungs. Tears blurring my vision, I can feel my blood pounding in my ears.

"I'm sorry." His voice is quiet, his gaze seemed gentle as he looks at me. "I'm so sorry, Pete." He said again as he tried to get near me. His hand reaching out.

I stepped back.

And that hurts him. I can see it clearly in his eyes, how his glare turned into a longing pain. For a second there, he looks panicked. And I wanted to shout at his face right at that moment. I wanted to throw things, to yell painful words back at him, to hurt him the same way he was hurting me now. I want to make him feel miserable because that's what he's doing to me. I wish my words are as destructive as how his words destroyed me.

"What am I to you, Vegas?" I half screamed, am I fighting a senseless fight for him? Is he destroying me or am I destroying myself?

"You're so unfair. So unfair." I cried softly, and he walks towards me his hand reaching out and I let him. He touched my arm and gently pulled me towards him as my tears continued to fall. He pulled me closer until I feel the warmth of his body against mine.

"Pete, please look at me." Vegas' voice is gentle, soothing as he places both his hands on my cheeks making me raise my head to look at him. "I'm sorry." He said again, his eyes searching for assurance in mine. I didn't answer.

"Pete, please say something." He said in desperation, our foreheads touching.

I rest my hands on top of his, his thumb gently caressing my cheek. I look up to him tears in my eyes as I remove his hands away from my face. A slight frown creased in his forehead; his eyes are searching for something as he looks at me. I awkwardly wiped the tears with the sleeves of my sweatshirt and take a long deep breath.

"I chose you, Vegas. I'm yours." I tell him and I know it's the assurance that he's been wanting to hear from me, I can see how his body relaxed upon hearing my words. But I keep my stare at him, firm and strong. "But, can you even say it back to me?" I spoke. I just want a proper answer from him at least that I have the right to know.

His eyes are wide, breathing heavy as he looks at me. It's fear. It's in his eyes. *Is it so hard to say?*

"Pete, please." He said, almost pleading. I can't believe Vegas is begging in front of me. Scared and looking so lost *because of me.*

"Vegas I'm pregnant." I finally said it, and I watched as blood drained from his face. He stood frozen in front of me. My fingers buried in my palms, my heart hammering my ribcage.

"You're what?" He said in disbelief. I take another deep breath, I can feel how the atmosphere changing, becoming so suffocating and heavy. His pheromones clouding the room once again, dark and menacing but I can't let him win.

"Will you still act this desperate after knowing that?" A tear started to fall once again, every drop is pain. Every trace of it on my cheeks is me hurting. I'm breaking in front of him and he's just standing. I'm losing myself and he's the reason why.

"If you can't really answer, can I go?" Staying with him hurts, but being away from him will hurt more, I know. But his silence brought so much pain in me. He can't answer me, and its more than enough to shatter me into pieces.

His hand brushed harshly through his hair, pulling at it as he does. He's pacing aimlessly in the room. Thinking. And I watch him.

"Fuck, Pete." He cursed in frustration. Emotions are both overwhelming us, and I feel like I'm drowning by it.

"Since when?" He asked, taking a deep breath as he tries to calm himself.

"Two to three weeks." I told him and I feel like I'm walking on a thin line that is about to break any minute now.

"Your medicines? Did you forget?!" His voice is getting louder, thundering inside the room and I can't help but flinched as it rattles me. I can't answer him.

"How could you be so stupid?!" he yelled, and before I could process anything, my hand landed on his face. A loud slap silenced the room. He immediately grabbed me by the wrist, his dark eyes menacing as he looks at me. Both of us breathing hard, and I am shaking so bad maybe from fear? Anger? Pain? I can't tell.

"Please just let me go." I told him, pulling my hand away from his grip. Before he could say anything, I was already out of his room. The fear of him out of my life scares me and I know I will carry this fear for the rest of my life as I stepped out of the mansion without looking back. It's better this way.

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I'm so sorry for not updating regularly. It's really hard to write this chapter. T.T I really pounded my brain for this and its so short so apologies again. Hahaha.

I just have a few notes, the characters aren't perfect (obviously)
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so please don't expect them to be nice with each other. Tho I really held back from making it so toxic that's why it took me weeks erasing and revising. Anw, I hope you understand their character flow. Thank you for reading!

Chapter 18: Fatal

"We are each our own devil, and we make this world our hell."
— Oscar Wilde

Vegas

Vegas is awake in the dead of the night for the fourth or fifth night in a row now. He keeps seeing his face – Pete's face, covered in tears, pain and hatred visible through his eyes. Hatred towards him. He can even see him in his dreams, how tears are running over his cheeks uncontrollably, the sound of his cries echoing in a tunnel of muffled voices, and he wanted to pull him into his arms. He wanted to touch him and hold him close but everytime he tries to reach out, Pete was gone, like a smoke drawn to the wind and he would wake up feeling completely and utterly destroyed. Enough to make him stay collapsed; wide eyed on the bed for an unknowingly amount of time.

How did he end up this way? He thought. His life is already miserable, even calling it that way would be an understatement, but this is the first time he felt the misery in it. He's so used of how things should be in his life; control, dominance, assertion, that he has never thought being left alone once again could feel this empty. He's been living in the darkness for so long but why is it this is the only time he's recognized what darkness looks like? It's weight pushing on him, its silence sounds so sinister, haunted, was it always like this before?

His eyebrows creased, getting up from the bed taking a box of cigarette from the bedside table as he walks towards the veranda. He lit one stick and inhales deeply, closing his eyes, letting the coldness of the night numb his entire body. Usually, cold nights like this can halt all his unwanted thoughts and feelings from creeping up into his consciousness but not tonight. It was all there, lurking at the back of his mind up to the front, one thought after another. Again and again, like the constant ticking of the clock echoing inside his room. Constant. Not missing a beat. When was the last time these thoughts have left him alone entirely? Ah, with Pete.

Pete is warm. His warmth allows him to stop and think – its as if Pete can let all of Vegas' hushed thoughts come to the surface of his mind, which for the first time – isn't scaring him. Unlike now, no matter how hard he tries, his mind keeps on wandering off until it

goes deeper into his thoughts that he's been trying so hard to hide, no matter how hard he struggles to shove it away, it was still there – Pete crying in front of him; *because of him*. And it brought a stinging pain in his chest once again. Every passing day without him feels like a huge force is somehow forcefully taking away what's only left in him. He is losing more of himself than he already has. That alone terrifies him the most.

I can't end up like my father. He thought.

I can't.

I won't.

A loud ringing sound disturbs the quiet of the night. Vegas pressed his cigarette on his wooden ashtray now acknowledging the coldness of the night when a chilling breeze touches his bare torso. He takes in a deep breath as he took out his phone. He answered it and waited for the person from the end of the line to say something.

"He doesn't do much after my last report yesterday afternoon, sir." Nop begun reporting. "He went out of his apartment to buy some things around 5pm; Porsche met him at the mall. After that, he just stayed in his apartment until now."

Vegas checked the clock from his room, its 2:30am. "How was he?"

"How?" Nop asked in confusion. The bodyguard is pretty sure he already told his boss what Pete has been doing the entire day.

"Is he okay?" Vegas' voice is quiet, he longed for Pete he has to admit that. Ever since Pete walked into his life, he's been occupying his thoughts for a good amount of time since. And now that he has left, he has also left these unfamiliar emotions in him he never thought he could ever feel. He yearned for him; the greed he's been dreading to control sometimes feels so unbearable. And this, receiving updates from Nop to know what he's been doing, to know where he's going, who is he meeting; at first it was enough, but it didn't last long. He needs to see him. He needs touch him. He needs to hold him. *Now*. Fuck Porsche for telling him that Pete needs time. He's been giving him time for the past days and he's so sure he will lose his mind if he keeps waiting for a bit longer than this.

He wanted to know what he feels right now, is he still mad at him? How is he and his child? The child. *Damn.* This is the first time something doesn't go as planned, he got Pete knocked up and he's going to be a parent.

How funny is that? He thought.

What kind of father he could possibly be? He is broken, he is twisted, he is empty. How can he give anything to a child when he couldn't even give any to Pete or to himself? Fear. He never thought fear could be this suffocating. The fear of completely losing Pete

and the fear of being a father. What if he ended up like his old man?

"He seems okay sir." Nop replied, pulling him back to present, away from his thoughts. He lets out a deep sigh, taking out another stick from the cigarette box. And he looks at it, getting pissed as he throws the whole box across the room. "His lights turned on just now." Nop continued over the line.

And he wanted to go to him now. It's tempting. But he stopped his self, the same way he's been stopping himself to go to him every single day. The same way he's been fighting this urge to kill James whenever he sees him in the Main Family's mansion, because Pete told him not to. Who would've thought he would end up this way? Doing whatever Pete wanted him to do, he already left so why does he still have this chokehold grip around him?

He can't function well, he needs Pete and he's aware of that. He's all he's been thinking about to the point that he couldn't do anything else anymore and it frustrates him to the core. If he could just drag him here and cage him and keep him to himself, he would do it. He's so close to doing it, to owning him like how he did before, to claim what has been his from the start, to own every part of him once again, but he didn't want to hurt Pete anymore. He couldn't bare seeing him hurt again, it would shatter him more than he is breaking now.

"Nop." He said as he went outside of his room. "Look after him for me."

The day went by so slowly, the meeting with Kinn started in the most tiring way possible. They need to act fast, Vegas knows that. Before his father decides to come back from an out-of-town meeting. The Main Family has a huge number of bodyguards and to also add his trusted people in his side, they will have the upper hand, they just have to plan it out perfectly.

The doors from across where Vegas is sitting opened, catching his attention as he looks up from the huge floor plan that's been spread across the table, revealing a tall man in a bodyguard's uniform. He gave a bow to everyone as he stands in the corner. The huge mahogany table between him and Vegas.

"Get him out." Vegas growled, and everyone in the room went quiet as he glares at the person who just entered the two huge doors.

"Who? James?" Kinn questioned as he looks at the person whose Vegas has been glaring at. But James didn't just stand there in the corner, he glared back at Vegas, a small wolfish grin forming at the corner of his mouth and its making Vegas' blood boils with anger even more.

He's been trying so hard to control himself lately especially when James has been provoking him almost every time he's in the Main mansion. He has killed James a hundred times in his head now, and for God's sake there's only this thin line stopping him from crossing over and firing a bullet into his mouth. But it's tempting. So tempting. *Just get the gun Vegas and fire. Fire a bullet on his chest, or to his neck? Maybe a hole on his head would look much fun? Come on. Do it.*

Do it.

Do it.

"James, out." Kinn instructed as he looks at Vegas, looking so grim and dangerous. And that made Vegas swim out of his dreadful thoughts and back to where he is now. Though his eyes never left James as he takes a respectful bow before leaving the room.

"Why are you so mad at him?" Kinn asked, smiling trying to calm the atmosphere of the room once again.

"Fuck off." Vegas growled as he leans back on his chair calming himself, Kinn chuckled as they continued where they have left off about the plan.

It was not a short while when the meeting ended, Vegas went out of the room before Kinn could even stop him. The dull light from the sunset shines along the corridors sipping through the trees and onto the floor creating a burning light along the way. He needs to call Macau then Nop. He needs to stay informed from them. Macau is leaving this afternoon, and Pete, well Nop should give him updates about him.

But his quiet thinking didn't last long when the anger in him spreads through his veins so suddenly when he took a turn by the end of the corridor. It boils in his blood, sparking the one last card that's keeping him calm as his eyes landed on James leaning on the wall. The tension spreading even from afar, so evident, despising each other to the utmost extreme.

"Mr. Vegas." James cooed, a grin visible on his face though he's not even trying to hide it. Vegas just walked towards him, glaring at him with an angered intensity. He decided not to answer him and was about to pass by James when the latter spoke again.

"I know where he is now. Pete, I mean." James teased and in a split second, Vegas is now strangling James against the wall, his eyes glaring, anger coursed through his veins, fury exploding over his mind and chest as he had him pinned, his hands gripped around James' collar. Vegas has no plan backing down, he was so ready to end him right there, right now. And he looked at him dead in his eyes, somehow enjoying his scared expression. He wasn't so tough now, was he?

"I need you to understand something here, James." Vegas said through clenched teeth, his voice so low and deep. "I will destroy you before you could even touch him." A horrific smile spreads across Vegas' face, oh he's enjoying this how fear is so visible on James' face as Vegas holds his gaze. "Trust me, you'll end up begging death to take you." It's not a warning, it's a threat and James knows that. He knows that too well, how this person in front of him could end him in a most miserable way possible. Vegas is such a dangerous Alpha, dominating even. He won't back down so easily and James knows that.

Vegas then dropped him, turning around leaving the bodyguard dumbfounded behind him. He can't kill James now, but he swears the next time he sees him, he'll cut off every limb he has, oh so slowly.

Vegas is now walking out of the mansion towards where he parked his car when his phone suddenly buzzes. He looks at it and answered it immediately.

"Why do I have to go?" Macau whined, and he couldn't help but to roll his eyes out of annoyance as he listens to his younger brother's rumblings over the line, his anger from before still hasn't completely subsided and now Macau is calling him.

"I don't want to repeat myself about this, Macau." Vegas warned, implying authority in his every word making his younger brother to stay quiet for a good couple of seconds. Vegas managed to open his car with one hand and slides inside when Macau talked again.

"But why is it so sudden? How about my graduation?" Vegas pressed a hand on his temple as he exhales sharply. He can now feel his temper close to breaking.

"Are you at the airport now?" Vegas asked, voice low and dark.

"And why am I with a lot of bodyguards? Its embarrassing. Why do you want me to go so suddenly? Can't you at least explain? Hello? Are you still there?" Macau doesn't seem to have any plans on answering his brother's questions as he continued to nag and whine from the other line.

"Are you at the airport now?" Vegas' voice is sharp as he repeated the question making his younger brother to stop talking once again.

"Yeah, on my way to the departure area." Macau replied.

"Good. Call me once you've landed." Vegas clicked end without waiting for his brother to answer. Throwing his phone on the passenger's seat as he starts the car. He's been over the edge these days, simple things annoys him so much, his temper these days are at the verge of breaking and people around him can feel that.

He doesn't know how long this could go on, Pete almost occupying his consciousness – his thoughts, even his dreams. He's

all he could ever think of while driving home, even now that he's alone in his office chair, mindlessly drinking his fourth glass of red wine. He's a mess, drowning himself with alcohol until the night deepens, until he pass out.

A thought of going out and fuck around crossed his mind a couple of times but he couldn't even step out of his goddamn office to even do it, he couldn't even try. Instead, he would just drink every alcohol he has until he feels numb, waiting for his brain to feel numb and to stop thinking about Pete for once. Yet it didn't happen, and it frustrates him so much.

A loud crash consumed the silence of the room as a glass hits the white wall and turned into shards of broken mess on the floor. Small fragments glinting under the dim light as Vegas stares at it, his elbows pressed on his knees, irritation visible on his face. How the hell he can't even get himself drunk? How can he stop the stabbing pain on his chest and the thoughts circling around his mind just for a brief moment? It's exhausting him.

He stood up from his seat and decided to go out not minding how its past midnight and that everyone might be sleeping right now. The cold breeze of the night greeted him as he started walking, his thoughts consuming him. And he doesn't know how he got here. It's as if every road there is, leads to Pete. Every fucking road. And he's now knocking on his door at one in the morning.

The lights lit up from the inside, but seconds passed. A minute, maybe two, now three, and the door finally opened up, showing Pete standing behind it. His heart ache at the sight of him, a wave of emotions swiftly drowned him as he stare at Pete. He realized how much he yearned for him, how he wanted to see him, how he wanted to touch him so bad. He needs Pete, he craves Pete, as if he's a part of him, half of his soul, half of who he is.

"Why are you here?" Pete said, his voice cold in disdain, pain in his eyes, the same pain he saw the day Pete walked out of his life.

"I'm sorry, Pete." Vegas pleaded, taking two steps closer towards Pete.

"Get out." Pete snarled. His initial instinct is to grab a gun behind him and point it towards Vegas. He's ready to shoot. Maybe ready to kill, or is he?

"I'm really sorry, Pete." Vegas repeated, taking another step, making Pete step back. The door closing behind Vegas with a soft thud.

"Stay away from me!" Pete yelled, trying to fight the weakness his body suddenly is feeling. "I'm so done with your games now, Vegas. So please stop." Pete pleaded, his hand reaching out to the table behind him as he tries to support his weight from his trembling

knees.

"Pete, please come back to me."

"Get the fuck out of my life!" Pete screamed, crying, his hands shaking as the gun fell down the floor. He feels weak, Vegas' presence makes him feel so weak. "I don't need you." It's a lie. Pete spent his days longing for him. The pain Vegas brought him, he couldn't live without it. He needs him the same way Vegas craves for him. And he's aware of that, so aware of that. For every part of him belongs to Vegas, he is breathing for Vegas, his body and soul are for Vegas.

The more he runs away, the more he yearned for him. The more he wanted to hate and curse him, the more he wanted to be close to him once again. Even this pain that he's feeling is for Vegas. The blood in his veins, the pounding of his heart, the tears in his eyes, everything belongs to him. *He* belongs to him.

"Pete, I need you." Vegas said in a quiet voice as he moves toward Pete, catching him before Pete hits the ground from crying so hard. "I need you more than anything else in the world Pete." He said pulling Pete into his arms. "I can't live without you, come back to me please." Vegas begged, holding Pete's face in both of his hand. He never needed anyone like this before, he never begged anyone not to leave him before, but for Pete he would do anything to take him back. To own him back.

Maybe Vegas hadn't noticed it when he entered the room, but Pete's scent is everywhere, sweet and strong. Consuming the small space of the room as Pete curls into a ball between his arms.

"I'm so sorry for hurting you, I promise I won't hurt you again. Stay with me please, I need you. You're the only person I've ever needed this much. I can't be apart from you Pete." Vegas begged his tears falling down his cheeks as he holds Pete. Desperation flooding over him. He wants Pete back. He'll do anything to get him back.

"I hate you." Pete whispered in-between sobs.

"I'm sorry." Vegas replied gently pulling Pete closer to him. "I'm sorry." He repeated as Pete wrap his arms over his shoulders, Vegas burying his face on Pete's neck, inhaling his scent. He missed this. His scent, how its so sweet and calming. And Pete's warmth against him, how many days did he endured to feel this warmth again? To feel his skin on him again? And they stayed like that for minutes, until Pete started to calm down, until all his sobs started to die down.

"I hate you, Vegas."

"I know, and I'm sorry." Vegas whispered gently. "I'm really sorry."

Pete raises his head as he looks at Vegas, a trace of tears on his

cheeks glistening under the light of the room, his eyes twinkling with pain but not as much pain as before. Vegas' thumb brushed away his tears, his heart aching seeing Pete covered in tears the same way he sees Pete crying in his dreams. But he can touch him now, he's not disappearing anymore. And he can't help but plant a soft kiss on Pete's lips, it was short and gentle. Their foreheads resting on each other, their pheromones tangling in the air mingling with their breaths. Pete leaned in circling his slender arms around Vegas' neck, their lips touching once again and it was electrifying.

He missed this. Pete's soft lips on his, his soft moans as he slides his tongue inside his mouth tasting him, he missed it all, the way how Pete looks beneath him, his cheeks flushed, his nose red from crying, his neck crimson as he gasps for air, his eyes twinkling.

"You're so beautiful, Pete." Vegas whispered as he kissed him once again.

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3rd person POV is really challenging to write. I hope its not confusing cause I get so confused when writing it. And I didn't check this chapter so I'm sorry for the errors. ^_^
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Chapter 19: Games

"I am stronger than your god and older than your devil. I am the darkness between stars, and the roots beneath the earth. I am promise, and potential, and when it comes to playing games, I divine the rules, I set the pieces, and I choose when to play."

— V.E. Schwab, The Invisible Life of Addie LaRue

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Vegas

Pete's scent overwhelmed the compact room of the apartment, it's spread thick in the air and Vegas couldn't help but to breathe in his mate's scent and let it linger down his throat. It smells so wistful and alluring, gentle like a delicate flower blooming at dawn. It was thick and calming like a heavenly merlot sweetened by raspberries and it's overflowing his senses, washing over him wave after wave.

"Pete." He growls his name as he kisses Pete once again, this time with eagerness and evident hunger. He grabs his legs and wrap it around his waist as he hoisted Pete up, a soft gasp escaped Pete's lips as he was thrown on the bed, Vegas on top of him not even letting him think for a second as Vegas licks his way into his mouth, Vegas' tongue doing wonders inside, tasting him, devouring him.

"You taste so sweet, its driving me mad." He said in a low voice as he sucks Pete's swollen lips creating a soft moan from the latter. And it's a song to his ears, a smirk forming in his mouth as he feels this heat of electric current burn in his chest making him pull Pete closer to him as he can get, draping his arms around Pete's back and push him more to the bed. Chest against chest, him in-between Pete's spread legs, his face buried on Pete's neck sucking and biting at the soft skin.

The desire of taking him now, devouring him and claiming him again danced around Vegas' dark thoughts. He craved for Pete so much – to hear his voice. The way he moans softly with his every touch, the way he's tilting his neck so Vegas could lick his way down his throat, kiss every mole on his skin, his long lashes gently touching his face as he closes his eyes from pleasure, the way his back arching whenever Vegas' fingers touch him on every place that he likes. His soft skin, his ears turning red as Vegas grinds on him, the scratches of his fingers against the fabric of Vegas' shirt. He missed feeling Pete so close to him, he missed him with every bit of
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his soul, every fragment of his being, every air that he breathes. And he's willing to sacrifice everything to stay like this with him for the rest of his life.

"Come back to me, Pete." He whispered, as he slides his nose on Pete's neck, inhaling him. "Let's go home." Vegas said, watching Pete as his mate gently opens his eyes, his soft gaze meeting his and it almost took his breath away, at how beautiful Pete looks beneath him.

"Okay." Pete quietly answered as a tear roll down his soft cheeks, a soft smile forming on his lips.

Pete

I woke up feeling the bed empty as I open my eyes. Where did Vegas go? Did he even sleep with me here when we arrived? I can't remember. I was so tired and sleepy that I eventually dozed off once my face hits his bed and his soothing scent floods my lungs. I tried to adjust my sight in the dark as I sit up only hearing the silent ticking of the clock, I look at it and its 3:30am. *Where'd he go?* This room never felt so big and empty before.

Maybe it's just me, maybe it's this small thing inside me that will turn into a baby soon that's why I feel so alone and lonely. Though I've been like this for a week now. I stood up, the quiet of the night sounds so deafening in my ears. I breathe in a sharp breath as my bare feet touched the floor, its coldness taking me by surprise.

I walk out of the room, the chilling weather of November sipping through my flimsy shirt, I keep walking trying to see the way in the dark making sure not to step on any creaking floorboards as I pass the hallways. I found myself in the kitchen, scanning the whole fridge. The warm glow from it became the only source of light for a brief moment before I took out a jam and shut it close. I forgot to read what flavor is it before closing the fridge. I rolled my eyes.

I put two breads on the toaster and waited, my thoughts dragging me back to Vegas and his whereabouts. Where is he? Me being alone in this huge house is making me think as if what happened a few hours ago was just a dream, as if it was all a make-believe reality – him going to my apartment and bringing me here. The feeling of longingness still sits with me as if he never came back.

"Where are you, Vegas?" I whispered.

A short high pitched sound jolts me back to my senses, making me look at the bread from the toaster infont of me. I took out a plate and absentmindedly spread the jam on each bread. Sitting at the kitchen counter as I eat.

Oh, it's strawberry. Something that made me feel somehow delighted, one right thing happened and that is I like what I'm eating. I'm not a picky eater before, not until now where every food

that I take will end up in a toilet bowl as I puke them out. Almost everyday. Its just a simple bread and jam but it feels perfect, I found myself smiling. At last, a proper meal.

"You seemed happy." I was startled by the sudden voice, and I look up my eyes immediately landed on Vegas. He's leaning on the entrance just across the mahogany table. The small amount of light coming through the glass oval from the left side of the room provides a little context of the other half of the place. Our eyes met.

"How long have you been there?" I asked as I take another bite from my food.

"Not that long. I checked our room and you're not there, so I thought maybe I'd find you here." He explained as he walks towards me, his torso bare, I could see the defined lines of his toned body as he moves.

"Wanna try?" I asked, stretching my hand that holds the bread towards him as I wait for him to reach me. My feet dangling over the floor as I remained seated on the kitchen counter. And Vegas came closer, swiftly spreading my legs as he stands between them. My hands immediately landing on his shoulders, his face so close to mine watching me warily.

"What are you eating?" he said in a low voice, almost a whisper. I can feel his breath on my cheeks, his eyes wandering on my face, lingering on my skin and I feel it stopped on my lips.

"Just a bread and a jam I found in the fridge." I told him finishing my food, trying to control my heart rate, and how it loudly pounds in my chest. My breathing feels ragged as our noses touched. A feather-like contact yet enough to make every nerve in my body spark with burning anticipation. Vegas' took my hand before I could lick the jam off my finger and I stopped breathing as I watch him brought it up to his mouth and suck my finger clean. "Hm, strawberry." He said as his eyes remained on my mouth.

And then he looks at me, his eyes all dark and controlling sending shivers up and down my spine, the pressure building in my chest down to my bottom half. A warm feeling spreading across my belly as our faces are both inches apart. And before I realized what was going on, I was already kissing him. My arms circling around his broad shoulders as I pull him close, the bare skin of his back so warm and smooth against my palms, I can feel his hands squeezing my thighs as I wrap my legs around his waist.

And he kissed me back, hard. Dominating me instantly as he bit and nibble on my lips making me moan, his tongue sliding inside my mouth, and I can already feel my whole body surrendering to him.

This could escalate, I can already feel my scent consuming the

room. But to my surprise, it didn't.

He stopped kissing me, both of us panting, my hands still buried in his hair as our foreheads touch.

"Let's sleep." He offered instead.

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"Where are you going?" I asked, rubbing the sleep away from my eyes as I sit up looking at Vegas as he adjusts his belt, his back on me.

"I need to meet Kinn. I'll be back late." He said walking towards me, he leaned down once he reached me and kissed my lips. Surprising me. "Don't wait for me." He continued and before I could say anything, he was already out of the room and I'm left all alone once again.

I stayed lying on the bed for a couple of hours staring at the ceiling before deciding to eat breakfast. My stomach already feels so *acidic* for I'm not eating any proper meal. *I can't.* As I walk my way to the kitchen I noticed a few bodyguards has been bowing their heads to me making me feel a little uncomfortable along the way. *Why are they treating me this way?* I thought to myself.

I took a left towards the stairs and see Nop, our eyes met as I run down to him. He immediately bowed his head upon seeing me.

"Don't!" I shouted as I reach him. His eyes wide in confusion as he looks at me. "Why are you doing that?" I asked him, voice high but I keep it quiet as much as I can.

"Mr. Vegas just announced that you're his mate and you're carrying the heir of the Minor Family, sir." Nop explained and I feel my cheeks suddenly become so warm as I bit the inside of my mouth. My eyes averting from Nop's stare.

"That asshole." I cursed under my breath as I turn around.

"Where are you headed, sir?" Nop asked behind my back, I didn't turn around when I answered him.

"I need food."

"You don't have to follow me around, Nop." I said as I feel him walk behind me.

"Just doing what I am instructed sir." He replied in his always polite and calm tone.

The mission of eating something for breakfast was a complete disaster. Whatever I see on the fridge or whatever the maids have prepared feels so off for me. I don't know how many times I suppressed a vomit lurking at the top of my throat as I look and smell any food being placed on the table. They didn't even let me help them, I just sit here giving them nonsense answers of what I want to eat. Though I vomited once after forcing myself to eat a salad. And I stopped there trying, ended up eating a jam and finally
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calling it a day.

I apologized to them one by one for wasting so many food and I know it doesn't bother them but I just wanted them not to misunderstand me.

I went back to the room feeling exhausted. A throbbing pain sliced through my head. I don't know why but I suddenly found myself collecting Vegas' clothes or anything that smells like him. I throw it all on the bed as I lay there surrounded by his scent. I pulled the blanket over me, wincing at the sudden pain in my head. I closed my eyes and inhale a lungful of his scent, soothing me. Somehow easing all the pain I've been feeling as it calmed me down. Guess I'll stay like this for the whole day.

I woke up feeling someone hugging me from behind, I sniffed the air and I immediately know it was Vegas. As if I've been carrying a heavy feeling in my chest that I suddenly exhaled a long breath as I feel safe between his arms. His bare skin touching my back and I let myself indulge to the sweet, calming feeling of his embrace.

I look for the clock in the dark room hanging in the center of the wall. It's 4 in the morning. I shift my body so I was facing him, my cheeks pressed on his bare chest as he wraps his arms around me.

"Did you eat dinner?" He asked in his rough, low voice. I nod.

"Before going to bed." I said softly, sleep still evident in my voice. I hug him tighter as he did the same. And we remained like this since I came back here in the mansion. Him beside me, hugging me, asking if I have eaten anything and how my day went before falling asleep. And it stayed that way for days. He didn't do anything more than that and the dreadful feeling of knowing why crosses my mind almost everytime.

"Vegas?"

"Hm?" he sounded raspy and gone.

"Are you still awake?" I asked, looking up at him. And my gaze landed on his closed eyes, his perfect nose, his hair perfectly falling on his forehead, his lips, and then to his jaw. I can't help but stare at him and admire how beautiful he looks beside me.

"I am." He answered, opening his eyes gently and it landed on mine. I took a deep breath but I didn't look away as I plant a soft kiss on his lips.

"Why aren't you touching me?" I said, his gaze never changing. It remained soft and dark. His thumb caressing a small skin on my back as he looks at me, a light tingling sensation traveling up my body.

"You need rest for now. You aren't eating much and you're always exhausted. You –"

"I need you." I interrupted him. I know he's aware of that. I know.

Cause the pheromones I've been releasing since he's back around me is far from normal. And I can't even control it. Anyone can smell it thick in the air once they've entered the room. I've been trying so hard to calm myself down everytime it became so painful because I can't. It always feels tormenting and to add the emotional torture Vegas has been giving me everytime he turns me down.

"I'm already here with you but I still feel alone. I can't feel you anywhere Vegas." I told him as I stare at his eyes.

"What do you want, Pete?" He said, his gaze turning dark as he softly touch my cheeks, his face inches away from me. I move closer.

"I want you." I said breathily, inhaling a deep breath as he kiss me. Pulling me closer to him. His bare skin against my shirt. And I couldn't breathe as desire builds up my body. I need him more than anything in this world. I need him to touch me, I need to feel him, his lips on mine, his hands on my skin, his warm breath on my neck, his nails digging on my flesh, I need him to own me again. Ruin me.

I moaned as I feel him kissing my neck, licking sensitive places, sucking, and biting. Marking every part of me once again. Engraving him on me and I allowed him create a mess on my throat, down my chest, the painful bites making me tremble as it sends an overwhelming pleasure down my spine. I arched my back beneath him as pull his hair.

Vegas swiftly pulled off my shirt and without wasting any second is now kissing me once again. Hard and hungry. And I'm already losing myself to him, it's a familiar feeling. Losing myself in his touch. Losing all my rationality with his every kiss. Driving me wild by the too much desire I feel towards him. I want him so bad. I want him now.

"Vegas." I groaned as I feel his hand tracing a line from my chest down to my belly and it rested there. Close enough to my aching cock beneath my pants but never touching. I tried to break away from our kiss to breathe but I can't, he wouldn't let me and I'm starting to feel breathless – dizzy.

I ran my hand through his hair and pulled him away, I gasp for air as he give me a hiss. Both of us panting. I recognized lust on his face, it was more intense than the first time we had sex. His eyes are so much darker, his pheromones so thick in the air making me tremble. Guess I'm not the only one who's been frustrated in the past days.

He then pulled off my pants as he does his. He spreads my legs instantly and kneels between them, he leaned closer down my neck breathing in my scent. I can already feel his hand on my thigh as it

slides down my waist, my hips unconsciously bucking up craving contact.

A moan escaped my mouth when I feel a finger inside me working me up to the point that I can feel tingles up my spine. Another finger entered and I already feel so wrecked, my insides tightening up as his fingers assaulted me, my moans turning into whimpers, loud and noisy in the voiceless night.

"I love it when you moan like that." He growled in my ears. "I want you so bad." He said as he entered his third finger making me gasp, my head thrown back as he hits my spot teasingly. It's slightly painful but its making me tremble with so much need and want that I allowed him to do it longer. My moans turned into muffled cries as he swallowed every single one of it.

"Hurry. Fuck me." I said against his lips as I surrender myself to him and without any warning, he withdraws his fingers and is now fully inside me. A voiceless cry escaped my mouth as I feel him tearing me apart. Making me bit my lips really hard that it bleeds. A tear falling down the corner of my eyes from pain as he shatter me.

"You're so tight." Vegas groaned as he graze his teeth down my neck. "Too tight." He said and he begun moving. Thrusting deeper and harder at a rough pace, my legs spread wide, his whole body pressed against mine ruining me. Claiming me once again. And my body remembers him so well.

"More." I said, breathless. Vegas hitting my soft spot so precisely, getting harder and harder. "Vegas." I keep moaning his name.

Vegas. Vegas. Vegas.

As if he's my salvation, as if he's the only one that I need because he is.

"I'm here." He answered as he thrusts deeper, faster. Pain becoming pleasure, consuming my whole being. I want more. Give me more.

"Vegas." I called his name once again as I feel my insides contracting. "There. Yes." I moaned as he keeps hitting my prostrate with his every upward thrusts making me cry his name with my hoarse voice, my nails digging deeper on his back, my throat sore. He pressed me harder on the bed as he bit my neck hard, holding me down as he pushed deeper inside and I moaned louder, I feel my whole body shake and my insides spasming around his length, giving me a sweet deep moan from Vegas as he bit my neck deeper. I shivered.

My back arching once more as I feel him come inside me, spreading warmly. My head buzzing and my eyes are hazy and unfocused as I feel him pulling out of me. My body still shaking as he plants a soft kiss on my lips.

Vegas

Vegas crossed his legs as Kinn sits across him in the huge meeting room in the Main Family's Mansion.

"My father will come back two to three days from now." He told Kinn. His eyes dark. Ravening. He's been waiting so long for this to happen, to kill his own father and take over his place.

"You really want to kill your father?" Kinn asked as he take a small sip on his glass of whiskey.

"Since the day he first hit Macau." Vegas answered viciously. And when was that? Ah, yes when he was twelve. That was the day he swore to himself that he would make sure to see his own father die with own eyes using his own hands. And he will take over the power, the authority, the whole Minor Family bowing on his feet. And its so close to happening specially now that he has a mate and he's carrying his heir.

"He will die and its because of me." Vegas said as a dark smirk slowly formed on his lips.

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This is ending soon. And I will still thank you all for still reading up until now. See you next week. ^.^
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Chapter 20: Great War

"I'm going to fight. I'm going to fight for you. You need to remember that."

— R.L. Griffin, Seamless

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"Vegas..." I huffed, breathless. "Please slow down, ah!" I tried telling him in-between my moans and whimpers. My chest pressed against the softness of the bed, his hand at the base of my back firmly holding me down as he thrusts so hard and fast inside me, I can't keep up.

"You're so soft. Everything about you is soft." He breathily whispered as he bit and suck on my neck down to my shoulder, engraving marks over and again on every part of my skin, his fingers scratching and squeezing my thighs as he grinds on me, thrusting in and out in a rapid pace.

"I love it when you're like this." He growled in my ears, pressing his whole weight on my back making it hard for me to breathe as I was pushed more on the bed, my hands gripping tightly on the headboard as he slams into me furiously again and again. I moaned louder.

"Like..what?" I managed to say in-between my whimpers and cries of pleasure and lust. *Vegas is just so good, so fucking good.*

"A mess, crying helplessly under me." I can feel a grin on his face as he pushes into me harsher, deeper and oh, I loved that, I moaned even more. I can't help but bite the sheets and bury my face on it as I stifle my screams. I felt his hand crawl on the back of my head, a loud groan escaped my mouth when he pulled my hair keeping me in place as he rummaged into me with vicious thrusts.

"Let me hear you, Pete." He said, voice low and ragged as he bites and suck the skin on the crook my neck. My moans echoing inside the whole room, my whole body is shaking – burning for how many times I have already come, my mind feels so fuzzy, my voice almost gone.

"Vegas, I can't...." I don't know what I'm saying anymore. My words seem inaudible as wave after wave of pleasure keeps consuming my body. My face is a mess of sweat, saliva and tears, and Vegas' dried cum as my whole body breaks between his touch
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and aggressive thrusts.

"Shh, you're doing good. So fucking good." He breathed. And it was too much. The words, the way he slams into me so deep, him being so needy, making sure that I can smell his scent on me, engraving himself on every part of my skin, imprinting himself in me, on me, all over me again and again – it was all just too much. And without any warning, I feel myself contracts, I cried louder as I explode for the nth time. Hard. Long. Violent. Showers of light busting around my eyes as my whole body falls flat on the bed, trembling underneath him.

I felt him withdraw, I was still riding out the aftershocks of my release when his tongue gently strokes my hole making me moan and whimper helplessly under him as he keeps on licking my own slick, his tongue stroking inside, his fingers digging harshly on my butt cheeks as he continued licking and teasing. My whole body shaking, I tried to move away from him, but he had me pinned on my hips and all I can do is cry out of pure desire and pain. It felt so achingly good. He gave me one last lick before he started planting soft kisses up my back, soothing me until the burning sensation faded.

Then I felt him straighten up and just when I almost gathered myself together, he pushes his length inside me once again. I inhaled yet it turned into a scream when he slammed inside with one hard thrust. It felt so deep, the tingles at the base of my spine sparks into life travelling up my body, straight to my chest, then to my mind, gasping for air as pleasure pulled me further and further down. And he remained in that pace scrambling my senses, pushing and pulling, harder and faster each time until I crashed over the edge once more.

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My day was spent with me alone in the room – the bathroom to be precise. Kneeling on the cold floor, clutching on the sides of the bowl, my fingers turning white as waves of nausea contorts my vision adding to my misery. It felt like an acid burning and tearing my stomach, piercing pain crawling up my throat as I lurched and gurgled once again. Cold sweat all over my face and body, tears on my eyes as I feel weak and dehydrated. A few seconds of peace has been given to me before my whole-body leaps as I feel another lump from my stomach rising fast, leaning on the bowl once again as I heave, I feel sick, pained and a mess. I can't do this anymore.

"Oh my god, are you okay?"

A voice forced me to look up, my vision turning dark as a cold feeling runs up and down the back of my neck for a brief moment before my eyes focus on her. I wipe my mouth, the bitter taste still
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lingers on it, I can feel my sweat and tears falling down my face.

"I'm here for your check-up" She said softly as she put her bag on the bed and went inside the bathroom to help me up holding me by my arms as I push myself, my knees weak and trembling. She helped me sit on the side of the tub while she gets a towel and rinse it, helping me wipe the mess on my face. I tried to avoid Dr. Castillo before, having a small conversation everytime I need to get my medications, but now I can't avoid her anymore for Vegas are so firm about it that Dr. Castillo will be checking up on me regularly, once a week.

"You're losing weight so fast." She commented, helping me out of the bathroom for my legs are still weak. I sat on the bed while she pulled a chair infront of me. Her natural red hair turning lighter from the light coming from the veranda. Her eyes are round and wide with greens and olive. She's already in her mid-forty's, a Beta. Her family has been the personal doctor of the Minor Family since the start or so what Vegas has told me. She is nice, but strict most of the time.

"Well, maintaining weight is not that important at the first trimester but you're reducing fast." She continued. I look down at my flat stomach. Still can't believe there's a little life in it making me suffer every single day. *You little demon.* I thought to myself making me smile a bit.

"Have you eaten today?" She asked while taking my left hand, smudging a cotton with alcohol on my index finger.

"Not yet." I answered her, wincing at the pain and how sudden she prick a needle on my finger, dark crimson of blood flowing out and I stare at it. She took a sample and drop it to a small device to check my sugar or something. I watch her wrapping my finger with a cotton and tape before turning her eyes up at me.

"Any unusual thing you are feeling lately?" She asked again and I shake my head.

The check-up lasted for half an hour or so. She's more focused on me gaining weight and eating healthy food as much as I can. She's given me vitamins and folic acid, also instructed me to try breaking my three large meals into smaller ones to help my stomach settle and not feel overly full. I remained quiet the whole time, trying to digest every word she's been saying. How I should take good care of myself, and how pregnancies of recessive omegas are highly risky compared to the normal ones.

I decided to take a bath first before trying to eat downstairs. I place my phone, clothes, and towel just beside the tub, checking if the water is warm enough before stripping and dipping my whole body into it, letting its warmth touched my skin. I put drops of

peppermint in the water and let its smell consumed every space and corners of the bathroom. I inhaled deeply as I lean my back on the tub, letting its soothing scent run down my throat. It's the closest to Vegas' scent, it feels fresh, sharp and cold. If his scent is a color, it would be bluish white. It feels subtle, soothing, somewhat sweet, cool yet serene.

I am starting to feel drowsy when my phone rang just beside the tub. I reach out to it while I keep my eyes closed as I answer, the water splashing as I move, the sounds echoing in the tiled room.

"Hey." Its Vegas. His voice sounds calm and relaxing to my ears.

"Hey." I answered back, gently opening my eyes, the dim light of the room making me squint for a brief moment.

"How are you?"

"Fine. Dr. Castillo just left." I answered, sitting up. The water dripping out of the tub by my sudden movement.

"What are you doing now?" he asked, I don't know if I could ever get use of Vegas asking me about my day and how I'm doing, it still feels so unreal to me.

"Hmm." I hummed; the drowsiness still lingers in my system as I yawned. "Taking a bath." I answer blatantly. And I waited for his response. But he was silent. The thought of teasing him and pushing all his right buttons danced around my head so suddenly. I chuckled.

"Why are you so quiet?" I asked him. He didn't answer. "I suddenly want you here with me, Vegas." I said, words slipping out of my mouth before I could even stop it.

"Don't do that Pete." He warned, and I shuddered at the authority of his voice, making me feel so weak.

"Why not?" My voce is quiet, almost a whisper.

"I want to pound on you right now." He said, his voice low and dark, a tingling shiver runs up my body spreading instantly to my fingertips, I exhaled a long sharp breath and cough to clear the sudden dryness of my throat.

"We just did it last night...almost every night and –" I stopped, suddenly getting embarrassed realizing what I'm actually doing. I hugged my knees as I bury my face on them. My heart still beating loud on my chest.

"*Almost* every night." I hear him scoffed from the other line. "Pete, I want to fuck you every night let's be clear on that." He continued, every words that he says sending a warm feeling in my belly making me shift my feet underneath the water. My breathing unsteady, I hugged my knees tighter. *I want him now*. I can't help but close my eyes as I breathe out, his words sending sweet shivers up my spine, I can feel my whole-body quivering – surrendering as

if I am chained by it, doing whatever I am bid to do.

"I have to go." He then said, I let out a breath of relief. I can hear Mr. Kinn on the other line calling him. "Get some rest. And eat, understood?"

"Yeah." I told him, pushing all the thoughts at the back of my head as I lay my back on the tub once again.

After a warm shower, I went straight to the kitchen to look for food. I was scanning the whole fridge when a person talked behind me.

"Do you want me to cook something for you Mr. Pete?" the head maid asked me, I turn to face her as I shake my head.

"No I can do it on my own. Thank you." I told her, giving her a slight bow and a smile. Still not used at how people started calling me Mr. Pete or Sir.

"Please tell us if you need anything." She offered, bowing her head to me. I thanked her before I watch her leave the kitchen and I'm left alone.

I ended up making a pancake, and I love how the first bite of it literally melted in my mouth. The batter isn't thick and lumpy, it was perfectly foamy and fluffy. I spread another layer of chocolate on it before stuffing another bite into my mouth. At last, I can eat. Properly. And this made me happy.

I was busy finishing my food when I hear people running outside the kitchen, alerting me. I dropped the fork and walk fast peaking as I stand just behind a wall, scanning the area. Bodyguards running from every direction, panic suddenly creeping through my system. I ran back inside the kitchen and open the very last drawer on the counter and took the gun. Vegas tends to hide guns in every part of the mansion recently, he says its to protect me if ever I need to fight and he's not around.

I slid it in my back pocket and made sure I have spare bullets before stepping out of the dining area. People are running -- frantic, I keep myself calm as I study my surroundings. Are we getting attacked? But I can't here any gunshots from anywhere. Is there an intruder?

I was near the stairs walking toward the main door when a hand firmly grip me by the shoulders, I turn around gasping, pointing my gun to him.

"Nop." I said, his hands are held up behind his head as he looks at me. I let out an air as I put the gun back to my pocket. "What is happening?" I asked him. His face remain expressionless, yet his gaze is strong – alert.

"Sir, go back to your room. I will leave a few bodyguards here for your security while I'm gone." He said almost dragging me up the

stairs. I pulled my arm away from his grip.

"What do you mean?" My voice is getting higher, panic creeping wildly at the pit of my stomach. *What is happening?*

"Please sir, go upstairs." He said. He was about to grab my arm once again but I stepped back. Neither of us moving a muscle, I could hear my own heartbeat, I could even hear my own frantic breathing. "Tell me what's happening Nop." I said firmly, my heart is pounding loud in my chest, my hands are cold, my breathing heavy as I look at Nop, waiting for his answer.

"Mr. Gun's men are attacking the Main mansion now. They need backup." He answered. And with what he just said, it immediately wiped away any peace and safety that's left inside me. Panic exploded in my system, a distinct line of coldness traveled across my skin from front to back, and I suddenly couldn't hear anything as my feet run cold.

"Vegas is there." I mumbled. And I don't know how it happened but I just see myself on the move. Snatching a bullet proof vest from a bodyguard I run into, surprised at how quickly I recovered my senses. I ran toward the door, dodging bodies of men that are trying to stop me. I can hear Nop yelling from behind but I didn't turn around.

A single thought floating in my head. *Vegas is there.* And its all I could ever think of as I run with the sound of my heart pounding loudly in my ears.

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It's short. I know. Do you want me to write some special chaps before continuing the story or you want me to continue the torture already? xD
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Special Chapter: Two of Us

Note: Before Vegas went to Pete's apartment

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Tears are now streaming down my face, warm and messy, and I don't even know the reason anymore. Maybe it's because I keep throwing up and my throat feels like its burning or maybe because its so hard. Being alone is hard. Why do I have to suffer this way?

My eyes shut tight as I feel another lump forming in my stomach, crawling its way up my throat, I leaned on the bowl slumping on the tiled bathroom floor and started heaving once again.

I can't just keep throwing up like this. I thought to myself. I have to eat. Though I'm pretty sure I will just throw it all up again.

I cleaned myself up and stepped out of the bathroom with weakened knees. My body from the inside-out feels sore, trembling and weak. I'm used to living alone, so why am I being emotional just because I can't eat?

I wiped my tears furiously, suddenly getting irritated at myself, how I easily cry over petty things, how I keep throwing up, how I keep thinking about Vegas even though I badly want to forget him. How I can't become a good parent to my child cause I can't even eat properly and I'm losing so much weight.

I don't like this. Make this stop.

I walk to the kitchen and check the fridge, scanning all the food I have bought with Porsche two days ago. And I stood there, the chilling air from the open fridge creeping through my pajamas as I stare at the vegetables, frozen meat, and ready to eat canned food. My eyes wander a little more until it landed on a muffin. *Chocolate.* I thought and my hand rapidly grabbing it.

I sat on the chair near the dining table without minding of turning on the lights, the light coming from the streetlamps outside is enough to see through this small apartment room. I stare at the muffins on my table. Yeah, I can eat this.

I took one bite and feel a little bit delighted at how it actually tastes good to me, I didn't even noticed I finished two muffins that fast. I was smiling when I look up from the table and infront of me expecting someone to be there watching me eat. *Expecting Vegas to be there.* He was always there whenever I eat, before. *Before.* He's not here now. And suddenly, my eyes get warm and blurry. I
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touched my face and realized there are tears. I'm crying again.

He doesn't want you, Pete. Not even the baby. You're just his mate. A plain Omega. Nothing more.

I lift my knees against my chest burying my face on it, my arms around my belly as I continued sobbing. Words of promises in my head. I have all the time in the world now, and I will spend it with my child. Its only the two of us now.

I will watch you grow up, and I will buy you all the things that you like, anything you want to eat, or you want to have. I will never make you feel alone. I will stay by your side. I will never leave you.

I'm glad.

So glad.

That I have you with me.

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Hi. Miss you all, I promise to write all the special chapters I have in mind. Bear with me and my slow updates haha.
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Chapter 21: Glory and Gore

"She was fury, she was wrath, she was vengeance."
— Sarah J. Maas, Queen of Shadows
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**WARNING:** VIOLENCE
**Pete**

I entered the back door of the main house. Alert. My hands are cold as my grip becomes tighter around the gun, breathing heavy. The whole house is dark, gunshots and shouting can be heard from a distance. I headed to the common area, tiptoeing my way past broken glass, and destroyed vases on the floor. A door stood in front of me, and I gently opened it creating a soft creaking sound louder than the pounding of my heart. I breathed out an air through my mouth trying to calm myself but with no success.

And then the smell hits me. The thick scent of blood knocks me hard on my throat. Bodies scattered everywhere, the floor looked darker with the violent jets of red, glinting under the flickering light from a small light bulb. I looked at the dead bodies one by one wishing I won't recognize anyone. But my heart sunk at the pit of my stomach right that instant as I stare at the familiar face amongst the bodies. He's the new recruit, and his lifeless eyes stared back at me.

A familiar, sickening tickle of revulsion suddenly filled my stomach making me gag. Closing my eyes for a second, trying my best to calm down and willed my guts to settle. Blood never had an effect on me before, but now I feel like my world is twisting the same way as my insides did and I wanted to throw up. I clutched on my knees and concentrate on my breathing. And when I finally recovered, I run through the next room, searching the faces of bodies on the floor. None of them is Vegas, or anyone I personally know. I can feel relief dissolving through my veins engulfing the fleeting moment of panic in me.

I walk past the common area, gunshots becoming distinct as I come near the lobby. Another door stood before me, but I walked past it, then make a turn to the big entrance directly exiting to the huge lobby of the Main House. I stayed hidden behind the walls as I hold my gun close to me. My breathing heavy.

But just as I turn to my left, I met two pairs of eyes across me.
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Several seconds passed before I realized I stopped breathing. Sucking in a deep pull of air, I pointed my gun towards them as I take a couple of steps back. Their guns are pointed at me, a tickle of cold fear runs along my back, my muscles tensed. They stopped walking when my back reached the hard wall.

Both of the guards have the same built – tall and scrawny. The two of them just stood a few feet away from me, panting as they catch their breaths. None of the three of us making the first move. And I have to acknowledge the fear spreading through my body like wildfire. I've never felt scared in a gun fight before, maybe because I didn't care much about myself, but its different now. I have something to protect now, and I would fight to hell and back for this child.

It's now or never. Fight or die.

I noticed they're both right-handed, attention and reflexes would certainly be quick on the right side, I fired on the their left. Hitting the other on his right shoulder, his gun falling on the ground as I quickly slide on the floor before the other could process what happened. I grabbed his hand with the gun from below, my right foot kicking his dominant knee as I pull him on the ground. A soft grunt can be heard from him as he winced in pain from a broken leg. He fell on top of me, pinning me down.

The other guy quickly recovered his gun from the floor pointing it to me, I quickly hit the bodyguard above me square on the jaw making him fall to my side. Blood spluttering on my face. A loud bang echoed as I used him as a human shield from his teammate. I was breathing heavy watching him take his last jagged breath, slowly dying beside me, I was panting and shaking on the floor when the other bodyguard stood infront of me. Blood oozing out from his right shoulder, obscuring the dark color of his uniform.

I quickly reared my both legs back and kicked out before he could do anything, connecting to a knee and I watched him scramble on his feet as I stood up, making sure to grab his hand with a gun, as I twist my body and kick him hard on the chest. I can feel his wrist dislocating around my grip as he falls to the ground. My knee pressed on his chest. I didn't waste any time, snatching the gun from his hand and firing a bullet on his head. The loud noise sending a high pitch buzzing sound in my head. Blood spreading across the floor as I stare at him.

"Pete."

A voice jolts me. I spun my whole body around, facing the direction where the voice came from. My blood wildly pumping through my veins, my chest rising and falling as I look at him.

"James." I mumbled. My gun pointed at him and it remained that

way even if he lifts both his hands beside his head. He took a quick glance on both of the dead bodyguards behind me as he takes a step forward. I step back. Unlocking the gun, ready to shoot in case he chooses to do something funny.

"Pete, why are you here? You have to hide." He said, his eyes frantic looking around as if something dangerous would just appear infront of us out of nowhere.

"Why did you come here?" He said again, his voice filled with panic.

"I need to see Vegas." I said, my voice grim as I glare at him. I stepped back once more; I can feel the hard wall pressing against my shoulders.

"He separated from Mr. Kinn, he went straight to the Library looking for his father." James answered. He took another step, and I adjust my gun to point at his chest. He stopped moving. He's now a meter away from me. "Come with me, we have to hide."

"No." This time, I'm the one who stepped forward, firmly holding the gun. He stepped back. Confused. "How did you know he was looking for his father?" I asked. His face remained the same, he didn't answer.

"You already know Mr. Gun's location, yet you're here." I took another step forward, my breathing heavy, I can sense something foreboding as if danger is just around the corner of my eye ready to shoot me dead. James, as a higher-ranking bodyguard, should be on the area and be the first to move there not wander around. So why is he here?

"Pete, I'll explain later. Come with me first!" And just as when he said that last word, a bullet was shot towards our direction. Both of us ducking. Dusts and splinters scattered from where the bullet hits. I hide behind the wall, James ducked behind a table. I can hear fast footsteps moving towards us. My heart thumping loud as I press my body against the wall. Holding my breath.

James raised his body slightly over the stone table to fire a couple of bullets, swiftly hiding back again behind the stone. A couple of grunts and shuffling can be heard.

Are they nearby?

I need to get out of here.

I pulled myself up and run to the opposite direction, going back to the door I ran past awhile ago. I entered it and shut it close behind me. Leaning my back against the hard door as I try to calm my breathing. I scanned the empty room, squinting my eyes at how dark it looks. I took out my phone and turn on the flashlight, a beam suddenly lighting up the room and my heart almost stopped as my eyes landed on the two dead bodyguards across me. Bullet

holes on their chests and heads.

I lift my phone higher to see the whole room, a window with broken glass on my left. Empty shelves and scattered liquors and broken bottles on the floor. I walk my way to the window making sure not to create much noise from the shards and try to peek carefully, its overviewing the garden.

Its not so long when I suddenly heard the sounds of fighting and rumbling outside. I froze looking behind me, directly to the door. I hurriedly go back to the two dead bodyguards and search in their clothes. Taking their guns, spare bullets, and grenades with me. But then the rumblings suddenly stopped, and I immediately look at the door once again. I can see shadows just below it; two or three persons are standing behind.

But no one is moving. No one for several seconds. Silence. All I can hear is the pounding of my heart and my loud breathing. My eyes glued to the door, then to the shadow and back to the door I almost stopped breathing.

Then the doorknob moved and I sprung my body up moving towards the window as fast as I can. I look down and without any second thoughts, I climbed off. Making sure to step on the stone sculptures just below the window and jump. It's not that high but I can feel my legs getting weak from the impact. I hurriedly stood up and run.

Few bodyguards roaming in the garden and I can't even recognize their uniforms. I fired at them instantly when our eyes met. One shot. On the chest. Second – on the head. Third bullet piercing through the skull. I move closer. Forth made contact on the lungs. I reload my gun, looking around for any other enemies around. *I will kill all of them* I swore to myself. Before they can even lay a finger on Vegas.

I huffed my way back to the mansion, entering near the deck. It was close to the stairs down to the basement. Going down, I went straight to the door on the farthest corner and entered it, shocked at the sight before me.

Pain pushed up and through my chest. These bodyguards lying coldly on the floor, over their own blood flowing out of their bodies, were my friends. They are my friends. And they are all dead. A hard lump suddenly rises up my throat, choking me as I try to hold back my tears. And its not because of sadness or grief anymore. What I feel is anger.

I started to walk around making sure not to make any sound, trying so hard not to take glances on the bodies once again. Where is Arm?

I walked further until I reached the huge wall of weapons; now

empty. I was about to turn back when I heard soft grunts from behind it. I peeked at the rear of it and saw Arm, his body pressed on the table, a bodyguard pointing a gun on his head. Both of them grunting. And before I could process anything, I already fired a bullet on the bodyguard's shoulder. Making him fall to the floor with a loud thud.

Arm falling on the other side. I gave him a quick glance, checking on him then I averted back my gaze on the bodyguard bleeding on the floor. I fired again. Then again. And again. And I stare at his lifeless body for a good couple of seconds until the floor went dark because of his blood.

"Pete? Why the fuck are you here?" Arm half-screamed behind me, annoyance visible in his voice. I turn around to face him.

"I'm here for Vegas." I said. "I will help him fight, I will not let anything bad happen to him." I continued. I didn't mean to fight side by side with him, I'm here to lessen his burden. I can kill dozens of bodyguards here as he march his way to his father. I will make sure to create a way for him as much as I could.

Hearing this, I saw him get up from his knees, and grabbed my face. "Have you absolutely lost your mind?" His voice shattered the quiet before it, rumbling, trembling, almost dangerous.

I chuckled. "No?" I answered, but my smile eventually fades as I look down. "I'm sorry. Pol and the others..." I choked at my words. Tears rolling down my cheeks. I feel him move closer to tap my back.

I was wiping my tears when I heard a soft click from a gun, I sprung my head up and saw James behind Arm. Pointing his gun to us. I hurriedly pushed Arm to the side as I push myself to the other direction. A bullet scraping my right shoulder before I hit the ground. I put all my weight on my hand as I land on the floor so my body wouldn't receive much impact. The loud pounding of my heart making a buzzing sound in my head. I can't breathe properly as blood drained my face and my feet run cold.

"I told you to come with me when I'm asking you nicely." He said. Standing a few feet away from me. "You're the traitor." I said it more to myself than to him. Of course it's him. There's no one else but him.

"I'm not a traitor if I never treat Kinn as my boss." He smirked. I hurriedly took my gun and fire at him the same time he fired a bullet at me. I groaned as piercing pain sliced through my right leg. I was too occupied by the pain on my leg I couldn't focus on James and Arm. They are exchanging punches and kicks, Arm using his empty gun to hit James on the face making no time for the other to fight back or move. Blood spluttering everywhere. I grabbed my

gun and focus my gaze on James, ignoring the intense throbbing pain on my right leg. Waiting for the exact moment to fire.

Vegas

"They're everywhere." Kinn's voice had irritation to it which perfectly matched how Vegas felt. Well, they are expecting this – Gun attacking them as soon as he came back. It seemed as if everything they have planned, and Vegas had imagined for in those sleepless nights has come to life. It boils his blood. Excitement creeping through his veins, he will slaughter as many people as he can like a madman and its more than thrilling compared to what he had imagined. This is war.

"Have any of them gotten in yet?" Vegas asked over Kinn as they walked past hallways of the huge house.

"I think they already did." Kinn answered firing a bullet infront of them. A body falling down with a soft thud on the floor as both of the Alphas of the two families reached it. Blood staining the white marbled tiles in dim crimson. It's already dark but there's still a small glimpse of the sun setting in a distance. It's soft rays almost making the clouds around it looked ablaze. Like a raging fire over the dark horizon. As if it was a battle cry to the wandering darkness that is now creeping in.

This is going to be a very long night. Vegas thought.

His father is out here somewhere. Obsessed with power and wealth, living in his own ivory tower. Willing to kill and destroy even the whole clan of his brother for this obsession of his. Wanting to be the most powerful, craving to be the head of both clans. Owning everything his two hands could ever have.

His father who never treated him nor Macau as his own son. Both of them being used all their lives as pawns; a shield against the Main clan. And no, Vegas isn't here to help the Main Family to defend their pack. He's too evil for that. He's here to kill his old man and finally overthrowing him as the head Alpha of the Minor clan. He wants everything to himself. He will take everything from his father and make it his own. Everything.

Maybe he isn't that different from his old man, maybe they really are the same – obsessed with power and wealth, murder and sins, greed and violence. This is who he is. This is what his father wants him to be, but he didn't made Vegas this way, he did it on his own. He made himself a monster.

"Mr. Vegas." A voice from his earpiece snapped him back. He didn't reply as he waited for Nop to speak again as he hide and fire against enemies. "Pete is here." Nop continued, and that made Vegas stopped for a whole good couple of seconds.

"Where is he?" Vegas' voice is dark. His knuckles turning white

with his hard grip around his gun. His jaw clenches. Rage piling up his system like acid in his blood.

"He was last seen near your area, sir."

"Fuck." He cursed, so many thoughts running around his head.

"I'm sorry sir, I couldn't stop him." Nop replied, his professional tone never faltering.

"You, and your whole team will protect him Nop." Vegas' voice is grim, rumbling out of his chest as he tries to control his rage spreading through his veins. "I don't fucking care if all of you die. If something bad happen to him I will fucking kill you, one by one. Understand?" And it's not a warning, it never was. It's an order, a threat from a Dominant Alpha. And oh, Vegas will kill. He will kill anyone that will hurt Pete.

I can lose fucking everything but not him. He thought to himself.

Not Pete, nor his child.

Vegas walked past the lobby, fury boiling his blood. Not minding if his pheromones full of rage and danger is spreading wildly in the whole place. Firing at anyone that would come near his way.

Kill them. Kill them all.

He went past the stairs and straight down the basement. His whole body moving on its own, all his senses can feel Pete. His scent lightly lingers in the air, Pete's scent. But there's another one. James's scent. And it boils his blood even more. Rage pulsed inside him. His heavy footsteps echoing on the narrowed hallway.

He barged inside the room not wasting any second as he fire a bullet on James right leg, Arm on top of James. Pete holding his gun, slumped on the floor. And Vegas eyes directly traveled on Pete's right thigh. There's blood.

Vegas fired again, this time hitting James on the shoulder. Arm crawling away, leaving a trail of blood on the floor. James' shrieks of pain continued, loud with trailing echoes. He fired again, hitting on his other shoulder. Another scream escaped his mouth, almost curling on the floor, a small smile creeping on Vegas' face. He's enjoying this.

"I warned you before." Vegas said through clenched teeth. "I will torture you to death once I see you again." He said, a horrific smile spreading on his face. Without looking away from James, Vegas shot him on his leg. Once. Twice. And Another. James wrenched and thrashed, screaming a horrific, piercing wail of pure terror and pain.

No, Vegas will never shot him on his vital parts, that would ruin the fun. He will continue shooting at him until he runs out of blood. Until he dies from suffocation, from too much pain. Until his frail body gave up from moving, until he collapsed dead on the floor. He

couldn't hear anyone in the background anymore, couldn't even hear Pete telling him stop and that they have to go. He's been waiting for this, to see James die on his feet. Pool of blood on the floor.

And then he snapped back, Pete and Arm dragging him away. *Why are they running?* And just when they are all halfway up the stairs, a loud explosion happened inside the basement room. The loud impact rattling their skulls, shaking their bones. Vegas covering Pete with his whole body.

Pure pain ripped through Vegas's left shoulder.

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Phew that was hard. Writing fight scenes is harder than writing NC scenes. haha
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Special Chapter: Hold Me

Vegas went down to the dining room not later after Pete went first, as soon as he stepped in he was greeted by an intense glare from his Omega. Confused, he sat just in front of him brushing off the glare Pete has been giving him as he eats dinner.

"What's wrong?" Vegas asked, his voice came out strong as usual. Pete rolled his eyes. He's been doing this to Vegas for a couple of days now - rolling his eyes. As much as Vegas hates it before, he has come to endure and somewhat adore it whenever Pete does that. Cause Pete's lips will always turn into a thin line, making his dimples be visible on his chubby cheeks as he rolls his eyes. As much as he wanted to feel offended, he will just find himself adoring the gesture.

But it's a different story when it comes to Pete's attitude. It's getting on his nerves from time to time. And it takes everything in him for the whole day today to stop himself from dragging Pete to their room and throwing him on the bed and fuck him hard until the latter apologizes and cry beneath him. Turn him into a fucking mess because Pete looks so beautiful when he cries Vegas' name, something like a sweet mantra to his ears. Pete repeating his name again and again, nails scratching his back, whimpering beneath him, all spread out and looking so magnificent on his bed. But no, he can't do that. He needs to be as gentle as he can for Pete and for the baby. He needs to learn how to control his temper and patience. Its running short though day by day.

"I don't want to eat." Pete blurted out, still glaring at Vegas as he slams his utensils on the table making a loud clank before the fork falls on the tiled floor. Everyone kept quiet, the sound of the metal hitting the floor suddenly sounds so deafening.

Pete stood up leaving Vegas, and storming out of the dining room.

"What is it this time, Nop?" Vegas asked casually to his bodyguard who's standing a few feet behind Pete's chair. The bodyguard cleared his throat before speaking.

"He's mad at you sir." He answered. Vegas raised his gaze, meeting Nop's eyes as he continued eating. "Well... he keeps saying he can't eat all of his favorite food now because of you."

Vegas raised an eyebrow at him. "I can buy all his favorite food if

he wants." Vegas answered, trying to fight back the annoyance that's been creeping at the back of his head.

"No sir. What I meant was, he can't eat all his favorite food now because you got him pregnant. He keeps throwing up because of it." Nop's voice is getting quieter as he finished his sentence. Vegas scoffed at the reason.

"Because I got him pregnant." Vegas repeated his bodyguard's words more to himself, a small smile threatening to break through Vegas' lips, and he immediately brushed away his thoughts as he looks at Nop.

Vegas then stood up, leaving the unfinished food on the table as he walks back to their room. Pete's scent almost never there as he opened the door, all Vegas could smell is his own as if Pete isn't here anymore. As if he was never here. The only thing that's been calming him is Pete himself peacefully sleeping on his bed with his clothes neatly surrounding him like a huge nest. Some are placed over his curled body, and he even cramped some together so he could hug it close to his face. He looks beautiful. Almost glowing under the faint light of the moon seeping through the curtains from the veranda.

Vegas walked to the veranda for a smoke as quietly as possible, making sure not to disturb Pete from sleeping. The cold breeze of the night touching his face. He blew out a smoke, and watch it disappear as his mind starts to wonder on its own. What would happen to him if Pete didn't come back? What would he do if Pete decided to leave him for good that day? The thought scares him. A thought that finally someone aside from Macau has brought so much fear in him - fear of losing Pete. He would fight to hell and back for Pete, he's willing to shed blood of so many people for Pete. Even willing to take lives and wreak chaos for him. He'll do anything just for Pete not to leave him. Because a life without him somehow feels frightening and lonely.

"Vegas?" Pete's voice is hoarse from sleep. Vegas then turned around seeing his mate looking sleepy as he adjusts his eyes to him.

"Hmm?" He hummed walking towards Pete as the latter rub sleep away from his eyes. As soon as he reached him, Vegas leaned down, both hands placed a few inches away from Pete's thighs, hovering over him, immediately pressing his mouth on Pete.

Vegas' sudden actions has caught Pete off guard, but then he begun to kiss him back. He opened his mouth and stick-out his tongue so Vegas could kiss him deeper. A loud-slow moan escaping his mouth as Vegas pushed him onto the bed, his arms wrapping around Vegas' neck.

The kisses are sluggish, hot - intimate, as if he wanted to feel Pete

more. As if he has all the time in the world and he wanted to take everything slow, to be with him a little longer, to make everything last between them, to worship him for as long as he wants, for as long as he could. Because Pete looks so beautiful underneath him, Vegas' fingers wrapped just below his jaw as he looks him in the eyes, his thumb pressed on Pete's chin to open his mouth, and he kissed him again. Tasting him, his tongue entering Pete once more, both of them moaning, gasping as if they couldn't get enough of each other's lips.

And then Vegas started to trail soft kisses on Pete's cheeks down to his jaw, then to his neck. He loves how his Omega's skin is easily turning red as he leave marks along the way. Pete's face and ears are flushed in crimson, his breathing heavy, anticipating of what Vegas would do next. He wants Vegas, every single day he is craving for Vegas as if he couldn't get enough of him. He hates it when the sex is so slow, but now he doesn't seem to care maybe because he feels lazy yet horny and the pace that they are doing is really addictingly electrifying.

Vegas removed Pete's shirt and pants and was greeted by how Pete's skin is so white and soft. He looks delicate. The moonlight adding to the look of gentleness on Pete's entirety.

Vegas leaned in again, sliding both his arms beneath Pete, hugging him close to his chest as he pressed his whole body on top of him. Not even letting Pete to break their kiss as he used his knees to spread his legs wider.

"Vegas...hmm, you're heavy." Pete moaned in a soft voice, he can feel strong arms around him, Vegas' chest pressed on his, his hands curling around Vegas' hair as Vegas entered him. His head immediately thrown back, letting out a loud groan as he feels his insides getting full. Sleep has now finally left him. He can feel Vegas in him, his every inch hitting the right spots perfectly, he wanted to moan loud but he couldn't breathe properly as Vegas' weight is pushing him down.

Vegas can feel Pete's insides responding to his every touch and kisses. He begun to thrust deeper and stayed there for a couple of seconds before pulling out, still in a very slow pace and he was always answered by a long, sweet moan from Pete. He can feel Pete's nails leaving a stinging pain on his back, Pete's ragged breathing close to his ears, his scent invading his lungs as he pushed fully inside Pete, groaning at the warm, tight feeling of him around his length.

"There." Pete moaned. "Yes there. I like it. So good." Pete managed to say in-between his moans as Vegas thrusted inside him with a steady pace. Rubbing and hitting. His head thrown back, his

bare neck close to Vegas' face and he started biting and sucking at his skin. Marking him. Scenting him again and again while Pete became a moaning mess beneath him, between his arms, around his tight hug as he continued to hit Pete's sensitive spots precisely, just the way he likes.

Vegas repeated his actions slightly getting harder, both were lost from pleasure consuming up their whole entirety. Their breathing heavy as they try to reach their orgasm, the sounds of their moans, skin meeting skin, it was all too much but never enough. Both of them wanting more, craving more from each other's touch.

Pete woke up and Vegas isn't there beside him anymore. It's still dark. Vegas immediately telling him to sleep after doing it once. And he did. A pang of sadness and panic surging through his veins now realizing Vegas isn't here with him. He started to feel frantic, looking around. And then the door opened and Vegas came in, reading something from his iPad.

"Where did you go?" Pete's voice breaking as he looks at Vegas. Vegas raised his head from what he was reading and immediately placed the gadget on the nearby table and walk towards Pete, eyes worried seeing his Omega crying.

"What's wrong?" Vegas cooed, wiping tears away from Pete's soft cheeks. *He really looks adorable when crying.* He thought.

"I thought you left me." He softly replied, hugging Vegas and inhaling his scent, calming him. Vegas has become his safe place now.

"I'm hungry." He finally said, and that caused Vegas to softly chuckle as he breaks away from the hug.

"What do you want to eat? Are you craving for something?" He asked, dark eyes looking directly at Pete's brown ones.

"Chocolate pudding." Pete mumbled. Yeah, he wants that. There's something in him that is badly craving for it even if he doesn't know what time it is now and if they could even find any store with it. He just couldn't understand how he badly wanted to taste that food right now, it's as if the hunger returned tenfold and that's all he could ever think of. He didn't eat lunch that day, didn't even get a proper taste of their dinner. He is hungry and craving for a specific food. The urgency of actually tasting it as soon as he can is plain torture.

"I'll get it for you." Vegas answered, standing up.

"Really?" Pete's face lit up, his eyes turning big and round as he looks at Vegas with pure admiration.

"Really." Vegas answered, leaning in and planting a soft kiss on Pete's forehead. He wanted to kiss him more, on his nose, his cheeks and lips but decided not to.

"Where should I wait?" Pete asked as he watch Vegas walk towards the door.

"I'll bring it here. Just rest while you wait for me."

A couple of minutes passed, almost half an hour and Vegas came back holding two huge paper bags on each hand, Nop is behind him pushing a table with wheels, and placing it just beside the bed near Pete and leave after giving both of them a slight bow.

Vegas then took out the food from inside the bags. Pete's eyes following Vegas' hands as he places each pudding onto the table one by one.

There are puddings in cups, the size of a coffee cup, different shades of chocolates and different types of toppings. There's also a cake, a steamed chocolate pudding, and a mousse. It's a lot, and he didn't even know where to look or what to pick up first. Pete's eyes are twinkling with excitement, he didn't expect this. Its an entire buffet and he wanted to finish it all.

He picked up one dessert near him, the pudding almost consuming the entirety of the cup. A cream just on top of it placed with two red berries. He took a spoonful and lifted it to his mouth. The burst of flavor of sweetness and cream was a glorious thing. It's thickness and fluffiness melting into his mouth hitting all the right spots perfectly. It was so satisfying.

Moaning, he attacked the rest of what's in his cup. Vegas sitting beside him watching Pete eating down the chocolate dessert down to the cup's stumpy core.

"Hey, slow down." Vegas said softly, admiring how Pete seems so happy, it makes him feel somewhat warm and glad knowing Pete enjoyed the food that he bought. "Eat slowly, you don't want to throw it all back up again." Vegas warned, picking up another cup and removing a chocolate spread on the corner of Pete's lips with his thumb.

"Here's another one." Vegas said giving the food to Pete and the omega immediately snatch it from his hand. "Try slowing down this time, okay?"

Pete hummed as an answer, licking his lips for any leftover chocolate, and taking another bite. His eyes focused on the food never leaving as if Vegas isn't there with him anymore.

"Its so good." Pete moaned happily, his feet swaying down the bed as he finishes his second one, he keeps on eating and eating until his stomach feels so full he couldn't move. But the most annoying thing is, he still wants to eat. But as much as he wants to push himself, guess he'll just eat the rest of it in the morning.

Pete climb up the bed and lie down next to Vegas, who's now busy reading something again on his iPad, his back resting on the

headboard, his hair falling down over his forehead, eyeglasses glinting from the light of his iPad's screen. Vegas looks good, his expression is so serious and focused that Pete just decided not to disturb him, so he just wrap his arms around Vegas' waist as he rest his head on his chest. Vegas' right arm automatically circling down his back as he moves Pete closer to him. The comfort that it gives him is so overwhelming. His warmth against his skin, Vegas' scent invading his nose as he inhales and closes his eyes. It's as if he was in a very safe place. Hoping they could stay like this for long.

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You know the drill, I can't finish the actual chapters so I'm giving you special ones, hope this will make you happy. *cross fingers* Vegas is so caring and I want to show it through his POV. Now, I want my own caring Vegas.
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Chapter 22: LOST

The angel lost his soul.
- Anonymous
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**TW: Violence and blood**
**Pete**

My ears are ringing painfully from the loud explosion. Dusts and small rocks falling everywhere making it hard to breathe. I can't hear anything; my vision is so unfocused and something-somewhere really hurts. I don't know where exactly but there's so much pain. *Is it from my shoulder? No? Where is it coming from? My head? Is it my head?* Everything is hazy. I spun around and collapsed on the stairs, coughing as I threw up everything from my stomach. Burning pain stinging up my throat. Buzzing sound echoed in my head and that's all I could hear.

Then someone was grabbing me by the shoulders, pulling me up to my feet. Trying to keep me steady. Vegas. He's saying something but I somehow couldn't hear anything and the whole place is spinning, the buzzing sound is pounding ruthlessly in my ears, but I tried to focus enough to read his lips. *We have to go. Pete. We have to go.*

As much as my brain keeps telling me to move, my body isn't doing anything. Pain. Explosions. Gunshots. Choking Dusts. Pain. Ringing in my ears. Pain. That's all my brain could ever process. With a shriek that sent a sharp slice of aching through my head, I was being lifted up by Vegas. The pain exploded fresh and raw all throughout my body. I coughed as I wrapped my arms around his neck. Every sound from afar sending aching throbs in my brain. Vegas walk past the lobby and the hallways. Two or three times I saw someone trying to shoot us down, but Arm is here with us making sure that we reach a safer place.

And then we're finally inside a room, my eyes scanning the dark place realizing we're inside of a conference room. The loud voices and gunshots being muffled as the door closed behind us. The buzzing sound is still there, ringing continuously in my head, my focus is still unruly as Vegas puts me down gently. I tried to stand on my good leg, every slight movement sending intense pain up my system.
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And that's when I felt his pheromones. Dark and threatening. Sending chills up and down my spine. Arm could sense it too so he decided to go outside the room and guard. I'm left with Vegas, angry and glaring.

"You're going back." Vegas said in a gravely undertone, eyes piercing into mine, threatening. I almost stopped breathing.

"And what about you?" I managed to say, pushing away my discomfort from my wounded leg and aching head. Vegas took a step closer and drag me by the hand. Wincing at the sudden movement of my body, my leg trying to keep up from all the pain, I was pushed down on a chair and Vegas walk around the room. Opening some cabinets searching for something. I can see his irritation everytime he tries to move his left shoulder.

"Is your shoulder okay?" I asked. But he didn't answer. He took out a small white bag and walk back to me. He kneels down, placing the bag on his side. And without any warning he ripped a small part of my pants away from my wound.

A small hole on my thigh is now visible like a gooey red blob just a few inches above my knee, blood pouring from the wound. It hurt. *It hurt bad*. If I think of my headache from the stairs up here is already tough, this pain is like three or four times of those, all gathering into a coil of pain right there on my leg. And spreading through the rest of my body making sure every single nerve of mine could feel it.

"I'm not asking you here, Pete." Vegas said darkly, my attention coming back to him. He took out a small white cloth and pressed it on my wound. This immediately sent another wave of agony through my body, I can feel the pulse of my gushing wound, the pressure is like a hammer banging on my flesh. I hissed at the pain wanting to kick Vegas so bad. My knuckles turning white as my fingers grip so hard on the chair.

"I'm telling *you* to go back." He growled, glaring at me. Using his authority over me, I can already feel him dominating, it's like a command that I should follow and never contravene. Never.

And then he handed me another white cloth and I stare at it. "Bite." He ordered and I took it from him and put it on my mouth. He took out something that looks like a silver pliers and without a warning, he dig it in my wound to take the bullet out. I groaned, shutting my eyes, biting so hard on the cloth as series of intense pain tore through me. I wanted to scream. I wanted to scream so bad. It hurts. Like hell. I've been shot a couple of times, and I swear I will never get used to the pain from of it. Never. I want to pass out. *Please pass out.*

I can feel the metal going deeper, the bullet being pulled out. A

fresh wave of agony shooting down my spine. *Pass out.* I urge myself. *Come on Pete, pass out.* It hurt so bad my world is shifting another few degrees. I feel my mind going dark, and another press on my leg and I squirmed once again. The pain. It really *really* hurt. Tears are now falling down my eyes, my head is spinning, my whole body is hurting. I can feel Vegas doing it as gently as he could, but it still hurts. Like fucking hell it hurts.

"We have to stitch this." He said, I know he's already cleaning my wound, but I couldn't open my eyes from all the pain circulating inside my whole body. "We don't have any tools here for that, I'm going to bandage this, and you have to go back." Vegas keeps on talking but all I could ever think of is the pain gathered in my leg. Its throbbing, and I feel like it's on fire.

"Pete, are you listening to me?!" Vegas grabbed my face, and I opened my eyes and met his gaze. His eyebrows are creased, his eyes are so dark and – worried. Ah, he's more worried than angry at me and I suddenly started crying as I place my hands on top of his, his fingers softly caressing my cheeks. "You have to go back, okay?" He said again as my tears begun to fall looking at him.

"I know I have to go back." I cried out, not caring how wimpy I sounded. "I know. But how can I leave you here?" I yelled, sobbing. My tears rolling down my cheeks so fast I couldn't see properly. Fuck this pregnancy hormones for making me so emotionally sensitive.

"Eyes on me, Pete." Vegas commanded and I immediately shift my eyes to him. "You're going back, you hear me?" He said in a stern voice not letting go of my face. And then he leaned in, his forehead resting on mine. "I nearly lost you before. I won't let that happen again." His voice is so soft, almost a whisper. I reach out to his face, my hands resting on his cheeks.

"Then let's go home together, hm?" I offered desperately as tears continued to fall down my face.

"Don't cry." He said as he wipe my tears. "You have to go back first." He continued looking into my eyes, I watch him as his gaze trails down to my lips, my chest then to my stomach. And it stayed there. He lifted his right hand and my heart ached as I feel his palm on my belly. His thumb gently caressing it even though the bump is still not yet visible.

The thought of leaving him here scares me. It cripples my chest like a strong grip around my throat. Its heavy and frightening. I don't want to lose him. *I'm so afraid of losing him.*

"I love you Vegas." I said, choking with my words. Tears continue to stream down and I can't control it. I'm crying so loud in his arms; I love him so much I'm so scared of being away from him. I don't

want to feel that again, I don't want to lose him again. "If I ever get separated from you again, I will die."

"Fuck." I heard him cursed and I try to look into his eyes with all the tears blurring my vision. "I swear I'm gonna fuck you hard after all these." He didn't give me any time to react when I'm being pulled into a deep kiss. Gasping and out of breath as he kisses me hard.

"I love you Pete." He whispered and I sobbed between his lips. I rested my forehead on his and we remained like that for a couple of seconds, not talking just feeling each other's warmth as if its the last time. As if he's saying goodbye and this is the last time I would see him. I don't want that. Anything but that, please.

The sound of the door opening startled us, Nop and Arm with three bodyguards from the Minor family entered the room.

"Sir." Nop bowed to Vegas, then to me. I wiped my tears away from my face and slightly bowed back to him.

"Take Pete back to the mansion." Vegas ordered and my heart sank. Nop and Arm walking towards me and my heart pounded loud in my chest.

"Go back with me!" I demanded looking at Vegas as I was being lifted up by the arms from the chair. "Vegas, please." I begged him as Nop held me steady. Vegas stepped forward closing the space between us but never touching me.

"I will. I won't leave you. I promise I will come back." He said softly before giving a slight nod to Nop and I was being assisted out as I cry. I take one last look at him before the door closed behind us.

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We walked fast, along the lobby and the corridors. The wound on my leg sending a painful jolt like lightning in every step that I take. My whole body becoming fully aware of the throbbing pain, consuming me everytime I put pressure on it, dwelling in every last molecule. I look down and see the blood didn't stop from oozing out of my flesh, staining the white bandage wrapped around my thigh in red. Dark-crimson red.

Fuck this really needs stitching. I thought and brought back my attention to where we're going. The pain in my head is still slicing through and around my temples making me squirmed everytime. I started to lead them the way, Arm on my side. We know the twists and turns of the halls of the Main House like the back of our hands. Each step felt like eternity, my head filled with thoughts of Vegas, the pain never leaving my leg.

We turned into a corner and was met by two unfamiliar bodyguards. Nop immediately stepping infront of me, blocking me
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with his huge body, his back on my face. A loud sound of gunshots echoed from our end. The noise it made felt as though it were all happening in my skull, rattling my jaw and eardrums and sluicing down my spine. Leaving a constant heavy pounding that's worsening my pain.

And now we are running, every step is plain torture on my head and on my leg. But I keep running, firing bullets along side Nop and Arm.

"Keep shooting!" I yelled as more bodyguards came to shoot us down. Arm and the two other bodyguards who are with us begun to launch grenades through the hallway and we started to run to the opposite direction. Nop and I carefully got into position and followed suit, hiding behind a wall and shooting into the fray of smoke and lights now crackling on the farthest side of the hallway.

There's a lot of them. Why are there so many of them?

Arm let one last grenade fly before taking that exact chance to flee. I could barely hear myself think from all the gunshots and explosions happening around me. And the pain. The pain is still eating me from the inside out. We keep running, Arm, Nop and the other three surrounding me as we try to get to somewhere safer before the aftershock of the grenade disappeared entirely.

Another gunshots are heard and one of the three bodyguards behind me fell down. I turned around and fire, hitting two pursuers behind us. A hard grip pained my wrist and I was being dragged by Nop putting me on the side where the two bodyguards from the minor fam blocked me from behind. I'm now back inside a circle, them around me and we continued running. I look down and a gush of blood spreads down my leg from my wound, the pain is numbing, throbbing but I never stop running.

Nop led us through turn after turn, avoiding open areas with too many bodyguards lurking, the dull light from the moon lighting the way. Our breathing heavy. We turned to another hallway near the back of the house close enough to the exit but we were greeted by a dozen of black-clad guards pouring through the opening, weapons raised. They started firing.

I grabbed the back of Arm's shirt and yanked him hard to the left, we stumbled and fell behind as we turn to the left side of the hallway. The sound of gunshots crackling around us. Not even letting us think before another round of bullets thudded against the wall from where we are hiding. One dead. Only four of us are left.

"We need to start shooting back!" Arm yelled, his back pressed on the wall, next to Nop. Nop on the very corner taking glances from the guards that's attacking us.

"No. We need a plan!" I yelled back. "They'll reach us here any

second." I called out. I scanned the whole side of the hallway from where we are hiding, its dead-end on my right. The only exit I could think of is where these guards has came from. But how do we go there without getting all of us killed?

The onslaught stopped momentarily. I could hear shuffling footsteps and short barked commands. We need to gain some advantage and we need to act quickly.

"Listen to me." I said, they don't have to turn their heads to me to know that I already have their full attention. "Okay, I'll fire right. Nop, fires left. Arm, you back us up. You." I point to the bodyguard that's with us. "Shoot anything that moves or wears black from our opposite side. Get ready."

Nop is infront of me as we wait for the right timing to throw the grenades. Arm was right next to me. The other guard behind me. Nop made his move and pull off the lock of the grenade and throw it to his right. He started firing from behind the wall without risking a good look, and when we heard the grenade explode he popped out and aim for specific targets. I followed behind him. Aimed. Fire. Again. Shoot. One more. Kill. Kill them all.

Gunfire and screams filled the air along with dusts and foul smell from the explosions and burning flesh. Guard after guard fell, some clutching their wounds, but most are dead – shot on their head or chests.

Nop shot a grenade to the remaining guards, grabbing that chance to reload our weapons as another explosion deafens me.

"Now! Go go!" Nop yelled without giving any warning. We started running, launching grenades one after another as we run. Adrenaline rushing through me as I ignore the throbbing pain on my leg. A flurry of smoke and gunshots filled the air making the whole place cloudy that it became impossible to aim at anyone. We continued shooting as best as we could while running. I swore I can feel bullets blowing past us, barely missing to our right and left.

There's blood on Nop's right shoulder as I run behind him. Arm holding his left hip with blood oozing out, a slicing pain on my upperarm demanding for me to look. And my gaze travel down my right shoulder and saw a bullet wound. It hurts. But we continued running. I couldn't hear anything anymore. The gunshots are loud, the pounding of my heart is deafening. Our breathing heavy and I couldn't find the other bodyguard that's with us anymore.

I can already see the doorway, pushed myself to run faster, my legs are burning. Daggers of pain slicing through my body because of my wounds. Everything seems so blurry as I focused on the doorway now only a few feet away. *Almost there. Almost.*

We're now so close to the door. So close when I heard Arm

screaming in pain. I turn around and I see him face flat on the ground, grunting.

"No!" I shouted as I run back crawling to the ground making myself a smaller target. The smoke is still thick as I get closer to Arm. I can hear Nop behind me, firing, throwing grenades, spouts of raging fire exploding on the floor as it made contact to the other bodyguards giving me time to check on Arm.

He was coughing, his face looks pale. I checked the wound on his side, there's a lot of blood coming out. I checked more and see a fresh wound at the back of his left leg. "Arm, you need to stand up!" I yelled. Grabbing him by the shoulder, I pulled him up screaming at the shrieking pain stabbing on my leg and shoulder. Nop was able to stand beside us and begun pulling Arm along. And we started running out of the mansion.

We managed to get out, Nop dragging us to the woods a few meters away from the Main mansion.

"Where are we going?" I asked him. A hot score of pain in my entire body as I dragged Arm on my shoulder. Not a few more seconds and we are being pushed by Nop inside a car. I dropped Arm inside as I get in. I was expecting him to go to the front seat but he closed the door.

"Nop!" I screamed at him even though I know he wouldn't hear me and he started to run back to the mansion as the car started to move. I slammed my hands on the window, screaming his name. My throat aches, my head hurts. I was so exhausted from all the pain that my vision suddenly went dark.

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I woke up lying on a soft mattress. The smell of the room letting me know I'm already back home. In Vegas's room. His scent filling me up. I tried to open my eyes but everything's a haze, as if my mind is floating in a sea of fog. A flash of white figure passed the corner of my eye. I tried to move but my body is so sore, even moving a finger is plain torture. *Is that a doctor?*

I was pushing myself to stay awake when billions of stinging pain consumed my entire body. I don't know where its coming from, but it hurts. Fresh wave of agony shooting down my spine. It's a different pain from before, it felt worse. Every muscle, every nerve and molecule inside my body screams pain, squirming through my veins and the hollows of my bones. Eating me away.

It hurt, but now it was more of an ache. Deep and raw. Like some type of fire in my veins. I don't know how I could make it through the next five minutes, or the next hour with this kind of pain. Yet I still forced myself to open my eyes. Squinting at the dim lights of the room. I move my head to the left and see the familiar face of Dr.
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Castillo standing beside my bed checking my IV.

"The baby?" I asked her, my voice tearing down my dry throat. My hand pressed on my stomach as I look at her.

"The baby is okay, but you need to rest. Your body's been through to too much stress its very dangerous for the child." She answered. I tried to look down on my belly, intense pain slicing through my shoulder and leg. My whole body is throbbing that I couldn't help but cry because of the pain.

I'm sorry. I tell my baby as I rub my hand at the hem of my shirt. *I'm really sorry for putting you in danger.* I continued and I keep crying. Dr. Castillo placing her hand softly on my head, patting. Comforting me.

"Is Arm okay?" I asked her, sniffling from my soft sobs.

"The one who's with you? Yes, he's okay but still unconscious." She answered with a reassuring smile. And I nod. The ticking of the clock is the only sound that can be heard after that, echoing with the loud pounding in my chest.

"Do you have any news about Vegas?" I asked her, my voice is hoarse, yet she just shook her head slowly as an answer. And the dreadful feeling of worry and fear added to my suffering once again.

"You have to rest, for you and the baby." She said, patting my head for the last time before starting to walk away. Leaving me alone in the room full of Vegas' scent and I can't help but cry. *How was he? How long has I've been out? What is happening in the Main Mansion now? How are they?* The questions came pouring one after another, and I can't even get a single answer for any of it.

So many worst scenarios popping out of my head. *Death.* The word pierced through my head. And it stayed there.

Death.

A choking feeling rose up my throat because of the word. My hands started to shake at the possibility yet I still try to calm myself down. *Stop thinking, Pete. Stop thinking.* I told myself again and again as I shut my eyes tight. Trying to erase the word floating in my head.

I drifted off.

I woke up once again, same throbbing pain immediately travels up and down my body. Half of the lights of the room are open. *How long was I asleep?* I want to ask but I couldn't find my voice. I glance at the veranda and it's still dark.

Is Vegas back? Is he already here? I thought as I hear shuffling of feet from outside the room. Dr. Castillo stood up from her chair just across the bed and walk straight to the door. A distinct voices entered the room as she opened it then closes it behind her,

muffling the sounds. *What is happening?*

Another pang of fear runs down my chest, pressing at the pit of my stomach. Stopping myself from thinking. And then Dr. Castillo went back inside the room. Her face is pale as she closes the door behind her. And the heavy feeling in my chest vice-grips my throat as I look at her. I suddenly couldn't breathe.

"What happened?" I choked at my words. And she looked at me not answering. "Tell me what happened." I demanded, sitting up. Groaning at the sudden pain travelling all over my body like lightning. She hurriedly run towards me, helping me up making sure my back is resting on the head board before letting me go.

"What happened?" I sked again, tears are threatening to fall as I look at her. "Please tell me." I plead, and that's when our eyes met. I can feel the dread with the way she looks, telling me as if I'm not yet ready to hear it. But I need to know. I really need to know.

"There's a huge explosion in the Main Mansion." Dr. Castillo finally answered, not breaking the gaze. And I took in a sharp breath, trying to prepare myself for what's she's about to say next. My heart pounding loudly, my lips and throat are dry, my hands are sweaty as I wait and wait.

"They couldn't find Mr. Vegas from the explosion." She finally said, her words echoing in my head like a tortured rhythm and that's all I could ever hear.

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Thank you for waiting!
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Chapter 23: The Father; The Son

He was all seven of the deadly sins.
- anonymous

Vegas

He should've waited. Vegas cursed under his breath as he shot people ruthlessly along the way. The thought of Pete getting hurt crosses his mind again and again, making him feel more irritated – furious even.

He was told to wait. Ordered to wait, yet he was there bleeding in a basement. The sight of Pete being in pain flashed before his eyes, causing a growl of anger coming out low from his chest as he continued firing, pouring all the rage he's feeling to every bullet that he has shot, to every body that has fallen onto his feet.

How dare they hurt Pete? He thought. *How dare they touch him?* That really angers him to the core, the audacity of those fuckers to touch what's his. No one's allowed to take Pete away from him, no one's allowed to hurt Pete; he'll go madly insane for being so territorial in guarding his mate. He would kill, oh he would certainly kill for Pete. He's even willing to rip everyone's ribs off of their bodies with his bare hands and teeth. Use all the bullets in his gun and shot them until he feels satisfied and pleased.

If he could just drag James back from the dead and kill him again and again, he would. He definitely would. James dying once is not enough to relieve the anger he has feeling right now. It's boiling him, blood to bones. Eating him whole. He wants to make him suffer more, he wants to hurt him more and it's frustrating how he couldn't do it anymore because the guy is already dead.

What a shame.

Another curse escaped out of his lips as he grabs a bodyguard's head and smashed it against the wall. The cracking sound of the skull on a hard brick fuels the fury inside him, its as if he's feeding this beast in him and all it ever wanted right now is violence and to wreak havoc without thinking of any consequences, because why should it matter? Nothing matters anymore, he will turn this place upside down until his rage subsides.

He can hear the bodyguard choking as blood bursts out of his forehead and face, Vegas watch how the bodyguard's body slides down the wall as he lets go of it, convulsing beneath his feet. Dying

ever so slowly from the pain of broken bones and loss of blood. He keeps on staring, until the poor guy lets out his last breath like an animal gagging for air.

And no, its not enough. The rage is still there eating him from the inside out. He wanted to go berserk, to do a killing spree until everyone is dead, to be so out of control until the hunger of violence from the beast in him dies down. He wants more. He *needs* more.

He started walking deep into the mansion. Everything is a mess. Blood and dead bodies scattered everywhere. Some are shot to death; some are burned from their flesh to bones. Half of the mansion almost on fire. Blazing in the midst of a chaotic night. As if the house once so mighty and marvelous is now crumbling down with corpses and blood decorating its ivory floor. Flames licking its every wall and corner, everything is shattered. Everything is destroyed.

Vegas kept walking not minding the heat wafting his body, hot wind through hot air. His left shoulder is bleeding, a small hole visible on it as blood oozes out glinting under the burning light of the flames around him. His whole face and shirt are covered in blood, he doesn't even know if it's his own or someone else's. Its dark and messy, stinking stench invading his nose, the smell of burning wood and flesh thick in the air. He continued walking. Gunshots and explosions can still be heard from afar, but he could care less. He needs to find his father and he needs to kill him now.

He keeps going. Adrenaline rushing through his veins, rage boiling his blood, feeding the demons in his soul. The sight of his father taking his last breath in his head is enough to stir the hunger of revenge in him. His father will die in his hands. He swore to the monster that he is, his old man will meet death through him.

He couldn't feel anything anymore, couldn't hear the guns and explosions around him as his feet dragged him to where his father is. His breathing ragged, his eyes dark and glaring as he clutched the gun tighter in his hand. His heavy footsteps echoing in his head, the smoke is getting thicker, yet he keeps going. He will tear him apart, bit by bit until nothing's left.

"Vegas!" A voice stopped him from his tracks. He turned around and see Kinn carrying Porsche; unconscious and bleeding. He didn't say any as he shift his glaring eyes back to Kinn.

"We have to leave! Now!" Kinn yelled from all the loud explosions happening around them. "Forget about your father and leave. We have to leave." Kinn said again, bullet holes visible on his cousin's shoulders and on his side. Blood flowing down from his forehead to the side of his face. Porsche is burnt in his left arm, too much blood

coming out of his body. Yet Vegas just gave him one last look before turning around, leaving Kinn.

"You can't stop me. You know that." He said as he continued walking away from his cousin and into the flames. He went up the stairs, walk down the hallways and turns until he reached Mr. Korn's room, he didn't waste any second as he kicked it down; entering inside immediately being greeted by the lifeless body of Kinn's father, lying on the floor blood pouring out of his chest. Dark. The blood is so thick and dark staining the once expensive carpet of the room.

Vegas' eyes wondered around the almost dim room. The light of the flames just outside the place is enough to help him see through the dark, to help him see his father that is casually sitting on a couch; his back on him, a trace of smoke from a cigarette dancing up the air.

Vegas stared at him, stared at his father imagining things of how he would kill him. And then his father stood up, turning around facing Vegas, their eyes met both dark and ravening. And something happened within Vegas. It started deep down in his chest, a seed of rage – of revenge. Of hate. Something dark and terrible. And then it exploded, bursting through his lungs, through his neck, through his arms and legs.

Through his mind.

He stepped forward, his icy stare not leaving his father as he took another one, and another until he's a few feet away from him. His gun directly pointing at his father's chest.

"Are you really going to kill your own father?" Mr. Gun asked in a snicker, a dark smirk drawing on his face – taunting.

"Father? Ha. What a load of bullshit." Vegas spits, words coming out like acid tearing his throat. His eyes focusing on that smirk. The same smirk he's been seeing ever since he was a child. The same smirk he saw when his mother was hanging dead from the ceiling of their room on Christmas eve. Macau's loud crying overshadowing the soft sounds of the Christmas songs in the middle of a quiet night.

"Shepherds quake at the sight..."

Macau's cries are so loud and deafening, Vegas looking at his father sitting on the floor, a broken bottle covered in red, like wet paint on his bare hands – laughing. What was he laughing for? A grimace plastered on his lips. Not a single tear visible on his father's face, not even guilt.

Vegas shut his eyes tight. Trying to block the cries of his young brother, the image of his dead mother, and the laughter of his father, all consuming his head. He shut his eyes tight, his small hands covering both his ears and started to ask God to fix things. Change things. Reverse

everything. To do something. Anything. And then a loud noise came suddenly.

Bang!

God answered. Vegas opened his eyes. Macau isn't crying anymore. His eyes went straight to where his little brother is and saw his father standing blocking the way. He shifts his head to see clearly and saw a small body lying unconsciously on the floor, his cheeks red. Was he hit? Did he hit Macau?

The drunk laughter of his father kept on echoing inside the room and into his head. The music continued playing louder and louder as if the music is coming from inside his skull, rage started consuming up his chest, growing – almost choking as he stares at his little brother lying helplessly on the floor.

"Holy infant so tender and mild. Sleep in heavenly peace..."

It was never a peaceful night.

"You waited for this." Mr. Gun scoffed taking a few steps towards Vegas.

"All my fucking life." Vegas spits, pheromones consuming the room dark and dangerous, causing the smirk on his father's face become more of a wide dim smile.

"You are a monster Vegas, and it's because of me."

Vegas scoffed. "I turned myself into one, not because of you." He will never blame his father for what he has become, it's his choice. No good saints would survive his life, only the broken, the beaten and the damned. He needs no saving from it, he'll stay here, embracing the demon that he is.

Another explosion rattled half of the mansion, small rocks and dusts falling in the room, but no one moved. Vegas' pheromones are dominating, demanding to be known. He takes another step closer, unlocking his gun.

"You really want to kill me huh?"

"Oh, you have no idea." Vegas growled firing a bullet towards his father and hitting on his right shoulder blade. Vegas fired again as his father hide behind a wooden cabinet.

"How dare you hire someone to kill Pete?" He growled. Anger consuming him even more as he fired more bullets towards where his father is hiding.

"Because you're too naïve to think I wouldn't know about your plan."

"As if I give a fuck if you knew." Vegas snarled, firing continuously, hitting his father on the shoulders, stomach and hips until his body falls down with a loud thud on the ground. Vegas stepped closer and was greeted a bullet logging near his right hip just below his stomach. A low groaned escaped his lips as he looks

down on his wound. Blood now pouring out of it yet he immediately bring back his gaze to his father lying on the floor. A puddle of blood coming out of the old man's body, increasing in size, and becoming darker as if a shadow was being casted over it. He stepped closer.

His father started coughing out blood, eyes almost closing yet still managed to look at his son.

"You're just like me Vegas, a monster full of hate and greed. You think you will be better just because you're having your own little family? No." He said coughing. "You'll stay fucked up in the head just the same. Nothing will change Vegas. Nothing." It's all almost a whisper as he looks straight into Vegas' eyes.

"You are me. You can kill me, but I will never leave your head. I am you." A rocking cough burst from his lungs, throwing a spray of blood as his eyes went closed. His body going limp. And Vegas stared at him. Stared at his father's lifeless body, something inside him stirred.

He finally killed him, but he never felt anything from it.

No. I will never be like you. He swore to himself as another explosion happened and the walls of the room started to crumble down around him.

Pete

"They couldn't find Mr. Vegas from the explosion."

"What...do you mean?" I trailed off, shocked. Feeling like my heart suddenly stopped and I couldn't breathe. I look down at my hands, they are shaking. My vision getting blurry. I try to say something but there's a tight feeling around my throat. My chest hurts. Everything hurts and I don't know what to do to make it all stop.

No. It can't be.

"Are they searching for him?" I asked again, my voice shaky. My knuckles turning white as I dig my nails hard on my palms. My tears damping my face and neck and I can't breathe properly, as if the whole world is collapsing around me, crushing my chest.

"I don't know the details sir, but I'm sure they are." Dr. Castillo answered. An empty reassurance. Such empty words.

My mind couldn't process anything, and I just realized I'm on my feet walking towards the door. Dr. Castillo following from behind trying to stop me. But I feel lost, I know I'm crying but I couldn't hear myself. I couldn't hear anything.

I reached for the doorknob the same time Dr. Castillo grab my wrist lightly. "Sir please, stay here." She pleaded and that's how reality hits me as if I was suddenly dragged out and back to where I am standing. Tidal wave of emotions came flooding me, hitting me

hard on my chest and I fell slumping on the ground. I realized I am screaming – weeping. My voice felt like acid ripping through my throat as I scream and sob on the floor.

"Save him." I cried, my eyes are blurry, and my chest is heaving with too much pain. "Please save him. Please." I don't know who I'm talking to, but I keep crying and saying the same thing as I curl into a ball on a cold floor, eyes closed tight as I weave my fingers together – and though I know I don't do it as much as I probably should – I pray. Prayed harder than I've ever prayed my whole life. To wake me up from this nightmare, and have it be that night again where I was eating chocolates with him by my side.

"Vegas." I said this time a whisper. "Come back to me please."

Please let him be okay. Let him come back to me, please. I prayed and repeated it over and over in my head like a mantra – a lifeline. Something concrete to cling to in my desperation. And I keep pushing my mind not to think of the worst. *No. Don't go there. Stop thinking.*

"I will come back."

Vegas' words come back to haunt me. He will never leave me. There is still hope. He will come back because he promised me that he will. I was being helped up by Dr. Castillo back to bed, my knees are weak and my whole body is shaking as I hug myself tight. My back against the headboard.

I close my eyes as I buried my face on my knees. We haven't had enough time. We need more time. We've done so much in just a short amount of time; we've come so far. It can't end. I need more time with him. We still need to see our baby together. He can't leave me.

"I love you, Pete."

Oh, I love him so much. I will be nothing without him, nothing but a void – a shadow, all the light eclipsed. Don't take him away from me. *Please.*

I open my eyes and stare at the door, waiting for him to come in. I will wait. No matter how long I will wait. Just let him be okay. He cannot be gone, he is the center of my life, he can't be gone.

"You have to take a rest sir. Please." Dr. Castillo plead beside me. "He will come back soon." She said, a soft sob escaping my mouth. The lump in my throat expands as I lay back on the bed. Closing my eyes. Tears continuously falling as pain lances through me. Memories of him flashes in my mind one by one, and I wanted it all to be real. Him to be here with me.

I keep crying as I fall to sleep.

I don't know how long I was asleep, but the sun is already setting at the distance when I open my eyes. The whole room was so eerily

quiet and I'm all alone. I tried to stand up, the pain from my wounds and sore muscles are still there but I still managed to get off the bed. I walked out of the room and immediately feel as if something has changed. Everything is so quiet. Not a single bodyguard walking around.

I walked down the stairs wondering where did all the people go to until I heard soft voices. I look around trying to know where the voices are coming from. *The living room.* I hurriedly walk to it not minding how my legs keep on hurting with every pressure that I put on it. I keep walking until I entered the room, almost breathless.

My eyes immediately landing on Macau. Macau is here. Why is he here? I look around and see a lot more people; Mr. Tankhun is here too, Mr. Tay too with his Alpha. Why are they all here? I started to panic, my breathing going ragged as I look at them all their eyes on me as walk further inside the room. Macau and Mr. Tankhun already assisting me to sit on a chair and I still couldn't find my voice.

I sat there, trying to process everything until I met Nop's eyes across me and the lump in my chest rise up to my throat ever so quickly, my eyes getting blurry as I look at him. A cast on his right arm and a bandage around his forehead.

"Where is Vegas?" I asked almost a whisper. I tried to look at them one by one to find an answer and Mr. Tankhun kneel infront of me holding my hands as he meet my gaze.

"Shh he's okay. He's still in the hospital getting surgery. But he's okay." He said to me giving a soft reassuring squeeze on my hand and I started crying. *He's okay. He's really okay.* And I can't help but burry my face on palms and sob. It's like I'm finally releasing all the heavy weight that's crushing my chest, its like I can breathe again. I'm okay again.

I need to see him.

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Yay!! The hardest chapters are done (finallyyy) Confession time: I enjoyed writing Vegas' POV here, out-of-control Vegas is so sexy. Ahaha
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Chapter 24: Daybreak

Daybreak

- The first appearance of light in the morning. The first light after darkness.

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We are all so silent inside the car, I don't know what they are all doing because I'm so preoccupied with thoughts of Vegas. I know I couldn't go there as soon as I heard the news, they made me wait for another day before they let me out. Mr. Tankhun specifically, he's so persistent on making me rest. But finally we're on our way now. I can see him soon. I can't wait to see him. I hope he's really okay. *Please be okay.*

My footsteps from the moment I walked out of the car and into the hospital are heavy. It's as if I'm dragging this heavy weight with me and its putting a hard pressure on my chest. I can hear the beating of my heart loud in my head, my lips are so dry from breathing fast as I keep walking, Macau walking beside me with a few bodyguards. Mr. Tankhun and Tay decided to stay in the mansion with Nop to look after Arm.

And now we're standing infront of his room, I let out a deep sigh as I grab the handle of the door, its cold metal sending a chill up to the back of my neck as I slid it open. My eyes immediately landed on him, his back resting against the headboard, he's wearing a green hospital gown and I can see bondages covering his bare torso. And when our eyes met, I suddenly wanted to cry. *Finally, he's here. I can see him now.*

"Hey." I said, my voice hoarse as I stood in the doorway, the lump at the back of my throat burning.

"Hey." He answered back, black eyes bright though weary and still bemused as he looks at me. He softly pats the space on the bed beside him and I walk to it the tears falling continuously down my face. I sat beside him as he holds me close, burying my face at the crook of his neck, his nose on my hair inhaling me deeply.

His scent quickly filling me up as I nuzzle him close. I miss this, feeling his warmth against me and I continued sobbing.

"I thought...I thought—" I choke.

"Shh, I'm here. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry." He said hugging me tighter. I can feel a low groan in his chest maybe because of the
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pain from all of his wounds so I move back lightly but never letting go of his embrace.

"I miss you." I said wiping my tears away from my face. I released him and decided to look at him intently. To memorize his features once again, to look at his face more as I feel his chest, his arms, his hands – oh, the feel of his warmth against my palms reassures me that he's really here with me. Infront of me. He's really back. He really came back to me.

"I'm okay." He murmurs taking my hand from his chest and squeezing it. "I'm not going anywhere."

"Yeah you dumbass I won't let you." I answered, wiping the tears from my face messily but then he grabbed my left hand, his thumb stroking my knuckles gently. The little cuts are already healed but the bruises are still there, he looks hurt as he gazed at my bruised hands.

"I'm all right." I reassured him.

"Did you get hurt a lot?" He asked, still looking at my hands, his fingers softly caressing my palm beneath.

"Not as much as I can't handle." I replied, and I watch him plant gentle kisses on each bruise, my heart softens at the view.

"I'm sorry."

"For what?"

"For putting you and our child in danger." He raised his head and his pitch-black eyes met mine. "I know that wouldn't be the last time, a lot of people will try to hurt you because of me and—"

"And I know you will protect us." I said staring back. "Plus, I was the head bodyguard of the Main Family before I got knocked up remember?" I laughed lightly. "They better not underestimate me."

I don't know when and how we started to treat each other this way. Vegas changed a lot – well to me. And I like it, how he can be so gentle when it comes to me. Only to me. I feel so important. I've never been treated like this ever my whole life. Treated like a pampered pregnant omega. And I'm actually enjoying it. Who would've thought a jerk like him can have this warmth, care, and calmness in him? Just don't ever go back to that kind of Vegas before meeting me.

"Macau, go home." Vegas suddenly said and my eyes went wide immediately as I look at Macau holding a food tray and placing it at the end of the bed. I forgot about him, looks like he has fetched some food while Vegas and I were talking.

"But I just got here." Macau whined.

"I know. And you've been with me since yesterday. Get out." Vegas said again and Macau gave him a dry look on his face as he stomps his way to the door. "Get some rest." Vegas said before the

door closed behind his little brother. And I smiled at the thought of how caring he is when it comes to Macau too. He doesn't want it to be obvious, but it shows.

"Why are you smiling?"

"Nothing. Are you hungry? I'll get the food." I answered, wanting to do something for him. But he stopped me.

"No. Don't go." He says softly, tightening his arms around me. So, I stayed there, my head resting on his shoulder enjoying how his scent calms me. I look up to him, his eyes gazing down at me as if I'm the most important thing he has ever laid his eyes on and that as if I'm his only reason for living, I know, because I look at him the same way. He is here. He is really here. With me. And new tears fall down from my eyes once again, couldn't help a soft sob escaping from my mouth as I buried my face on his neck.

"Shh. Stop crying Pete." He commented as he wraps himself around me.

"Then stop making me worry you jerk." I spat back and I can feel a thick chuckle forming deep in his chest, coming out like the softest sound a laugh could ever be in my ears as he inhales my hair.

"It's not funny Vegas." I said again rolling my eyes even though I know he couldn't see it. "I thought I'd lost you. I really thought I'd lost you." I sobbed. I can feel his hands gently cupping my face and tilting my chin up with his fingers until we're face to face once again. I can't stop crying.

"You know, even when crying you still look so beautiful." He murmurs leaning down and planting a soft kiss on my forehead, I inhaled a deep breath still overwhelmed by the way he treats me. Yeah, he's pampering me too much.

"Your nose is so red, your cheeks too." He continued kissing the tip of my nose and my tear-stained cheeks. His hands still cupping my face as he continued giving me feather-like kisses from the corner of my eye to the corner of mouth. "And your lips are so soft." He whispered, his breath against my lips as if I could already taste each word coming out of him. My lips parted, my eyes already closed as I waited for him, waiting to feel his lips on mine. And then I felt it, kissing me gently. Then again, and again, deepening it.

A small moan escapes my throat as my insides melt and unfurls. I can feel the need from it, from the way I bit and suck at his bottom lip until it gets swollen like mine, from the way my fingers run through his hair as I pull him closer, our tongues wandering in each others' mouths but then he let go of me, both of us panting as his hands remained on my cheeks.

"Fuck, I want to take you now." He growled sending a sharp

shiver up my spine then down to my belly. I bit my lower lip, the pressure between us pulling me in, drawing us together. I let out a deep sigh as I feel his thumb pressing on my chin making me let go of my lip as he traces a finger on it. His dark eyes watching my every reaction. "I can never get enough of you, Pete." He said, his dark, hungry stare glued on my parted lips.

I pushed him back, fighting the burning pain gathering inside of me for craving him. I need to hold back; I should be the one who do the thinking here whenever Vegas is horny. We can't do that here; he knows we can't.

"You know we can't do it here, Vegas. And look at your state, you can't even move." I said, briefly smiling as I stood up.

"Well, you can ride me. I wouldn't mind." He said casually, and I sharply turn to him throwing him a glare, he smirked back.

A month and a half have passed, and Vegas is finally discharged from the hospital. I stayed here in the mansion, talking to Porsche on the phone. Mr. Tankhun visits here more often, checking up on me we're both now in the kitchen.

"I'm okay, just a few burns that will scar. Not that I care though, everything is fine." Porsche replied over the phone, and I let out a sigh of relief. I've been too busy taking care of Vegas and it's also really difficult to search for their whereabouts, so I'm only able to contact him now.

"I'm sorry it took me this long to reach out to you." I said almost a whisper.

"It's fine. I understand."

"Where are you now? I will visit you."

"I'll text you the address. See you soon then?"

"Yeah, can't wait to see you." I replied and the call ended. I'm just glad he's okay. That him and Mr. Kinn are okay. I put my phone back to my pocket and my gaze travels down my belly. The bump is so visible now but I can still see my feet looking down.

"Three months and two weeks." I whispered to myself as I rub my palm on the fabric of my shirt over my bump. The nausea and vomiting are still there every morning, or everytime I smell something I don't like, like fish and garlic. The only difference this time is that I eat a lot unlike before and I'm gaining weight.

"You really glow recently, Pete." Mr. Tankhun commented and I turned my head to him. Watching him slice some fruits that he had brought here for me. I wanted to help him but he keeps on saying no and I don't want to annoy Mr. Tankhun because it's going to be a big problem if he does. So, I let him.

"You always said that." I gave him a small laugh and he smiled too, a warm one.

"I'm just glad you're happy and that jerk is treating you right, because if he don't, I'm going to murder him myself." And we both laugh. I want to say I will do the same too even if I'm going 30 pounds bigger soon if he ever treats me wrong but I refrained.

I look around hearing fast footsteps and see the bodyguards running to the same direction which indicates Vegas has arrived. I stood up from my seat and walk my way out of the kitchen, past the lobby and into the front door just the same time Vegas entered, and I greeted him with a small wave and a smile.

He's wearing a black longsleeves that's hanging low on his neck, always refusing to acknowledge the first two buttons of his shirt, exposing the soft skin of his chest. His hair is down and unruly, almost covering his forehead and a small patch on his right temple. He still looks marvelous just like the first time I saw him. His striking dark eyes locked to mine as he walks his way to me not minding anyone who greets him. And I hold his gaze until he's standing so close to me squeezing my hand.

"Nice to see you too." He teased, close to my ear. I inhaled sharply, and I cursed myself for doing it and making him notice how his simple presence affects me. His voice automatically igniting every nerve in my body, travelling throughout me like lightning. I can feel it in my chest, down to my belly and my fingertips. My whole body reacting with just the sound of his voice.

"Fuck off." I said rolling my eyes at him, a glimpse of dark smirk slowly curving on his face before I turn around.

I hurriedly went back to the kitchen with Mr. Tankhun and eat the slices of apple from the plate near me though my face frowned immediately at the taste, *something is missing*. I stood up and went to the fridge to scan everything in it and saw a Nutella. I grabbed it and brought it back to the table, its bottom creating a clacking sound when it hits the glass. I went back to my seat and pour some of the chocolate on an empty plate, dipping a sliced of apple to it before letting all its taste burst inside my mouth.

Perfect.

"That's a really weird combination." Vegas commented from behind, pulling a chair as I look at him sitting beside me looking so perfect. *Damn. Something's not right, he looks so good in my eyes what the hell is happening. I know he looks good but I've never given any shit about it before.*

I scowl at him, dipping a small slice of apple in the chocolate then handed it to him. "Try it." I said, his gaze shifting as he looks at me then to the small piece of fruit in my fingers then back to my eyes, and then something switched as if the air becomes thicker, his stare turning darker as he put his right hand on the side of my seat,

his left hand holding my wrist to keep it steady, leaning in not breaking his gaze with me as he took the slice into his mouth sucking at my fingers intentionally – teasingly. His strong stare never leaving mine as he twirls his tongue around my index finger, making me gasp. I can feel the burning sensation just between my thighs, growing.

"Hmm. Tastes good." Vegas said, dark and sultry, smirking as he pushes back, chewing with a satisfied look on his face and I know its not for the way the food has tasted but it's for the way I reacted with what he just did. He's playing with me. I immediately looked at Mr. Tankhun who's now so busy rummaging the fridge. *He didn't see it, did he?*

Vegas' eyes remained on me. Gaze wondering down my face, to my lips, and neck, my chest, down to my hips. As if I could already feel his stare, how it burns the skin beneath my shirt. And I watch him, his every move, I watch him take a piece of a grape from the table and twirl it ever so slightly with his slender fingers. I watch him put it inside his mouth, and he's still holding my gaze. I can already feel my skin on fire, burning sensation building up in my stomach, my whole body asking for more with just the way he looks at me. His sharp gaze boring deep into me, indulging me yet his expression remained dark. *I need more.*

The burning feeling gathered inside my chest, the lower part of my body aching. I wanted to be touched by him, I wanted to throw myself to him this instant. Sit on his lap and ride him but I know I can't, so I took a piece of grape and pop it inside my mouth. I don't have to start chewing to know and realize that I don't like what it tasted. I froze. The piece of fruit stuck on the side of my cheek unharmed. I can already taste its bitterness at the tip of my tongue, my stomach started to churn I can feel a lump rushing up my throat, I suddenly wanted to puke.

"You don't like it?" Vegas asked softly, I shook my head fast. I wanted to run to the sink and throw everything up but my body isn't moving and my knees are starting to get weak. Vegas looked around, then to Mr. Tankhun who's now a few meters away from him busy with his phone in the doorway.

I blinked twice before my brain could finally process that Vegas is now kissing me, his right hand held my face as his thumb pressed firmly on my chin -- a silent, wordless command for me to open up and I did feeling his tongue invade my mouth, sliding and sucking as I close my eyes. His tongue flicks and licks at the roof sending sweet shivers down my back, the burning sensation growing bigger in my belly, between my thighs nearly consuming all my senses. I almost let out a moan at how good it felt. And when I opened my

eyes, he's already leaning his back on his chair, chewing the grape that once was inside my mouth and I felt my face and ears turning hot. Long forgotten how I badly wanted to throw up everything just a few seconds ago.

"You're playing games with me." I said, my eyes glaring.

"Am I?" Vegas answered in a low tone tilting his head to the side. I can see a small smirk forming slowly at the corner of his mouth. That look on his face is back. The familiar darkness of a predator looking at his prey, testing— waiting, and it's enough to make my whole body shiver with so much need and lust.

Vegas and I are now in the living room with Mr. Tankhun. They are talking with Mr. Kinn on a laptop. I already gave my respect to Mr. Kinn and now sitting beside Vegas quietly, Mr. Tankhun on Vegas' left side making sure they are both seen by the laptop's camera.

I am drifting away with my thoughts of how I wanted to be with Vegas right now, how I wanted to feel his hands on me, to feel his soft lips on my skin, but we can't even be left alone because of all these. I crave for him so much for the past month and a half that he hasn't touched me and the games he is playing are just not helping in controlling this growing desire inside me. Not that he has any intention to help me in the first place. I'm struggling to stay still. I can feel it in my bones, with every air that I breathe, I can feel it through my blood hot and burning, *I want him to throw me on the bed and fuck me.*

My fingers dig into the fabric of my pants, digging it deeper, making it hurt just so the pain would stop me from thinking, but the pain didn't helped much when I feel his hand on my back going down, slowly sliding on my spine, getting lower and lower in a steady pace, the feeling of his fingers on my shirt leaving a hot lingering trail of sweet sensation against my skin until he stopped at my curve just above my ass.

His hand warm and firm, his thumb softly caressing the fabric of my shirt, drawing circles sending a weird tingling sensation up my spine and down my feet, making me inhale a long sharp breath. He's good at this pressing all the right buttons and touching all the right places. My brain started to buzz from all the heat and desire clouding up my head. I close my eyes trying to stop my pheromones from spreading inside the room.

He's talking to Mr. Kinn now, but I couldn't hear any words coming out from them as I am now too preoccupied with watching Vegas as I feel his hand moved from my back to my thigh. A warm feeling igniting deep in my skin, a hard cock inside my pants, my breathing ragged as I let out an air but not too loud for Mr.

Tankhun to hear. And Vegas makes no attempt on hiding his lips curving into a smirk, lazy and just a bit predatory it was just for a brief moment before it disappears completely, and Vegas is immersed once again on what Mr. Kinn has been discussing.

Can Vegas just leave and get on with this already? Leave them and focus on me? Isn't he as desperate as I am now? Doesn't he wants to fuck me? I need him now. I need his attention now.

As if he's been hearing my thoughts, Vegas' fingers started to draw small circles on my thighs, making my breath hitch, a warm feeling spreading inside me, an aching pain against my pants with every gentle traces he's doing just close enough to drive me wild. His hands dangerously going down near my hardened cock but never touching, nor brushing. Almost. Just teasing and I badly wanted to whimper and plead to him on my seat.

We haven't fucked for more than a month. I want him now. I want to shove his hand inside my pants right now, I want him to squeeze me just the way I always like until I let out a soft moan, shove his fingers up my ass, bite me and turn me into a mess. I don't want this teasing anymore, I don't want to play this game anymore. I can't take it any longer. *I want him so bad.*

I stood up, making my chair creak against the floor. Mr. Tankhun and Vegas looking at me.

"I'm going up to rest." I said, making sure not to give Vegas any look. I turn around and walk out of the room.

I'm lying flat on the bed, staring blankly at the ceiling. The burning sensation still lingering in my fingertips all across my chest and arms down to my belly and groin. It burns so much I wanted relief. I wanna be fucked by Vegas so bad.

Does he still want me? I wondered. *Maybe he doesn't want me anymore because I'm getting bigger?* I brushed the thought away and close my eyes. My mind travels back to when I was in the kitchen where Vegas is looking straight up to me. Darkness creeping in his eyes after he licked that grape out of my mouth. A familiar darkness that my body learned to crave. Making me shiver everytime he looks at me like that. Like he wanted to bend me over and do all the dark things he could do to my body.

I shivered at the thought.

"Fuck I need him." I cursed out loud. I need him right now.

And just as when I was so willing to stand up and go down the stairs and drag Vegas away from that stupid meeting and back to our room, the door opened revealing him. My heart leaped with so much joy as I jump out of the bed and run to him.

He paused for a couple of seconds after closing the door behind him, I can see him inhaling the scent of the room, sensing it – but

what exactly? Am I releasing too much pheromones without me knowing? And when he finally turned around and look at me, his gaze is all dark and knowing. My body immediately reacting to it, an electrifying sensation travelling sweetly down my spine I don't know if I moaned loudly or just in my head as I stood patiently in front of him, waiting for him to tell me what to do.

"Impatient, aren't you?" Vegas's tone went two times lower than usual, rolling across my skin –burning. His predatory eyes glaring back at me, and I stood still as I try to calm my breathing. "What happened Pete?" He teased, taking a step closer and I already feel like I am being pulled in by his cold stare. "You were poorly brave today to leave me there."

Vegas closed the small distance between us, and I let out a soft moan as I feel his breath against my cheeks. Warm against my skin. He smell of his cold, musky scent and sweet wine, that's when I noticed a glass of it on his right hand, his fingers delicately wrapped around the base of the glass, wine almost empty.

"I want it." I blurted out, my eyes never leaving the glass of red wine.

"No." Vegas said firmly, the arousal and craving fighting inside me. I want Vegas and the wine. I stared at it; a bit longer than I intended to. The hunger in my stomach to taste it lingers up my throat. The urge is getting stronger. *I want it.*

Vegas stared at me, sure enough it only takes a short time for Vegas's patience to break and grab my chin and lift my face up away from the glass as he leans in. "You're drifting love. Eyes on me." He demanded, and my body almost gave out as sweet sensation consumed me once again. I am so willing to submit right that instant as I look at his predatory eyes. And I stare back at him, holding his gaze, making sure he knows how badly I am craving for him.

"I'll let you do whatever you want to me." I whispered on Vegas' ears as I circle my arms over his shoulders. "Just let me take a sip." I said. *Just a small sip, would that hurt?* "Hmm? Vegas?" I purred in his ears, and I love how I can feel his chest inhaling deeply with just the sound of my voice.

But then I can feel a wicked grin forming on Vegas' lips, as he started to suck and bite the base of my neck up to my jaw, his warm tongue on my burning skin making me let out a defeated moan. There's a hand at the back of my thigh and a tongue licking my ear making it harder for me to remain still. I moaned louder, my grip getting tighter on his shoulders.

"You're not gonna fool me, Pete." He whispered in a raspy voice leaning back not breaking the eye contact as he started to drink the

remaining wine in his glass. I watch him in shock. He turned around placing the empty glass on the table near the door, then back to me. Slowly unbuttoning his shirt, one button after another. His gaze never leaving mine.

I watch him sit on the bed, his legs spread in front of me. His shirt on the floor, his head leaning to the side making me see how smooth the skin on his neck is, my gaze travelled down to his shoulders and chest, down to his toned muscles on his abdomen. A couple of scars visible on his right side. Then my eyes landed on his pants, a noticeable bulge on the crotch, outlining his length – thick and taunting. Before I could think of what I was doing, I was already sitting on Vegas' lap. Vegas' hands settled on my hips pulling me down until I could feel his hard erection against my ass. I bit my lip as I let out another moan.

"Do you still want me?" I suddenly asked him and he just looks at me. "I'm getting heavy, but not as much yet. My belly is still not that big but I know—"

"I'm so fucking hard right now Pete because of you, what the hell are you saying." He said against my lips and I can't help but open my mouth as he thrusts his thumb inside it pressing down on my tongue almost making me gag. And his eyes remained on my face as I close my mouth around his thumb and twirl my tongue around it. Sucking and licking as my eyes remained on his dark ones.

"You still look as beautiful as the day I first saw you." He whispered to me, pulling out his thumb and started kissing me like a hungered beast; teeth and tongue. I can't help but moan against his lips, the bittersweet taste of the wine still lingering in his mouth, and I slide my tongue inside, tasting every bit of it, swirling inside him. Losing myself to the feel of him around me.

"Oh Vegas.. ah." I moaned as Vegas pulled back and nips at the bottom of lip. His hands find their way back to my ass, taking advantage of my parted lips, he deepened the kiss. Hungry and suffocating. His fingers dig into the fabric of my pants as I feel him grinds himself up against my ass. I moaned louder.

Vegas breaks off the kiss, hissing as he pulls away. Both of us panting as I breathlessly meet his gaze. My body shivering dangerously as my desire reflected on his dark eyes. He wants me, the same way I wanted him. I can feel his hunger boring into my skin, I can feel the lust from his eyes consuming me, so with a soft moan, I grind harder against his cock. The fabric sending a hot pleasure up my ass as I feel him groan at my sudden action, hips continuously bucking up to meet me. I'm so pent up I feel like I could cum just by grinding against him.

"You turn me on so goddamn much." He growled against my neck

as he pulled my pants down. I sit back on his lap all bare ass exposed and let him press one finger against my rim. I can't help but groan, I can already feel how wet I am inside as he slides a finger in me without any problem. And oh, it burns, as if my whole body is waiting for him to touch me on all of the right places. Another finger entered, stretching me open and I keep on moaning and bucking my hips against his hand as I kiss him hungrily.

"Vegas, fuck me hard..." I whispered inbetween our kisses. "Break me, mess me up." I moaned and now I was being lifted up and thrown on the bed, him on top of me. My legs immidiately wrapping around his waist craving contact, pulling him closer for his length to touch my bare ass against his pants.

"I love it when you're this needy like a slut." Vegas growled leaving smaller yet vicious bites against the skin on my neck down to the soft flesh on my exposed collar bone. I'm still wearing my shirt covering down my waist when Vegas yanked it up, the hem of the shirt close to my mouth.

"This is getting in my way. Bite." He commanded and I shivered, almost breaking into pieces at how much my body wanted to obey him. I bit the hem of my shirt and watch him licks his way down to my chest, sucking at my hardened nipple until it gets swollen while I can't help but groan and writhe beneath him, he continued sucking and biting until it hurts, but he didn't stop.

And then he moved down, devouring every part of me as he goes. Leaving marks along the way, owning me once again. I gasped as he pulled my hips up so suddenly. "What...oh fuck." I said purring as I feel his tongue inside me. Circling against my walls licking every drop of me, my back arching, my whole body burning with too much pleasure and lust, driving me insane, on and on, round and round. My grip getting tighter against his hair, my legs closing in around his head as he keeps on sucking and licking making me cry out his name so loud.

And now he's hovering over me once again, grabbing my shirt and throwing it on the floor, he started kissing me, two fingers entering up my ass so suddenly. I cried against his lips. My fingers digging on his back, dragging them down, leaving long scratches on his skin. He growls and I swallowed every groan that's coming out of his mouth. He keeps on biting my lip, sucking at my tongue, fierce and just as hungry as I feel. My throat hurts from crying as his fingers pound inside me. *I'm close, so close.*

"I want you." I moaned. "Give it to me, please. Fuck me hard." I said almost crying at how everything feels so good. But he didn't stop his sweet, exquisite torture as he continued hitting my spot with his fingers. I close my eyes shut, forcing myself not to come

yet. And then I feel him withdraws. My hole feels like its burning, aching for him, wanting him.

"I want you inside me. Please Vegas, please." I begged spreading my legs wider as I lift my hips up to meet his. "Make love to me."

"I am." He murmurs, biting at my ear.

"No. I want you inside. Fill me up, please." I said burying my face at the crook of his neck, leaving marks and bruises.

A satisfied cry escaped my mouth as I feel the head of his length pressing against my rim, pushing inside one slow inch at a time. I close my eyes, relishing the fullness, the exquisite feeling of his possession over my body. I am his, and he is mine alone.

"Fuck, you're so tight." He growled, digging his fingers on my hips hard enough to know that it will bruise. And then I can feel him moving filling me up, I instinctively moved my hips up to meet him, to join with him, groaning loudly. He eases back and very slowly fills me again. My fingers find their way back to his silken unruly hair, and he oh-so-slowly moves in and out again. Teasing. Always teasing.

"Come on, fuck me hard." I said, the need in my voice is so visible. He gazes down at me, his eyes glistening with too much hunger and lust and he started kissing me hard once again, that's when he really starts to move. Thrusting, hard and fast I feel like I could lose myself and let the pleasure consumed me as I cried out his name.

"You feel so good." He said, moaning against my ear. I can feel him everywhere. Inside me, on top of me, around me, and I crave so much for this, him sucking and licking at whatever skin his mouth can reach. Worshipping my body. Hitting all the right places so accurately and good.

"Yes...right there...rub it more. I like it." I said, crying, already lost in the midst of ecstasy brought by him. I keep on whimpering beneath him, squirming from pleasure and pain and he keeps on thrusting fast, fucking me hard, every slide of his length inside me lighting me up, driving me wild until I couldn't think anymore, until I couldn't feel my throat from all the pleas and screams I did beneath him.

"Vegas..." The only word that escaped my mouth before it was muffled by my loud moans and cries. My body started to tense, feeling like I was going to unravel, break and shatter beneath him, as if all the pent-up frustrations and fear that's been inside of me for the past months are being fucked-out of me one thrust at a time.

It feels so good.

I can already feel the orgasm taking over me. My back arching, coming untouched, my whole body pulsing with pleasure, my eyes

shut, shivering as I feel my release. My muscles contracting around Vegas' length making him groan sinking his teeth at the pit of my neck, his hips thrusting harder.

My vision clouded as I continued to shake uncontrollably beneath Vegas. He continued thrusting, I cried out as I feel him move faster, my body still riding the aftershock of my release. I feel so overly stimulated, yet he didn't stop as he pound inside me one hard thrust after another.

"I cant –" My voice feels raw in my throat as I cry and moan. He gave me one last thrust before his whole-body tenses, groaning through his orgasm. His warmth spreading inside me, and it felt so achingly good.

An hour passed and we are just lying on the bed before Vegas decided to help me wash up. He was so careful and caring taking me to the bathroom and making time to wash me meticulously, overly conscious about my belly which is still not that big yet. His concern is making me giggle.

"You don't have to assist me everytime I walk." I said laughing and he smiled.

"Just making sure you won't slip." He answered focused on making me get into the bathtub safe and complete before he stepped in with me. I rest my head on his right shoulder, back against his chest. Skin to skin, feeling his heartbeat against me as I close my eyes. His arms around me warm and comforting and we stayed like that for a good couple of minutes before his hands travelled down my body, to the curves on my hips and into my inner thighs. The next thing I knew I am moaning so loud as he fucks me in a bathtub, riding him as he thrusts in me with a slow and controlled movements. It didn't take me long to come hard, my whole body shaking on top of him.

And when I finally recovered, he bends me over. My arms resting on the side of the porcelain tub as he inserts two fingers inside me. I feel so numb, yet I can still feel him hitting the same spots making me jolt and moan out of sweet pleasure and arousal. I'm hard again as he gets me cleaned up ended up coming for I don't know how many times in a row now.

My head is already buzzing, my body feels frail and light as I was pulled into Vegas' embrace. I feel him stand up, carrying me in his arms, drying me with a warm towel and wrapping me with it. My eyes feel so heavy, my body feels so tired. I look at him one last time before sleep completely win over me.

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I hope we all find someone as lovingly and caring as Vegas to Pete or someone as brave and giving as Pete to the people he cares
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about. T.T

Chapter 25: Pip

I'll thank my lucky stars for that night..

TW: Too much fluff and sweets >.<

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"When's your next hospital appointment?" Vegas asked me as I watched him dry his hair from a shower. His bare torso exposed and his pants hung dangerously around his waist. I'm in awe.

"My what?" I asked. Distracted.

"Your check up with Dr. Castillo." He answered, slipping a white shirt over his head.

"This coming Thursday." I said, diverting my gaze. Looking around the room but him.

"I'll come with you." He walked to me, looking so dominating and beautiful. His dark hair neatly brushed away from his forehead a single strand of hair falling perfectly down his left temple and he's now standing infront of me, I couldn't look away, then he gently pressed his lips into mine I don't even have time to process. It was soft and light, my heart skipped a beat as I looked into his eyes.

"Um..okay." Is all I could say.

"Tell me if you crave something, I'll be in my office." He said stroking my cheek, the warmth of his palm on my skin reassures me.

"You're working?"

"I have to." He said, kissing me on my forehead. "See you later."

It's not so long after Vegas left when someone knocks, I clumsily get up from the bed because of my belly and open the door, meeting Nop who's holding three boxes of fresh strawberries and a cake in his hands.

"Mr. Vegas said to give this to you sir." Nop said looking at me then to my grown stomach who is now quite visible from my big shirt. I place my hands over my belly and let Nop in.

Vegas ordered them for me. A small smile crept to my face, my heart beating so fast just because of the thought. Nop then placed the boxes beside the bed before facing me.

"I haven't congratulated you properly yet, sir." He said to me. "Congratulations on the baby." He bowed and I could already feel my cheeks burning.

"Thank you." I mumbled. He gave me another slight bow of his
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head before leaving the room.

My life here in the Minor family mansion as a pregnant omega after the disaster is quite boring. All I do is eat, walk around the house, sleep, and then eat again for the past weeks until Vegas finally comes back. Sometimes I would call Porsche and we would talk for hours. Sometimes Macau will be here when he doesn't have school and we will play video games or just accompany each other for the whole day.

But today, for some reason all I did is sleep and wake up late in the afternoon feeling dizzy and heavy. I already finished the whole cake when I decided to open one box of strawberries for my cravings are still not sufficing yet. I washed them all then placed some on a plate. They look so red and tempting so I hurriedly run towards the bed to eat them.

A small creek from the bathroom door got my attention, making me look up. I immediately smiled at Vegas who just got off from the shower and joined me on the bed. Resting my back against his bare chest while his arms wrapped around my belly, his chin on my left shoulder.

"How are you and our baby?" He asked, kissing my neck and shoulder.

"We're okay. I just slept." I answered, munching over the fruit. It tastes so sweet and sour and I'm about to finish my first box. "Do you want one?" I offered a strawberry and he shook his head lightly on my neck.

I watched his hand softly take my plate with a couple of strawberries left in it away and placed it beside the bed. He then gently tugs the collar of my shirt making it slightly fall off my left shoulder, softly brushing a kiss on the exposed skin, his nose sliding up my neck then down. His thumbs stroking my belly as he pulled me closer. I can feel my whole body shivered.

"I have a nickname for our baby." I blurted out trying to distract myself.

"Hmm?" He hummed, his voice low against my skin just below my ear.

"Dr. Castillo said I have to give our baby a nickname for my pregnancy journal."

"Hm." He softly nodded against my neck, I felt his tongue slide up to my jaw and his lips nibbled on my earlobe. I feel breathless. "So what is it?" He asked, his nose on my neck inhaling me making me close my eyes as I felt a warm pressure stir inside me.

"Pip." I said breathless, blushing and somewhat embarrassed. Burying my body further down his chest.

"Pip." He repeated, making me look up at him with flushed

cheeks.

"Oh it's because the baby is still small and –" before I could finish my explanation he's already kissing me tenderly and slowly.

"You're so fucking adorable." He growled, his smooth accent adorning the depth of his voice wonderfully, I can feel it rumbled in his chest tasting it on his lips. His tongue sliding inside my mouth, gliding it across my own and I moaned against his lips. I can feel his hand skimming up inside my shirt squeezing my left breast that gets more swollen every passing month. He squeezed and tugs at my nipple making my head thrown back to his shoulder, moaning even louder.

He continued kissing and sucking at the skin on my neck, his hand remained on my chest, teasing and pulling as his other hand slipped inside my pants finding my already wet hole. He entered a finger and I moaned louder, arching my back against his chest.

The pleasure is building up, I couldn't breathe.

I continued kissing him feeling another finger breaches to my opening, sliding both fingers slowly into me. I opened my legs wider, letting out a chorus of moans as he played with my breast and hole.

And then he pushed me gently on the bed, him hovering over me kissing me hungrily as soon as I pressed my back on the soft mattress. His fingers continued to slide in and out inside me stretching me open as another one entered. I gasped, neck arching and head thrown back and when I opened my mouth to cry out, the sound got stuck in my throat when a sharp tingly sensation traveled up and down my spine as I feel his fingers press firmly over my prostate. I shivered.

Vegas found my mouth again, his kisses were intense, hungry and deep. I wrapped my arms around him and kissed him back. I can feel how he's resting his whole weight on his forearm and not on me. Careful with his actions and so gentle towards me.

He works his way from my jaw down to my neck and chest. His teeth grazing at my skin leaving a trail of fire as he goes down. But then I jolt, making him stop, blinking at me.

His eyes directly looking at my shocked face asking what's wrong and instead of answering, my whole body jumped again.

"What's wrong?" He asked me, concern visible in his eyes as he cupped my face.

"The baby." I answered, breathing heavy as I looked at him with wide eyes.

"What?"

"The baby kicked."

And that made him let out a huge amount of air as he buried his

face on my neck.

"I thought I hurt you." He whispered and I smiled.

"Vegas hurry, the baby is moving." I took his hand and placed it on my belly as he rested his body beside me. My hand on top of his on my stomach and we stayed quiet, feeling the baby move. Pip kicked for the first time and it felt overwhelming.

I watched Vegas sit up, his hand remained on my belly, his eyes glued to it. A glint of softness twinkles at the corner of his eyes. The warmth of his hand on us feels like a sanctuary, a safe haven. He will become a great father for Pip, I'm sure.

"Pip sure is too active." Vegas chuckled as he feels Pip move, I can't help but laugh too.

"Like you." I replied giggling, the smile on my face isn't disappearing. And he leaned down, kissing the laughter from my mouth. The sounds I make are getting swallowed by his sweet little kisses.

"I love you so much Pete." He said when our eyes met, my hands cupping his cheeks. And the words I'm about to say got tangled down my throat. I'm just so happy hearing it from him.

"Let's sleep, you both need rest." He said, helping me fix my clothes and pull me close to his chest.

Thursday came, Vegas drove us to the hospital for my checkup that afternoon.

A cold gel was spread across my belly, Dr. Castillo sits beside me pulling the ultrasound machine closer so both me and Vegas could see it. Vegas is sitting just behind the doctor and I am holding his hand. His thumb softly caressing my palm.

Dr. Castillo glides a small trackball over my stomach, it always feels ticklish at first but now, somehow I feel so nervous today. Maybe because Vegas is here with me.

"There." Dr. Castillo murmurs, pressing a button and tilting the machine to make me look at it.

"We can see Pip again." Dr. Castillo mentioned, smiling, and I stared at the monitor. "It has a very strong heartbeat. Do you hear it?"

I do. I can hear Pip. Its soft heart beating inside me. Pip is moving, it's already grown so much in just five months. I could never stop looking at how small Pip's hands are, the little feet softly kicking. And that's mine. Pip is mine. My child.

There's another life inside me.

"All this kicking must've hurt you." Dr. Castillo smiled at me.

"Are you hurting?" Vegas asked me, never letting go of my hand.

"No. It just moves a lot, especially at night."

"Nothing to worry about it, your hormonal imbalance wouldn't

affect the baby. Pip is very healthy." The doctor reassures us, and I don't know but I feel like both of us had let out a deep sigh.

I look at Vegas and his eyes twinkle towards the monitor. He was looking at the baby lovingly, as if his whole world is right in front of him. It's true, Pip is going to be the apple of Vegas' eyes. He will become a loving father. I just know.

"So for now, let's change your diet, okay? Lessen the sweets. We need to watch out for gestational diabetes and sugar might be the cause why the baby is so active."

We both nod.

"The doctor said to lessen the sweets." Vegas glared at me and at the chocolate pudding I'm eating as we drove our way back to the mansion.

"Lessen. She said lessen." I argued.

"I believe that's not how you take the doctor's advice." He said judging my fourth cup of chocolate pudding out of the five cups he bought, and I popped my last bite inside my mouth. He then leaned towards me, rubbing his thumb at the corner of my lips removing the chocolate.

"You're so stubborn." he commented, sucking his thumb clean. It went so quiet for a while, all I could hear was the soft humming sound of the car and our gentle breathing.

"I want to see my grandma." I blurted out, looking down at my belly then on my fingers fidgeting on my lap. I suddenly miss her, and I wanted to know if she's okay.

"Your grandma?" Vegas repeated without looking at me, too busy focusing on the road.

"Yeah, my nana. I miss her."

"Hmm." He hummed, and the car went silent again. The calming type of silence, that kind when you know you feel safe with the person you are with. It was soothing, relaxing and warm.

I was already in our room when I suddenly woke up. It was dark, quiet, and cold, and Vegas is not with me. *I'm alone*. The dreadful feeling from that day when I was waiting for him in this dark room suddenly floods me. One thought after another. As if I was suddenly put in the middle of the ocean, pitch black nothingness beneath me. Waves violently crushing on my chest. I couldn't breathe.

"Vegas.." My voice shakes. *Vegas? I can't breathe*.

I need to see him.

I need to feel him.

"Vegas?" My voice is hoarse, hot tears burning my eyes down my cheeks. My chest growing tight as a bile rose up my throat, my heart pounding in my ears, my head buzzing.

The gunshots.

The blood.

Me leaving Vegas.

The doors closing between us.

I left Vegas alone.

"Vegas..." A soft cry escaped my mouth as I tried so hard to breathe. My vision getting blurry, my chest hammering in pain, I feel like there's a tight rope around my neck. My nails dug into my palms, my hands are shaking as I gasped desperately for air. I can't breathe.

And then Vegas entered the room, he was saying something but I couldn't hear him. I can't focus, I can't see him properly, I can't feel him. *No. No.*

"Pete, eyes on me." I hear Vegas commanded and I looked him in the eyes. "Breathe."

And that's when I finally heard everything again like a sudden flash of sounds and sensations bombarding my whole body. I took in a deep breath as if I just resurfaced from the water and I can now hear myself crying so loud, hugging myself and the baby. I keep on repeating Vegas' name. Calling him again and again.

"I'm here. I'm here Pete." He cooed.

And I clung to him, holding him tight. Feeling his warmth against me. I cried, wept like I've never wept before. My painful rocking sobs echoed inside the room like the sound of tortured pain once again. As if it happened again. As if I lost him again. And it sounds like pain, it sounds like me.

"I'll take you away for a while." He whispered to me, his arms around my body as I hug him tight, crying on his chest.

"Let's visit your nana." he said, and I nod.

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Hi I'm back! I miss you all. And I hope you all are doing okay.

I tried my best to write a fluff chapter. I really did. XD

Anyway, I also have another story with a title VEGAS, if you can take time to read it I would really appreciate it.
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Chapter 26: Solitude

"You are enough to drive a saint to madness or a king to his knees."
— Grace Willows, To Kiss a King
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The first thing that hits my senses is the smell of the beach. Crisp and salty. I stood there still and stared before me with total awe. A body of water so vast it envelopes the horizon. I walk towards it, taking off my sandals and letting the feel of the sand caressed my feet. It was warm, the afternoon sun above me, and I closed my eyes as I felt the cool breeze of the ocean across my skin and let the waves run towards my feet, hitting one another and taking up a different course.

It was beautiful.

The feel of the soft waves, every grain of the sand I stepped on, the cool air that engulfs and envelopes me, the warmth of the sun against my skin; it was all perfect.

I started looking around and saw people enjoying, laughing and running along the sand.

A little kid ran past me, giggling as he reached his parents and I wondered if I would be able to be a better parent to my child like them? I never experienced having a family like that. Complete and happy, and once my baby is born we'll be like them. Me and Vegas and Pip.

The thought is quite overwhelming. My own family. Will I be able to do it?

"Does your feet hurt?" Vegas spoke beside me, taking me away from my thoughts. I shook my head as I looked at him. His black hair is flowy, some are falling down his forehead, sunglasses placed at the top of his head. He looks radiant under the sun.

"I'm okay." I mumbled, feeling his hand on mine. Little sparks flare up my fingertips up to the back of my neck as I feel his fingers intertwined with mine making me stare at our hands perfectly placed on each other like a piece of a puzzle. It made me smile.

"Let's go to our hotel first so you can rest. We'll visit your grandma tomorrow." He said, pulling me closer, leading me back to the car.

We slept that afternoon and I woke up to Vegas asking me to eat dinner. It's a good thing I can already eat any food placed in front
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of me, or maybe because Vegas already knows what food I would be able to eat. Nevertheless, I'm glad at these simple interactions. Him eating with me, staying beside me. Pampering me.

I was sitting on our bed after eating dinner and I looked at Vegas, busy massaging my right leg. He raised my foot to his lap, his hand sliding beneath my thigh. My breath hitched, as I felt him pressed on it.

"Now the other side." He said. I raised my left foot and he did the exact same thing. It felt nice. I feel my whole body relax with his gentle touches.

"Vegas, can I smell you?" I blurted out, making him raise his eyebrow at me and look me in the eyes directly. I can already feel my cheeks burning up. I reached out to his bicep and pulled him closer, making him sit on the bed beside me.

I wrapped my arms around his waist and buried my face on his neck inhaling his scent. It was calming as always.

"I love your scent so much." I whispered and then I felt him plant a soft kiss on my hair.

"Do you feel okay now?" he mumbled, his hand still placed under my thigh holding me closer, his thumb drawing circles beneath my leg.

I nod, as I nipped on Vegas's neck just above his scent gland. "I love how I belong to you." I said biting and sucking on his neck, Vegas stiffened as I felt his grip tightens on my thigh.

"You're quite expressive lately." Vegas commented, cupping my face as he star to kiss me fervently.

"Am I?" I managed to say, I can feel a smile forming between his lips, his kiss getting deeper. Desperate. His hands around my waist as he pulled me up on top of his lap, my legs wrapped around his hips and he's now kissing my neck, my throat and my collar bone. I feel so wet and Vegas is just as hard under me, against my ass.

I moaned and started to rock my hips slowly, feeling him against the fabrics of our clothes. I want him more than the air in my lungs. I want so much more of him, I want all of him. I want to feel the beauty of this love, our bond, with the tips of my fingers and the palms of my hands, in every fiber and bone in my being.

I want it all.

He sets me down on the bed, his thigh between my legs. One hand slipping behind my knee trailing fire up my skin, going higher making me arch my body, giving way to his fingers running up on my back and he kisses me more, his teeth catch my bottom lip for just a second and I'm clinging to him, wrapping my arms around his neck and running my hands through his hair and pulling him into me as much as my belly would allow me.

He tastes so sweet. So hot and so sweet and when he breaks the kiss I'm breathing so fast, my head spinning as I try to hold on to him.

"Lift your arms up." He says, gasping for air. His words a husky whisper in my ear.

He tugs up my shirt and tosses it to the floor. His hands slide down my sides, his eyes remained on my body as if engraving every part of me into his mind.

"Stop looking Vegas, I am bloated." I said frowning, rolling my eyes. I covered my face from embarrassment with my arm but that didn't last long as both my wrists are now being pinned down on the top of my head. Not giving me any chance to look away.

"Don't say that." His voice was firm and low as he leaned down on me, his nose gently nuzzling from the base of my neck up to my ear. "You look beautiful carrying my child."

And that made my heart pound loudly in my chest. He keeps on biting and scenting my neck and I can't help but let my moans get louder and louder as I feel his other hand slides inside my pants. I spread my legs wider feeling his fingers going in my already wet hole and it felt good, rocking my hips against his palm.

"Your cock...inside. Please." I managed to say in between my moans, his fingers making embers spark in my blood. I want more.

And then he withdraws, and I watch him lick his fingers slowly. Sucking at them, then gliding his tongue between, doing everything languidly – teasingly, burning eyes never leaving mine. I almost stopped breathing. *I want that tongue inside me.*

"Lift your hips for me, love." He says, now clutching the garter and hooks his fingers around the waist of my pants and my underwear at the same time. He tugs them down. Throwing them off the bed.

I started moaning as I felt the tip of his length pushing inside me. I can feel him going in, slowly, gently, every bit of him makes me feel so full. I wrapped my legs tighter around his waist as he began to thrust in and out of me at a slow pace.

"Pete, you feel so good." He purred against my neck as my hips met him thrust after thrust. My head is fuzzy, my whole body tensing into the sensation. I moaned louder, shuddering with the feel of his length sliding against my walls.

He continued doing his slow pace but making sure he gets deeper and deeper with every thrust as he could possibly be. He lifted my waist up, my hips resting on his thighs as he continued ramming, and this made him press right into my prostate so perfectly, sparks fly, it made me shudder. I let out a loud cry.

Before I could say anything, I already felt Vegas's knot expand

inside me and lock them in place making me find my release. I closed my eyes tighter, scratching down his arms as I came.

"One more." I said breathless and Vegas chuckled beside me.

"You have to rest." he replied, kissing my hair. "Go to sleep, I'll clean you up."

It was past midnight when I woke up in our dark room. My whole body immediately looked for Vegas and he was there sleeping beside me. A surge of relief floods through my veins.

I know I won't be able to go back to sleep any time now. I tried everything from tossing and turning on the bed to counting up to one hundred then backwards just to fall back to sleep again. But I can't.

I want some pudding.

My brain just couldn't stop thinking about that foamy dessert. The chocolate being sweet and slightly bitter melting in my mouth and the texture of a dense cake warm and silky down my throat, I just can't wait to buy some and eat it.

"Pip, could you let me sleep?" I whispered sitting up touching my belly. I look beside me where Vegas is still sleeping peacefully, his torso bare and a blanket is covering half of his body. I sometimes hate how he could sleep this way while I'm here waking up in the middle of the night craving for a fucking pudding. Still want to blame him sometimes out of pettiness.

I decided to go out and look for a convenience store. Maybe there's some nearby. I'll go back if I can't find anything. I promised.

I don't know how long I've been walking until I ended up by the sea bench staring at the dark ocean ahead. My feet kinda hurt from looking around and not a single convenience store here has what I wanted to buy and it frustrates me to the core.

Somehow the smell of the ocean helped me calm down and I walked back to the hotel. My eyes were focused on my huge belly when I suddenly bumped into someone. My hands automatically wrap around me as I try to steady my footing before turning around, the annoyance in me is growing.

"Look where you're going, stupid omega." The drunk man yelled at me and I threw him a glare. His unfocused eyes were in my direction but couldn't really look at me when he started to close the distance between us in a staggered, clumsy steps and I could smell the stench of alcohol from his breath when he talked again. "Watcha lookin at? You whore."

That made me snap. The next thing I knew was that my knuckles were throbbing from punching the man on the face before my brain could even catch up to what my body had done. The man took a few steps back, crouching as he clutched his nose then sniffed,

rubbing the blood away with the back of his hand.

"You—" His bloodshot eyes were wide as he grabbed my arm, I winced at how tight his grip was. I can feel his nails digging through the sleeve of my sweatshirt.

"Let go." My voice is stern like a warning. I am angry at this situation, at how I couldn't find the food I was craving to eat, at how my feet and back hurt so bad from walking, and how my right hand throbs from pain because of punching this man's face. I am mad. And the fact that I need to keep telling myself to calm down frustrates me more.

I pulled my arm away from his grip but his fingers went tighter. "I said let go." I warned again.

"Or else what?" He prodded.

I don't know, I might kill you here. This fucker thinks just because I'm pregnant and heavy I couldn't break his bone. I can do it now but I don't want to act reckless and endanger Pip.

I twisted my wrist once again and my eyes suddenly went wide when I realized what was happening. I was pushed by the man. I am falling. A heavy gasp escaped my mouth when I felt my back hit the ground.

The baby.

I know a lot of things are happening yet somehow I couldn't hear anything aside my heavy breathing and the loud pounding of my heart in my ears. I can feel my lips went dry as I sit on the ground, my hand over my belly and I stare at Vegas. He's talking on the phone while he's so close to me. And then I see him helping me up. I can see Nop dragging the man away from us. Blood all over the man's face and neck. And I look back at Vegas while everything else feels so distant. A continued high pitched sound pounding in my ears. And that's all I could hear.

I couldn't see Vegas' face when he carried me into the car. It was when I heard the door shut with a low thud when my senses came back. I am crying, hard and gasping for air. But Vegas didn't let go of my hand, he didn't even push me to sit properly, instead, he just let me clutched onto him, my whole body almost on his lap not letting go and he hugged me back. A hand gently tracing down my spine. Calming me down.

"Vegas, our baby." I cried over his shoulder.

"Are you hurt? Is your abdomen hurting?" He asked, his warm hands on my cheeks but I continued crying. "Pete, answer me." he demanded and I shook my head.

"I don't feel any pain anywhere." I cried out.

"Okay, we'll go get you checked." He said wiping my tears with his thumbs. "Calm down a little, love. Can you do that for me?"

I nodded between his hands cupping my face, but then I hurriedly buried my face on the crook of Vegas neck, a soft sob escaped my mouth making Vegas panicked.

"What is it?"

"Pip moved." I mumbled, tears continued streaming down my face, and that made Vegas let out a deep breath as he pulled me closer.

My baby moved inside me as if telling me that everything is okay. That my little one is okay and I end up crying quietly on Vegas' neck as we rode our way to the hospital.

After talking to Dr. Castillo that night on the phone and to the doctors checking up on me, we decided to spend the night here. Both me and Pip are fine. Everything is fine, except for one thing. I still want a pudding.

Days in the province are moving too fast and I am enjoying life here with my grandma. Visiting her for a day then going back to the hotel before night comes. She seems okay but it worries me how she's living here all alone. Vegas would go with me sometimes, and we would walk along the sand at sunsets before going back to our hotel. And just like that, a whole month had passed.

"I don't think I can leave her here alone." I whispered sitting in the balcony looking out at the vast darkness ahead of me. Little sparkles below from the lamps and tiny lights of the beach illuminates the ground below like stars.

"We'll go back here once Pip is born." Vegas softly answered, his hand gently caressing my left shoulder as I rested my head on his. A promise I want to hold on to.

"It's a promise then." I said smiling, my eyes remained on the beach as I listen to the soft sound of the waves from afar.

"It is."

Nights like this where we just sit side by side, feeling the familiarity and comfort of each other's presence is enough to make my heart feel glad. I never thought I could rely and love someone this much. I never thought I could ever love a person this much. I feel like exploding into a thousand pieces for him and he would gather every bit of me back together to make me feel whole again and again. He made me feel safe with his hand on the small of my back, he made me feel comfortable and at the same time made my life an entire adventure all at once. He laughed at things easily, he was soft, gentle and kind.

He understood when I was quiet or when I was loud. He listened. Listened to my words and to my silence. I feel warmth in his arms, I can see my home in his eyes and when he tells me to stay, I will stay. He doesn't to ask because I will stay for him, I will always

choose to stay.

"Pete." Vegas mumbled and I opened my eyes and gazed up into the face of the man I love. Vegas' expression is soft, tender. He strokes his nose against mine and plants a gentle kiss on my lips before looking directly into my eyes. "Marry me."

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AAAAAAAAAAAA

I really want to show how much they love each other and now I'm crying. And I also dont want to remove how Pete can handle himself and can still fight on his own but when Vegas is there he'll be like "My feet hurt Vegas, pamper me Vegas, spoil me more, love me."

Anyway, Hi I miss you all.
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Chapter 27: Venice

"And I'd choose you; in a hundred lifetimes, in a hundred worlds, in any version of reality, I'd find you and I'd choose you."

— Kiersten White, 'The Chaos of Stars'

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"Marry me."

The overwhelming feeling I have felt that night still stays in me. Grabbing his face and kissing him for as long as I could was all I could do. Even though he's so complex and difficult, I love him. I will always love him. There will never be anyone else.

That same night, our last night before coming back home – he has cherished me. His every touch, usually so familiar, startled me. As if he were touching me for the very first time again. He was careful, and precise and it was intimate. As if I was the most precious thing he had ever held. It was loving, beautiful and delicate.

I can still remember that night though, as if it didn't happen some weeks ago. It still feels unreal and it's all I could ever think of everyday back in the Minor family's house until I fall to sleep.

Something fluid-like and cold has leaked out of my body making me snap my eyes open. I turn to my left to check the time, it's 1:30 in the morning. I sat up and felt my pants and sheets all wet.

"My water broke." I whispered to myself. I tried to assess my whole body, I don't feel any pain yet, I have a couple of hours or so to prepare before my contractions start so I get off the bed and take my bag I've already prepared just for this day.

I start to check everything inside, from the towels, to the hospital paperworks, IDs and slippers. I began to change my clothes all while taking deep breaths praying the contractions wouldn't start until I reached the hospital.

"Pete?" I heard Vegas called my name and I stepped out of the bathroom already changed.

"My water broke." I told him, taking the bag and slinging it up to my shoulder.

"Your what?" He half yelled as he stood up from the bed. "Fuck. Shit." I heard him cursed while grabbing a shirt and hurriedly wearing it over his body. "Are you okay? Are you in pain?" He said, running towards me eventually snatching the bag from me.
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"Calm down, I'm okay." I chuckled. His hand is cold as his fingers intertwined with mine. I'm nervous too, my heart's been beating loudly in my head since I woke up. My whole body is trembling. I squeezed Vegas's hand once more as I watched him talk over his phone, making sure the car was ready once we go down.

"We're going to see Pip soon." I murmured as I lay my head on his shoulder.

"Yeah, I can't wait."

It's been hours of walking around the hospital when my first contraction hits. Pooling at the pit of my belly and spreading all throughout my body in one blast. My grip on Vegas' hand goes tighter everytime. I couldn't even help but grunt and scream as I clutched my hospital gown with my other hand yelling in the hospital hallways.

"Fuck. This hurts." I said in gritted teeth, I couldn't even open my eyes as I shut them tight while the pain surged inside my body in pools of torturing motion. And it gets more and more painful every passing minute.

"I need the doctor to start the operation now." Vegas said firmly in a low-menacing voice to the nurse that's been checking up on us.

"We can't do that yet sir. We need to make sure the uterus has changed its shape before performing the cesarean section to have a lower risk of getting adverse maternal outcomes." The nurse explained. I stopped walking as another scorching pain flared up from my lower back straight to my spine. A loud groan escaped my lungs.

"We'll get to avoid heavy blood loss and postpartum hemorrhage if the uterus has properly experienced labor contractions." The nurse continued.

"Then give him something that would ease the pain." Vegas demanded.

"Sir, this is very normal. We need to wait for his cervix to dilate before the operation, specially the mother here is a recessive omega. His uterus is smaller and frail compared to Dominant Omegas. Let's just wait for a lit—"

Another scream was heard in the entire hallway as burning pain sliced through my back writhing as I clutched my other hand on Vegas' shoulder, tears and sweat dampening my face down to my neck and gown.

"This hurts like a motherfucker." I hissed feeling like a mess, sharp pain stabs in every part of me fresh and raw.

"I'm sorry." I smiled at the nurse, I felt bad for cutting her off but she just gave me a warm smile before leaving us alone.

Hours have passed and I already feel like I'm dying as I lie on the

hospital bed inside the operating room. I didn't let go of Vegas' hand not even once as he kept on stroking my hair, whispering comforting words I couldn't even comprehend anymore.

It hurts.

It hurts so much.

"I swear I will never do this anymore." I growled sending another fresh wave of pain up my spine and around my hips.

"You're doing great, just a little more." I heard the nurse say beside me. "Dr. Castillo will be here soon."

I nodded, I don't know if I managed to let out a thank you but in my head I think I did as I continued crying from the pain, already feeling so exhausted.

Dr. Castillo arrived after a while and started to check on me. I can hear her ask questions but everything's so blurry in my head. She checked the baby's position and the state of my uterus before nodding.

"The lovely little boy is ready to come out." I can feel a smile on her face when she said that, and I can't help but smile too while I remained my eyes shut.

I'm gonna see him soon.

Vegas was instructed to go and wait outside. I can hear him demanding to stay but decided to leave when I told him I'm going to be fine.

"I'll be outside." He told me as he planted a soft kiss on my head and I nodded. I was then instructed to curl on my side, to hug my knees as much as I can. A general anesthesia will be injected on the base of my spine which means I will be passed out during the whole operation.

I can see the whole room busy, nurses and doctors walking around preparing the instruments and the warmer for the baby.

"Ready?" I heard Dr. Castillo says from behind me, her thumb pressing continuously at the base of my spine. I nod. "This will hurt so much I want you to take a deep breath."

I took a whole breath of air into my lungs and shut my eyes. A sudden bolt of pain shot up my spine like a wildfire as I felt a needle piercing deep behind me. A soft cry escaped my mouth until everything went numb and black.

Vegas

Vegas couldn't help when a tear fell down his cheeks as he stared at this tiny human being in front of him. The baby was so small he couldn't even dare to touch him, afraid he might break or hurt him. He brushed a fingertip across the baby's cheek and it was so soft. He looks so peaceful and fragile, like the most precious thing Vegas has ever laid his eyes on. And it was his own.

Pete and the baby were moved to a recovery room after the operation. Macau and Tankhun are now with them, waiting for Pete to wake up as they all stare at the baby with too much awe on their faces.

"He looks like a little angel." Macau commented.

"Just like Pete." Tankhun mumbled and Vegas chuckled. He does, the baby looks like a little cherubim, all soft and beautiful just like Pete and he's already becoming a small bundle of Vegas' joy that he couldn't even take his eyes off him.

"How many days will Pete stay here?" Tankhun asked.

"Three to four days." Vegas answered without looking away from the baby.

"We'll get going then and prepare some clothes for Pete." Tankhun said, dragging Macau with him out of the room.

Vegas stared at his son a little more. How his eyelids flutter as he sleeps, his cheeks and nose a crimson red, little fingers curled into a fist and his lips so similar to Pete's, a small dimple visible on his right cheek whenever he moves his tiny mouth.

Just like Pete's. Vegas thought and smiled.

"Can you bring him to me?" Pete suddenly muttered, his speech still slurred and he still felt a little bit drowsy but he just couldn't wait to have a feel of his baby in his arms. Good thing the pain killers are still effective.

"I...I don't know how to carry.."

Pete has sensed a little panic in Vegas's voice as he looked at Pete then to the baby and back to Pete again, not knowing what to do. Pete chuckled lightly.

"Just put your hands beneath him, one on the nape and the other on his back." Pete managed to say, smiling at Vegas as he watched him do the exact same thing.

The baby is somewhat light in Vegas' arms. "What now? What if I hurt him?" Vegas said, panic is getting more evident in his voice as he lifts the baby.

"Pull him close to your chest, then bring him here."

"I can't." Vegas said as he shook his head, he looked frozen.

"Don't worry you won't drop him." Pete laughed as Vegas started to walk so carefully towards him. "Stop making me laugh Vegas, my wound hasn't healed yet."

"I'm sorry." Vegas smiled as he lay the baby close to Pete's chest and the room was suddenly filled with soft laughters and giggles from the both of them while the baby remained peacefully sleeping.

"Hi little one, I'm your Pa." Pete cooed, brushing a finger on the tip of his nose. The baby stirred softly from his sleep.

"He really looks like you." Vegas mumbled. "You both have the

same dimples." he continued looking so smitten to his own son, eyes filled with so much adoration and love.

"And his eyes look like yours when sleeping. Like some sort of a sharp line." Pete teased and they both laughed. "What should we name him?"

"I waited for you to wake up so we can decide about it together." Vegas answered looking directly at Pete's eyes. The warmth of the sun seeped through the windows, it was bright and calming and peaceful.

"I want to name him Venice." Pete mumbled, staring down at the long eyelashes of his little one. "I want it to be as close to your name as possible because both of you are the only people I could call my own."

And that made Vegas's heart melt. He just still couldn't believe he's capable of loving someone this much. How he's so ready to give the whole world to Pete and to his son in a snap of a finger, how they both became his center, his whole universe, his life.

"That's beautiful. Let's name him Venice then." Vegas softly answered as he placed a soft kiss on Pete's forehead.

They stayed in the hospital for a couple of days. People visit them from time to time. Kinn and Porsche have visited them too. And Porsche was just so happy seeing Pete with Venice. Nop was even smiling as he looks at the baby.

Nop seldom smiles and it just softens Pete's heart when he sees him smiling as he stares at Venice on the crib. The whole room was filled with smiles and jokes, Pete couldn't help but feel a little bit emotional. He has his own family now. Real friends with him, real caring people. And he just couldn't believe it himself.

Pete was discharged on the sixth day. His wound still hasn't healed yet and Vegas is still the one carrying the baby afraid to exhaust Pete even for a little.

The guards have welcomed them warmly. They went straight to their room and put Venice in a crib prepared for him. Even though Venice already has a nursery room, Pete just couldn't let his son away from him even for a second.

Vegas then prepared the baby monitor then eventually helped Pete to get dressed for bed.

As Pete lies down, a whiff of Vegas' scent entered his lungs so he closed his eyes, he's finally home. He felt Vegas on his side pulling him gently to his chest as he wrapped his arm around Pete's shoulder.

"Sleep. I'll wake you once Venice gets hungry." He whispered and Pete nodded, already feeling a little sleepy from Vegas' warmth.

"Vegas, I love you." Pete whispered, and Vegas suddenly stopped

stroking Pete's hair.

Pete opened his eyes and stared at him lovingly.

"I love you." He repeated. "I just realized I never said it to you ever since you came back from —"

"I love you too." Vegas answered, pulling Pete closer to him. "I don't know if I will be able to become a perfect father to our child and a husband to you, but I promise I will be better for you and for our little family." He said, planting a soft kiss on Pete's lips.

"A husband." Pete repeated, blushing as he continued to kiss him.

"Mm-hmm" He answered, deepening the kiss. "You will soon marry me, you already agreed to it." Vegas chuckled against the kiss and Pete couldn't help but smile too. Each moment made Pete realize that he only belongs to Vegas and that Vegas only belongs to him. That he was meant for this, and Vegas is meant for him.

"What if I changed my mind?" Pete said jokingly, Vegas is already nibbling and sucking the skin of his jaw and neck. He can feel a smile on Vegas' face as he plants soft kisses beneath his ear.

"I won't let you." Vegas bit a skin on Pete's scent gland and Pete let out a startled laugh, cupping Vegas' face and kissing him long and hard.

"You don't play fair." Pete muttered.

"I never will." Vegas answered with a smirk forming at the corner of his lips as he stared at Pete. "You will marry me, and you will be a Theerapanyakul soon." He said before crashing his lips on Pete's once again.

~END~

A/N: Worship has ended! Thank you all for reading until the very last chapter. I hope this story has somehow helped you and made you feel better. Thank you for supporting me always. I love you all so much. ^_^